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Wonderful CHARACTERS,

By

Henry Wilson

Vol. 2

MASANIELLO HARANGUING THE POPULACE OF NAPLES page 11

London,

J. Robins & Co. Albion Press.

1821

Wonderful Characters:

COMPRISING

MEMOIRS AND ANECDOTES

OF THE MOST

REMARKABLE PERSONS

OF

EVERY AGE AND NATION.

COLLECTED FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES

BY HENRY WILSON.

Non desunt crassi quidam, qui studiosos ab hujusmodi libris deterreant, ceu poeticis, ut vocant, et ad morum integritatem officientibus. Ego vero dignos censeo quos et omnibus in ludis prælegant adolescentiæ literatores, et sibi legant relegantque senos. ERASMUS.

There are not wanting persons so dull and insensible, as to deter students from reading books of this kind, which, they say, are poetical, and pernicious to the purity of morals; but I am of opinion, that they are not only worthy to be read by the instructors of youth in their schools, but that the old and experienced should again and again peruse them. ED.

VOL. II.

London:

J. ROBINS AND CO. ALBION PRESS, IVY LANE,

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1827.

Engraved by R Page

JOAN D'ARC.

The Maid of Orleans.

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WONDERFUL CHARACTERS.

JOAN D'ARC.

This astonishing and ill-fated heroine, the daughter of James d'Arc, a peasant in the village of Domremi, near the borders of Lorraine, was born in the year 1407. In her younger years she assisted in attending her father's little farm; but her disposition even then appeared of such a military turn, that the old man was under perpetual apprehension lest Joan should follow the camp. When she attained the age of eighteen, she was no despicable figure. Her mien was graceful, her figure comely, and her agility and vigour very uncommon in her sex. Soon after she quitted her father, and hired herself to a female inn-keeper, who let out horses at Neufchatel in Lorraine. Here she followed, in the quality of a servant, the business she thought most suitable to her disposition, as it gave her an opportunity of taking journeys, riding the horses to water, and knowing how to manage them. In this station she continued five years, and then returned to her father. The old man being fond of his daughter, did not perhaps choose to hazard a second elopement, and therefore indulged her in a more quiet life than she had hitherto known. As Joan was remarkable both for wit and genius, this new life of inactivity, caused her to indulge reflection; and though distant from the scenes of the misery of her country, she heard of its distress, and was deeply impressed with its calamities. It is easy to imagine, that

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the present situation of France was an interesting object even to persons of the lowest rank, and would become the frequent subject of conversation: a young prince expelled his throne by the sedition of his native subjects, and by the arms of strangers, could not fail to move the compassion of all his people whose hearts were uncorrupted by faction; and the peculiar character of Charles, so strongly inclined to friendship and the tender passions, naturally rendered him the hero of that sex, whose generous minds know no bounds in their affections.

Great part of France had been subdued by the victorious arms of our fifth Henry who had been crowned at Paris, from which the French monarch was now an exile. Though Henry, the terror of France, was by this time dead, yet his armies, under the conduct of his brother and other experienced officers, was still proceeding in the career of victory, and in 1729, had laid siege to Orleans. These things which would scarcely have excited emotion in any ordinary mind, particularly of a female, filled the heart of Joan with deep regret. She figured to herself the unfortunate King Charles as the most deserving prince ever formed by the hand of nature; his followers as so many heroes, undeservedly miserable for preserving their loyalty. She thought there was no toil too painful for her to endure, no danger too great for her to undertake, to serve men so highly revered; and she had doubtless already within the walls of a cottage, triumphed over the English battalions, and humbled the pride of the ambitious regent.

Filled with sentiments like these, her impatience for action so inflamed her mind, that she mistook the impulses of her passion for heavenly inspirations. She fancied she saw visions, and heard voices, exhorting her to establish her favourite prince on the throne of his ancestors, and repel the foreign invaders of her country. Thinking herself therefore destined by Heaven to perform this service, she threw off that bashfulness and ti-

midity which would otherwise have naturally adhered to her sex, her years, and her mean station. She repaired to Vaucouleurs, procured admission to Baudricourt the governor, informed him of her inspirations, her visions, and her intentions, and conjured him not to neglect the voice of Heaven, who spoke by her mouth, but to second those celestial revelations which irresistibly impelled her to undertake this glorious work. Baudricourt, who considered her as a mere visionary, treated her application, at first, with some neglect, but on her frequent and importunate solicitations, he began to remark something extraordinary in the maid, and was inclined, at all hazards, to try so easy an experiment.

It is uncertain, whether Baudricourt had discernment sufficient to perceive that great use might be made of so uncommon an instrument; or whether, as is still more likely in that credulous age, he became himself a convert to this enthusiast. Be this as it may, he at length adopted the scheme of Joan, and gave her a few attendants, who conducted her to the French court, then residing at Chinon.

Every historian should endeavour to distinguish between the miraculous and the marvellous, to reject the former in all transactions merely human, to scruple the latter, and when obliged by the concurrent testimony of all cotemporary writers, as in the present case, to admit of something extraordinary, but at the same time to receive as little of it as is consistent with known facts and circumstances. It is pretended by some visionary writers of these times, that Joan immediately on her admission knew the king, though she had never seen his face before, and though he purposely mingled in the crowd of courtiers, and had even laid aside every thing in his dress and apparel that might distinguish him. It is added, that she offered that prince, in the name of the supreme Creator, to raise the siege of Orleans, and conduct him to Rheims to be there crowned and anointed; and on his

expressing some doubts of her mission, revealed to him, before some sworn confidants, a secret unknown to all the world except himself, and which it was impossible for her to know but by a heavenly inspiration; demanding, at the same time, as the instrument of her future victories, a particular sword carefully kept in the church of St. Catherine de Fierbois, and which, though she had never seen, she described with all its marks, mentioning the place in which it had long laid neglected and forgotten. It is very certain that all these miraculous stories were circulated in order to engage the attention of the vulgar.

The more the king and his ministers were determined to make use of this religious visionary, the more scruples they pretended to raise against her mission. An assembly of grave doctors and divines cautiously examined Joan's pretensions, and pronounced them undoubted and supernatural. She was therefore sent to the parliament, then assembled at Poictiers, where she was closely interrogated. The president and counsellors who came thither fully persuaded of her imposture, returned convinced of her inspiration. A ray of hope now began to break through the clouds of despair, which had for some time surrounded the court of Charles. Heaven, they said, had now declared in favour of France, and had laid bare its almighty arm to take vengeance on her invaders. Few were able to distinguish between the impulse of inclination, and the force of conviction; and still fewer were willing to undertake the trouble of making a scrutiny so disagreeable to their wishes.

After these artificial precautions and preparations had been for some time employed, Joan's requests were at last complied with: she was armed cap-a-pee, mounted on horseback, and shown in that martial habiliment before the whole people. Her dexterity in managing her steed, though acquired in her former occupation, was regarded as a fresh proof of her mission, and she was

received with the loudest acclamations by the populace. Her former occupation was even denied. She was no longer the servant at an inn; but was converted into a shepherdess, an occupation much more agreeable to the imagination. To render her still more interesting, several years were subtracted from her age; and all the sentiments of love and of chivalry were thus united to those of enthusiasm, in order to inflame the fond fancy of the people with prepossessions in her favour.

In the mean time the siege of Orleans was pushed by the English with the utmost vigour, and the besieged still continued to make a noble resistance; but the want of provisions increasing every day, it became absolutely necessary to send the garrison a supply, and Charles determined that this service should be Joan's first essay in war, and a proof of the truth or falsity of her mission. He accordingly ordered her to be dressed in a complete suit of armour, and conducted into the council. She was well acquainted with the situation of the English camp, and all the passes leading to the city of Orleans, so that she spoke with great perspicuity on the measures necessary to be adopted for introducing the convoy. Having satisfied the council, she was carried to Blois, the place intended for the general rendezvous of the troops designed for the convoy, which consisted of ten thousand men, under the command of St. Severe. She immediately, on her arrival, ordered all the soldiers to confess themselves before they set out on the enterprise: she banished from the camp all women of bad fame; and ordered a white standard, in the centre of which was embroidered a picture of the Divine Being, grasping the globe of earth, surrounded by fleur-de-lis, to be consecrated and displayed upon the ramparts.

The English officers meanwhile looked upon Charles's affairs as truly desperate, since he was obliged to have recourse to a visionary for relief. But the expedient had already, in some measure, answered that prince's inten-

tions: instead of a convoy, an immense army assembled at Blois, and Joan marched immediately at the head of these forces, for the relief of Orleans. Her first design was to enter the city on the side of the Beausse, but she was met by a messenger from Dunois, who commanded in Orleans during the absence of the governor, advising the attempt to be made on the Salogne side, the English having strongly fortified that of the Beausse; adding, that he had already made the necessary dispositions for a sally on the English, on the side of the latter.

Previous to this attempt, the maid had written to the regent, and to the English generals before Orleans, commanding them, in the name of the omnipotent Creator, by whom she was commissioned, immediately to raise the seige, and to evacuate France; and menacing them with divine vengeance in case of their disobedience. All the English affected to speak with derision of the maid, and of her heavenly commission; but they felt their imagination secretly struck with the vehement persuasion which prevailed in all around them; and they waited with an anxious expectation, not unmixed with horror, for the issue of these very extraordinary preparations.

In the mean time Florentine d'Illiers had been detached by Joan's particular directions, at the head of four hundred horse. This gallant officer passed the river in boats, and threw himself with his detachment into the city. The garrison and inhabitants were greatly rejoiced at the dispositions made for their relief, and expressed the highest confidence in the supernatural abilities of the intrepid leader.

As soon as the convoy reached the bank of the river, below the first intrenchment of the English, they found boats ready to receive the ammunition and provisions. While these were embarking, Joan drew up her troops with such a show of resolution, that the English did not think it prudent to attack her. They even abandoned

one of their towers, called St. John le Blanc; of which she immediately took possession, and the convoy got safe into Orleans.

This success fully answered all the ideas the French had conceived of their heroine's mission and virtues. The next morning the Count de Dunois himself passed over to the tower of St. John, where Joan still continued. He was attended by some of the principal inhabitants, and all joined to invite her to cross the river, and take upon herself the defence of the city. Joan received their offers with as much state and dignity as if she had been always used to command the most powerful armies. She, however, yielded to their entreaties, though her first resolution was to have attacked the English quarters, and brought on a general engagement. When she entered Orleans, the people gazed at her as a Divinity, and from that moment considered themselves invincible. She lodged in the house of one Bouchier, the treasurer to the Duke of Orleans, whose wife and daughter she kept constantly about her person, to prevent any suspicion of her chastity.

The garrison and citizens of Orleans thinking they had an army in the person of their female commander, suffered the troops who had guarded the convoy to return to Blois, under the conduct of St. Severe, who engaged in two or three days to introduce another convoy on the side of Beausse, by which they would be free from the inconveniency of embarking the provisions in boats. As they expected a very strong opposition in this quarter, the detachment that guarded the convoy was strengthened by forces from all the neighbouring garrisons belonging to Charles. When the French first presented themselves before the English lines, which happened early in the morning, Joan, assisted by the Count de Dunois, made so vigorous a sally from the city, that the English turned their whole force to oppose them, and suffered the convoy to pass unmolested into Orleans.

This success astonished the English; they appeared like men disconcerted and infatuated; the common soldiers began to believe all the stories propagated by the French, concerning the supernatural power of Joan; while their officers were struck with the masterly manner in which every thing was disposed and executed on the side of the besieged. The latter had now even the boldness to think of investing the works of the besiegers. Accordingly, a body of volunteers, more hardy than wise, agreed to sally out of the city, the same day the convoy entered, and attacked the tower of St. Loupe, on the side of the Beausse.

Joan, fatigued with the service of the morning, had retired to rest; but when she awoke she received the disagreeable news that the volunteers had been repulsed, and were then making a precipitate retreat back into the city. Alarmed at this defeat, she instantly sallied out to stop their shameful flight, while the Count de Dunois posted himself at the head of another party, to cut off all communication between the fort that had been attacked, and Lord Talbot's quarters. Joan no sooner appeared than the fugitives recovered their strength, their spirits, and their courage. The fortune of the day was changed; the English were driven back to their tower, which Joan, with her party, entered almost at the same time. Scarcely a man of them escaped being put to the sword, and the tower was immediately razed to the foundation, while Lord Talbot was obliged to remain an idle spectator.

This amazing success roused Joan's enthusiastic partisans to the highest point of fury. Nothing was now considered as impossible. She even urged the generals to attack the main body of the English in their intrenchments; but Dunois, unwilling to hazard the fate of France by too great temerity, and sensible that the least reverse of fortune would be sufficient to dispel all the mists of enthusiasm, and restore every thing to its former

condition, checked her vehemence, and proposed an attempt to expel the enemy from their forts on the other side of the river, and open a communication with the country, before she attempted the more dangerous enterprise. It was with some difficulty that Joan could be persuaded to agree with this disposition; and the next day Sir William Gladdesdale, who commanded an important post of the besiegers, drew all his men into the tower of St. Augustine, strengthened the garrison which had been left in the tower of Tourelles, and the bulwark erected at the head of the bridge. By these means the besieged had a free communication with the river, and great part of the garrison immediately passed over in boats to the other side, in order to attack the bulwark erected upon the Portereau.

Joan, who commanded the attack in person, advanced with her consecrated standard before her at the head of her men. But the English being supplied with fresh troops from the next tower, made so brave a defence, that Joan soon found herself abandoned by her soldiers, and almost surrounded by the enemy. Brave as she was, she had no other resource than that of a retreat; but it was only to re-animate her troops, whom she instantly rallied, and led back with so much fury to the assault, that the bulwark was carried by storm, and all the English that defended it were put to the sword. On this occasion Joan showed at once her prudence and her bravery. The place she had just taken was filled with provisions, and the baggage of the English officers. She was afraid lest her soldiers, by employing themselves in securing the booty, should give the enemy an opportunity of retaking the bulwark; she therefore ordered the whole to be set on fire, and commanded all her men to take their several posts, as if she expected every moment to be attacked by the English. She had herself been wounded in the foot, and was therefore obliged to return that night to Orleans.

She, however, continued no longer in the city than was absolutely necessary. She rose early in the morning and crossed the river to her troops. On her arrival she found that the English had not only declined all attempts to regain what they had lost, but had also abandoned several other considerable posts, and drawn all their troops on that side of the city within the Tourelles, and the bulwark that defended it. Joan, after reconnoitring the works, proposed immediately to attack both places, but was opposed by the joint voice of all the French generals. They remembered at how dear a rate the English had purchased these works; they represented that the English could never have carried these fortresses, had not their attempts been favoured by the lowness of the river when they made the attack; that there were but two ways of approaching it, one by the bridge, the arches of which were broken down; the other by the river, which was now too high to be forded. Joan, however, slighted all these reasons and remonstrances with an air of authority, and the soldiers, who thought themselves invincible under her standard, calling aloud to be led on by their brave deliverer, the council was obliged to submit, and it was accordingly agreed to make the attack immediately.

On a nearer and more accurate survey, Joan thought the attempt both difficult and dangerous, though far from being impracticable, and ordered the cannon to be placed on that part of the bridge which had not been broken down. Some of the archers were so desirous of beginning the attack that they swam across the river, and climbed to the top of the ruined arch, in order to discharge their arrows with greater effect. These precautions being taken, Joan ordered a violent cannonade to be made on both sides of the river, under which she attacked the bulwark at the head of her troops. The English made a noble defence. Joan was wounded in the neck with an arrow at the beginning of the ac-

tion; she retreated for a moment behind the assailants; pulled out the arrow with her own hands, exclaiming, "It is *glory*, not blood, that flows from the wound!" and returned in a few moments to the attack. The English still made a gallant defence, and the Count de Dunois proposed to give over the assault. But Joan was determined to carry the place; she flew again to the attack, mounted the bulwark sword in hand, and planted her victorious banner on the ramparts of the enemy.

The walls of Tourelle were by this time totally ruined by the artillery on the bridge, so that the place was immediately stormed, and the greatest part of the garrison put to the sword. The English had now lost above six thousand men in these different actions; and, what was of still greater importance to the enemy, their wonted courage and confidence had forsaken them, and been succeeded by astonishment and despair.

Joan returned triumphant over the bridge, and was again received as the guardian angel of the city. She had now convinced the most obdurate incredulity of her divine mission: persons felt themselves animated as by a superior energy, and thought nothing impossible to that divine hand which so visibly conducted all their undertakings. It was in vain even for the English generals to oppose the prevailing opinion of supernatural influence; they themselves were probably infected with the same superstitious sentiments. The utmost they dared to advance was, that Joan was not an instrument of God, but a tool of the devil. The English, however, having felt by sad experience that the devil had sometimes power to prevail, derived very little consolation from this opinion.

The Earl of Suffolk saw the danger that must attend his army if he suffered his intimidated troops to remain any longer before Orleans, in the presence of such a courageous and victorious enemy, and therefore raised the siege, on the 8th of May, and retreated with all the

precaution necessary in so critical a conjuncture. In the mean time the French wisely determined to push their advantages, without giving the English time to recover from their consternation. A body of six thousand men were detached to attack Jergeau, whither the Earl of Suffolk had retired with a great part of his army. But the spiritless condition of his soldiers rendered all attempts to defend it vain and useless. Joan, who served as a volunteer in this detachment, displayed her usual intrepidity. She descended into the ditch in leading the attack, and there received a blow with a stone upon the head, by which she was felled to the ground. She soon recovered herself, and success crowned the enterprise. Suffolk was obliged to surrender to a Frenchman, named Renaud; but before he submitted he asked his adversary whether he was a gentleman. On receiving a satisfactory answer, he demanded whether he was a knight. Renaud replied, "he had not yet obtained that honour." "Then I make you one," replied Suffolk, and immediately gave him the blow with the sword, and surrendered himself his prisoner. John Pole, the earl's brother, was also taken prisoner, together with five hundred of the garrison.

Lord Talbot now succeeded to the command of the army. He retired on raising the siege of Orleans to Meun, which he fortified, took possession of the town of Laval, and threw a reinforcement into Beaugenci. The French, who, now considered the over-taking of the English equivalent to a victory, immediately determined to fall down the Loire in boats, and attack those places, particularly Meun and Beaugenci. This resolution was no sooner adopted, than every loyal Frenchman seemed to be in arms; even the constable of France, who had long continued at Parthenay, came to the camp attended with a great train of noblemen, and twelve hundred soldiers, in express disobedience to the orders of Charles, who had dismissed him from his service.

The maid of Orleans was for arresting him as a traitor; but the other officers soon made her sensible that the present conjuncture was improper for taking any step of that nature; they even engaged to procure Charles's consent that the constable should serve. Orleans was appointed for the general rendezvous, and the constable, who still retained great authority in the army, promised Joan, that he would merit his master's forgiveness by his future conduct.

Every thing being now ready for the intended expedition, the army fell down the Loire, and after taking Meun by assault, invested the important town of Beaugenci. The English, who had foreseen this, were extremely solicitous to defend the place, and had therefore strengthened it with the garrison of Ferré Hubert. But the siege was no sooner formed, than they abandoned the town, and prepared to defend the castle, together with the bridge. The French soon assaulted both with great fury, and the bailiff Devereux, who commanded in the castle, hung out a flag of truce, and demanded a capitulation. The French readily agreed to the offer, having learned that the lords Talbot and Scales, with Sir John Fastolf, had taken the field, with a view of raising the siege of Beaugenci; but finding that to be impracticable, they marched to surprise the French troops left at Meun. The capitulation of Beaugenci was therefore no sooner signed, than the French troops marched back towards Meun, the bridge of which the English had already attempted, but being repulsed, were again returning the assault, when the van of the French appeared in sight. Upon this the English drew towards Jenville, where they joined a body of five or six thousand of their countrymen, sent by the Duke of Bedford to reinforce them. The French, desirous of improving the panic of the English, sent out a detachment to observe their motions, and to harass them in their retreat, while the main body of the

army followed by forced marches, and at last overtook them at the village of Patay on the 18th of June.

The French army greatly exceeded that of the English in number: but this was a consideration of so very little moment that it had never before affected the success of the latter. On this occasion however, their native courage yielded to their fears. The prepossession of the maid's infernal alliance now damped their spirits, unbraced their nerves, and gave wings to their terror. Even the brave Sir John Fastolf himself was affected with the epidemical panic; for being placed in the first division, he fled as soon as attacked; and the order of the garter was afterwards taken from him for this instance of cowardice. The flight of Sir John, left the lords Talbot, Scales, and Hungerford, together with Sir Thomas Rampston, to sustain the whole fury of the French attack. These indeed made a noble defence, because they were above the weaknesses of their countrymen; but all their efforts could only suspend for a few minutes the total rout of their army, which was soon completed with great slaughter. Nearly two thousand of the English were killed upon the spot; and among the prisoners were the lords Talbot, Scales, and Hungerford, with all the general officers who behaved like Englishmen. The French immediately after the battle, made themselves masters of the strong fortress of Jenville, where the English magazines both of provisions and ammunitions were deposited.

The loss of the battle of Patay struck the English with such consternation that they abandoned all the strong places and passes they possessed near Orleans, and retired towards Paris; and Charles took the field in person, after ordering a general rendezvous of his troops at Giac.

In the account of all these successes, the French writers to magnify the wonder, represent the maid (who was now known by the appellation of the Maid of Orleans)

as not only active in combat, but as performing the office of general; directing the troops, conducting the military operations, and swaying the deliberations in all councils of war. It is certain, that the policy of the French court endeavoured to maintain this appearance with the public: but it is much more probable, that Dunois, and the wiser commanders, prompted her in all her measures, than that a country girl, without experience or education, could, on a sudden, become expert in a profession which requires more genius and capacity than any other active scene of life. It is sufficient praise that she could distinguish the persons on whose judgment she might rely; that she could seize their hints and suggestions, and, on a sudden, deliver their opinions as her own; and that she could curb, on occasion, that visionary and enthusiastic spirit with which she was actuated, and could temper it with prudence and discretion.

The maid had now performed one part of her promise to Charles; the siege of Orleans was raised; but the other, which related to his coronation at Rheims, was not yet accomplished. She appeared very uneasy at this, and urgently requested, that he would immediately set out on that enterprise. A few months before, a proposal of this kind would have appeared the height of madness. The city where the ceremony was to be performed, lay in a very distant quarter of the kingdom, and was then in the hands of a powerful, and, till very lately, a victorious enemy. Besides, the roads leading to Rheims were occupied by the English troops, so that no imagination, not filled with the extravagant notions of supernatural assistance, could think of such an attempt in the present conjuncture. It was however the interest of Charles to maintain the belief, so happily propagated, of something extraordinary and divine in those events, and to avail himself of the present consternation of the English. He therefore resolved to follow the dictates of this enthusiast, and to lead his army on this romantic

adventure. He accordingly set out at the head of twelve thousand of his best troops towards Auxerre, in his way to Rheims. He proceeded to Troyes, where there was a garrison of six hundred English and Burgundian soldiers. The place was strongly fortified, the garrison resolute, and Charles's army but ill furnished with provisions, and still worse with artillery. These circumstances had such weight in the council of war, that the greater part were for abandoning the enterprise. They represented that the distance to Rheims was yet thirty leagues, through a country in possession of the enemy; that Giac was the only place whence they could draw any support, and that it would be plunging into inevitable destruction to pursue their march any farther. But the maid, with invincible spirit, maintained the contrary, requesting they would leave the whole management to her, adding, that if she did not reduce Troyes in three or four days, she would very readily abandon the undertaking. This being agreed to, detachments were sent out to all the neighbouring places to procure provisions for the army. These necessary precautions being taken, Joan flew from corps to corps, to animate the troops: and at the same time ordered a large quantity of fascines to be immediately procured for filling up the ditches. The soldiers, animated by her presence, flew to the charge, filled up the ditches, and mounted the walls, under the discharge of a few field pieces. The garrison and inhabitants were amazed at this alacrity; some considered the maid as divinely commissioned; others as aided by infernal spirits; both equally contributing to increase the first panic which had seized them when the French first mounted the walls. Reduced to this extremity, the governor demanded a capitulation, which was readily granted on his own terms. The inhabitants were pardoned for the defection from their lawful prince, and they willingly returned to their obedience.

This decisive advantage removed every difficulty that attended the march of the French army. Chalons, the next place of importance, made no resistance; and the city of Rheims sent a deputation to the king with the keys of the town, before the French approached the walls: so that Charles scarcely perceived, as he passed along, that he was marching through an enemy's country.

Soon after his arrival in this city, on the 17th of July, the ceremony of his coronation was performed with the holy oil, which a pigeon had brought to King Clovis from Heaven, on the first establishment of the French monarchy. The maid of Orleans stood by the king's side dressed in complete armour, and displaying her sacred banner which had so often confounded and dispersed her fiercest enemies: while the people shouted with unfeigned joy on beholding such a complication of wonders. As soon as the ceremony was completed, the maid threw herself at the king's feet, embraced his knees, and with a flood of tears, extorted by tenderness and pleasure, congratulated him on the singular and wonderful event, which she had foretold. This ceremony had such a prodigious effect on the common people, that they joined his standard in crowds: while Laon, Soissons, Chateau Thierri, Provins, and several other towns and fortresses in that neighbourhood, opened their gates, and received him as their king.

The war was carried on with various success. Many places were taken, and several skirmishes happened between the detachments of the two armies. About this time the maid of Orleans declared to the Count de Dunois, that having relieved Orleans, and seen the coronation of Charles, at Rheims, her wishes were satisfied; and she was now desirous of returning to her former domestic tranquillity; and spending the remainder of her days with her aged father, in employments more suited to her sex and condition. But the count, sensible

of the great advantages that might yet be derived from her presence in the army, exhorted her still to persevere, and not abandon the cause she had undertaken, till the English were entirely driven out of the kingdom.

These expostulations had the desired effect. The maid of Orleans agreed to continue in the army; and immediately threw herself into the town of Compeigne, then invested by the Duke of Burgundy, assisted by the Earls of Arundel and Suffolk. At her appearance the garrison thought themselves invincible, and determined to make a desperate sally on the enemy, in order to open a communication with the adjacent country. Accordingly on the 24th of May, 1430, Joan put herself at the head of five or six hundred men, and made so furious a sally on the quarters of Luxemburg, the Burgundian general, that she drove him from his post; but pursuing her advantage too far, a large party of the enemy advanced, and cut off her retreat. Reduced to this extremity, she did every thing in her power to favour the escape of her men, many of whom retreated to the city. Had the officers of the garrison made a brisk sally, this imprudent step might perhaps have been rectified. But the French commanders, finding every advantage they gained over the enemy ascribed wholly to her, remained within the walls, and suffered her to be taken prisoner by the Burgundians.

This acquisition was considered by the English as a decisive advantage. Te Deum was sung publicly at Paris. The Duke of Bedford was persuaded, that by the captivity of this extraordinary person, who had blasted all his hopes, and laid his conquests in the dust, he should again recover his former ascendency over France. He therefore purchased the prisoner from John of Luxemburg, in order to carry on a prosecution against her, which whether it proceeded from vengeance, or policy, was equally barbarous and dishonourable. In the mean time, the Duke of Burgundy being obliged

to repel an invasion in Brabant, left the siege of Compeigne, with the greater part of his forces, and the English, not being sufficiently numerous to invest the place, were forced to raise the siege with considerable loss.

While Joan continued a prisoner under Luxemburg, she considered herself as in a place of safety, and might be either ransomed or exchanged: but she no sooner heard of his having treated with the English for the delivery of her person, than she gave herself over for lost, and therefore endeavoured to make her escape from the tower where she was confined, by jumping from the very top to the ground. But the effect of the fall was so great, that she was unable to walk, and therefore easily retaken. Soon after this attempt she was delivered up to the English who sent her to Rouen, where she was loaded with chains, and confined in the castle.

There was no possible reason why Joan should not be regarded as a prisoner of war, and be entitled to all the courtesy and good usage which civilised nations practise towards enemies on these occasions. She had never, in her military capacity, forfeited, by any act of treachery or cruelty, her claims to that treatment: she was unstained by any civil crime: even the virtues and the very decorums of her sex had ever been rigidly observed by her: and though her appearing in war, and leading armies to battle, may seem an exception, she had thereby performed such signal service to her prince, that she had abundantly compensated for this irregularity; and was, on that very account, the more an object of praise and admiration. It was necessary, therefore, for the Duke of Bedford to interest religion some way in the prosecution; and to cover, under that cloak, his violation of justice and humanity.

The Bishop of Beauvais, a man wholly devoted to the English interests, presented a petition against Joan, on pretence that she was taken within the bounds of his

diocese; and he desired to have her tried by an ecclesiastical court for sorcery, impiety, idolatry, and magic. The university of Paris was so mean as to join in the same request: several prelates, among whom the Cardinal of Winchester was the only Englishman, were appointed her judges: they held their court in Roüen, where the young King of England then resided, and the maid, clothed in her former military apparel, but loaded with irons, was produced before this tribunal. This was in the year 1431.

She first desired to be eased of her chains: her judges answered, that she had once already attempted her escape, by throwing herself from a tower: she confessed the fact, maintained the justice of her intention, and owned, that, if she could, she would still execute that purpose. All her other speeches showed the same firmness and intrepidity; though harassed with interrogatories during the course of near four months, she never betrayed any weakness or womanish submission; and no advantage was gained over her. The point which her judges pushed most vehemently, was her visions and revelations, and intercourse with departed saints; and they asked her, whether she would submit to the church the truth of these inspirations: she replied, that she would submit them to God, the fountain of truth. They then exclaimed, that she was a heretic, and denied the authority of the church. She appealed to the pope, they rejected her appeal.

They asked her why she put trust in her standard, which had been consecrated by magical incantations? She replied, that she put her trust in the Supreme Being alone, whose image was impressed upon it. They demanded, why she carried in her hand that standard at the anointment and coronation of Charles at Rheims? She answered, that the person who had shared the danger, was entitled to share the glory. When accused of going to war, contrary to the decorums of her sex, and of

assuming government and command over men; she scrupled not to reply, that her sole purpose was to defeat the English, and to expel them the kingdom. In the issue, she was condemned for all the crimes of which she had been accused, aggravated by heresy; her revelations were declared to be inventions of the devil to delude the people; and she was sentenced to be delivered over to the secular arm.

Joan, so long surrounded by inveterate enemies, who treated her with every mark of contumely; brow-beaten and overawed by men of superior rank, and men invested with the ensigns of a sacred character, which she had been accustomed to revere; felt her spirit at last subdued; and those visionary dreams of inspiration, in which she had been buoyed up by the triumphs of success and the applauses of her own party, gave way to the terrors of that punishment to which she was sentenced. She publicly declared herself willing to recant; she acknowledged the illusion of those revelations which the church had rejected; and she promised never more to maintain them. Her sentence was then mitigated: she was condemned to perpetual imprisonment, and to be fed during life on bread and water. Her trial lasted two months, and she was examined twice every week.

Enough was now done to fulfil all political views, and to convince both the French and the English, that the opinion of divine influence, which had so much encouraged the one and daunted the other, was entirely without foundation. But the barbarous vengeance of Joan's enemies was not satisfied with this victory. Suspecting, that the female dress, which she had now consented to wear, was disagreeable to her, they purposely placed in her apartment a suit of men's apparel; and watched for the effects of that temptation upon her. On the sight of a dress in which she had acquired so much renown, and which, she once believed, she wore by the

particular appointment of Heaven, all her former ideas and passions revived; and she ventured in her solitude to clothe herself again in the forbidden garment. Her insidious enemies caught her in that situation: Her fault was interpreted to be no less than a relapse into heresy: no recantation would now suffice, and no pardon could be granted her. She was condemned to be burned in the market-place of Roüen; and the infamous sentence was accordingly executed with brutal severity on the 14th of June, 1431. "Blessed be God!" were the last words she uttered. This admirable heroine, to whom the more generous superstition of the ancients would have erected altars, was, on pretence of heresy and magic, delivered over alive to the flames, and expiated, by that dreadful punishment, the signal services which she had rendered to her prince and to her native country.

Historians have stated with great inaccuracy the proceedings of the extraordinary trial of this unfortunate woman; we shall therefore give a circumstantial account of the result of her various examinations. It is extracted from a manuscript in the French national library and is as follows:—

"At the age of thirteen," said she, "I heard a voice in my father's garden at Domremi, proceeding from the right on the side of the church, accompanied with a great light. At first I was afraid, but presently found that it was the voice of an angel, who has protected me ever since, who has taught me to conduct myself properly, and to frequent the church. It was Saint Michael. I have also seen Saint Gabriel, but never Saint Denys. I have also seen Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret, who spoke to me, exhorted me to go frequently to confession, and directed me in almost all my actions. These two saints appeared to me almost daily, and often more than once in the same day. I have seen them as distinctly as I see my judges. I wept when they left me, because I wished that my spirit might accompany them. I spoke

of these occurrences to no one, except to the Captain de Baudricourt, and the king: not because I was forbidden to do so; but I feared if it were known, that my father, or the Burgundians of the neighbourhood, would create obstacles to my departure.

"The angels were sometimes accompanied by many other angels, for they come often among Christians. I have seen them many times amongst them, although the others did not see them. They have never written me any letters. I can easily distinguish whether it is the voice of an angel or a saint that speaks to me. They are generally accompanied by a light, but not always. Their voices are soft and kind. They spoke to me in French and not in English, because they are on the side of the former. I have never failed to see the two saints, even during my trial. The angels appeared to me with heads in their natural shape. I see them and have seen them with my own eyes. I am convinced of it as strongly as I believe that God exists. Both the saints were always richly crowned.

"It is God who hath given them the form under which they showed themselves to me. I bent the knee to them, and made reverences, joining my hands together; but I never made offerings of flowers or of my hair, or burnt wax-tapers to their honour, but in the church and before the images of the holy saints who are in Heaven, and never before the tree of the fairies.

"Saint Michael hath appeared to me under the form of a true and honest man. He certified to me that it was God who sent the two saints to me, and that they only spoke to me by his orders. I am sure that it was Saint Michael from the expressions he used, for it was the language of angels. I cannot explain myself more particularly as to their appearances. They had hair, and their faces were perfect. I have often embraced the two female saints by the middle of the body; and when they left me, I kissed the earth where they passed. I

have been asked how I could prevent being deceived, if a demon had presented itself to me under the resemblance of Saint Michael. I answer, that after the proofs I had, I could easily distinguish that saint from any other. He hath never said any thing to me but what was good: he hath instructed me rightly, and I believe in his words and deeds as firmly as I believe that Jesus Christ suffered for our redemption.

"It is true that there is at Domremi, as has been said, a beech tree, which they call *le beau Mai ou l'arbre des fées*, and a spring in the neighbourhood where sick persons come to drink to be cured of a fever; but I do not know whether they are relieved by it. Old people in the neighbourhood say, that fairies formerly came to this tree. A woman said that she had seen them. For myself I do not know whether it be true or not, for I have never seen them. They also say at Domremi that a mandrake is concealed in the earth near to this tree who could discover hidden treasures, but I know nothing more about it. The young girls are wont to amuse themselves near this tree; I have been there with others, but I have neither sung nor danced, but have made nosegays for the holy virgin of Domremi. However, since the age of discretion, and since I have seen the angels and the holy saints, I no more amused myself with these childish games. I have neither had visions nor revelations near this tree; but the two saints have appeared to me near the fountain, but I do not recollect what they said to me at that time. There is in the neighbourhood a wood, called the oak wood, which may be seen from my father's house; and when I went to find the king, they asked me if that were true, because they told me that the prophetesses had foretold that there would come from near the oak wood a girl who would perform wonders; but I have no other knowledge in this respect.

"Saint Michael informed me long ago of the cala-

mities which France would experience. He told me that I was a good young girl, and that I should go to the king's assistance. The two saints have also told me that I must go into France and cause the siege of Orleans to be raised, and render great services to the king. I asked them how that could be, as I was but a poor girl, and could neither ride nor fight. They told me to go and find out the Captain de Baudricourt, who commanded for the king at Vaucouleurs. I had only quitted once my father's and mother's house, excepting as I am going to inform you. My mother instructed me in religion. She taught me the *Pater Noster*, which I repeat freely, and which I never refused to do but once, in order to prevail upon the Bishop de Beauvais to confess me. She also taught me the salutation of the angels and the creed, which I repeated to my confessor. I was only employed in my father's house in domestic affairs, and not out of doors, and but seldom to take care of the flocks.

"I was obliged to go to Toul, on account of a man's having cited me before the magistrates, in order to oblige me to marry him; but I gained my trial, on affirming, as the truth was, that I never promised him; on the contrary, from the first day that I had seen the two saints, I made a vow of virginity both as to body and soul between their hands, although they did not demand it; and they assured me that, if I kept my vow, they would conduct me into Paradise, for which cause I do not believe myself to be in deadly sin, because if I had that misfortune they would not have come and shown themselves to me. Therefore, if I observe my vow, I believe as confidently in my salvation as if I were now in Heaven. Why do you ask me for what reason I confess having this belief; I answer that I believe no person can purify his conscience too much. In short if I had committed a deadly sin, it would be to my confessor that I would reveal it.

"About two years before I went to seek the king, my

father dreamt that I should one day join the army, which made him watch me with extreme care, and keep me in the greatest subjection during my youth. My father was so much afraid of this, that he said he would hurt me sooner than permit it, and he desired my brothers to do it, if he failed. I have always obeyed my father and mother in every thing. I have only disobeyed them in this instance, and they have never forgiven me since, notwithstanding the grief which they felt on my departure with which they were extremely affected.

"It was one of my uncles who carried me to Vaucouleurs to see the Captain de Baudricourt, for I was so resolved to obey what was commanded to me on the subject from God, that I would have preferred being torn in pieces by horses sooner than not have obeyed; and although I had had a hundred kings for my father, I should nevertheless have gone, seeing that the voice of the saints came from God, and as they assured me that the king would receive and employ me in his service, and because I was also as sure that they spoke to me by the order of God himself, as I am of the truth of the Christian religion, and that God has redeemed us from the torments of hell. I was yet more resolved to act in this manner, because the two saints had assured me that the king would recover his kingdom entirely, either by will or force.

"On entering the house of Captain de Baudricourt, I recognised him immediately from among those who were with him, although I had never seen him before; for the two saints pointed him out to me. Notwithstanding what I told him of the revelation which had been made to me, he twice refused, at different times, to pay any regard to it; but at length, on the third visit, he made me set out, dressed in the habit of a man, as the voices of the saints had commanded me, with a sword which he gave me, and caused me to be carried to the king, attended by a knight, a squire, and four servants;

saying, as we parted, *Farewell: go, come on it what may.*

"I add that I have never wished to quit the dress of a man, and I have refused many times to do it, before, as well as since my confinement: because I did right in obeying my sovereign master. If I have been confessed, or received the communion in this dress in many large towns, I was never in armour at the time. I have always had a woman to sleep with me, and when I could not have one, I always lay down entirely clothed and armed. On my arrival before the king, I was examined and interrogated for three weeks at Chinon and at Poictiers. They wrote down all that I said. I wish that my judges had it now before them.

"It was revealed to me that I should cause the siege of Orleans to be raised. I assured the king of it, whom I recognised at first, among those who surrounded him, although I had never seen him before, by means of a vision which I had at that moment, accompanied with a great light. They found at St. Catherine de Fierbois, in the place which I had described after a revelation which the saints had made to me, a sword concealed in the earth. It was entirely rusty, but this disappeared all at once, without any superstitious ceremony being employed. This I wore a long time and left it at Lagni.

"I wished to prevail upon the Duke of Burgundy to make peace with the king; and I told the king that he would one day compel him to do it, if the duke would not then consent; but it is true that I said at the same time that no peace was to be made with the English, but that they must be compelled to return to their own country.

"From this time I have done nothing, but under the guidance of the revelations which were made to me, and even now upon my trial, I only speak, after it has been revealed to me, what I may be permitted to say. You reproach me with having commanded in battle, at the

head of 6000 men, of princes, of barons, and of nobles, as if I were their captain; but if I have been a leader in the war, it was in obedience to the saints and angels, and for that my reliance is in God, as it is for all that I have done. For the rest, I have never practised any sorcery, or enchantment, or any thing which has the least relation to either.

"If my standard, or the particular banners of my troops, represented two angels supporting God, who held the world in his hands, with the words *Jesus Maria*, the voices of the saints pointed it out to me, and many persons advised me to it. Nothing particular was done with respect to these colours, and the angels were painted upon them in the same manner as they are painted in churches. If I have often said that these colours and banners were fortunate, it was not because I pretended to attribute to them any particular virtue, but because I wished they might be so, and to encourage the soldiers: but without that, the two saints had asssured me of success. If I had been wounded in the neck at the siege of Orleans, the two saints would have previously informed me of it, and I should have told it to the king: but I was not quite sure of being able to raise the siege, because they had told me so.

"If I have always borne my own standard myself, I have never had any other object in doing so but to avoid shedding human blood. I have never, in fact, killed one man in battle. If I have hung up my arms in the church of Saint Denys, it was that I might thank God for not having been killed at the attack of the city of Paris, where I was wounded, and without having any other motive, much less that of exposing them for public veneration. If many persons have kissed my hands and my rings, they have done it in spite of me. I did all that was in my power to prevent them, and I only received with pleasure poor persons who came to me, and whom I consoled in the best manner that I could. As to my

rings, I never had but two, one given me by my father, and the other by my brother, and I have never attributed any charm or power to them.

" If there were any who did not approach me until they had made the sign of the cross with holy water. I have said to them, *Approach without fear, I shall not fly away.* If one Friar Richard has pressed me to adopt the revelations of a woman whom he caused me to see, I have not believed in them after having made the examination which I judged necessary. If they have painted portraits of me, I have only seen one, which represented me kneeling and presenting a letter to the king. If they have made images or other representations of me on paper, in lead, or any other metal; if they have been worn suspended at the neck, if they have called me a saint, if they have taken me for the first saint in Paradise after the Holy Virgin, if they have taken me for an angel rather than a woman, if they named me in church in their prayers, or if they have raised statues to my honour, as you pretend, I know nothing at all about it. I am even ignorant whether those who are on the king's side believe me sent by God for the purpose of doing what I have; but whether they believe it or not, it is not the less true, since I have only acted by virtue of the revelations which have been made to me.

" You ask me if I think that he, whom I call my king, hath done right in putting the Duke of Burgundy to death. I will tell you upon that point that his death hath been a great misfortune to France; but, whatever might exist between those two princes, God hath not the less sent me to the assistance of the King of France. If my letters bear the words *Jesus* † *Maria,* with a cross between them, it is what the ecclesiastics advised me to; and I will own to you, that when I added another cross it was to indicate, for some secret reason, that the contents of the letter should not be obeyed.

" If it be alleged, as the truth is, that the Count

d'Armagnac wrote to me, desiring to know which of the three pretenders to the papal chair he should obey, I made no other answer to him than what is contained in the letter produced to me, and which says, that I would inform him on my arrival in Paris, to which of the three he should give credit, and that by the counsel of my rightful and sovereign Lord, the King of all the universe. I was on the point of mounting my horse. I had only time to write that I could not answer him then but would do it at Paris, which made it important, because his messenger ran the risk, if he did not immediately return, of being thrown into the river. But I never wrote to him on the subject of the three popes, other than that I always had been, and was now, subject to the pope who was at Rome.

"If it be alleged that I brought to life an infant at Lagni, I will tell you how that happened. It gave no signs of life for three days after it was born, and had not been baptized: the girls at Lagni prayed for it before the image of the Holy Virgin. The voices of the two saints said to me that, if I went, life would be restored to it. I accordingly repaired to the church and saw the infant, black as my tunic, and without any motion. I joined the girls of the village, and prayed with them. The infant revived—it appeared at first less black, cried three times, was baptized immediately, and, dying presently afterwards, was buried in holy ground; but I have no other information on the subject, nor do I know whether they attribute its being brought to life to me.

"If I called upon the people of Paris to surrender the city, it was not to me that I called upon them to do so, as you allege, but to the king. If I gave out that God loved the French, but did not love the English, I never intended to speak of the salvation of the latter, for I am totally ignorant on the subject; but I said that God loved the king, the Duke of Orleans, and some others; that is, I meant that he would protect them, and I have said

no more than what I knew. I said, what I know well, that the will of God is that the English should be driven out of France, and that God would give victory over them to the French, because if the English had success at the first, God only permitted it in order to punish the sins of the French. It is certain that a day hath not yet elapsed since the two saints told me that, before the expiration of seven years, the English would be in a still worse situation than they were at the siege of Orleans, and that they would lose more than they have yet lost, for they would lose all that they have in France. I neither know the day nor the hour, nor do they know any more than I, but I am afflicted that it is so distant, yet, before the next feast of Saint Martin, the English will see many things. I know, from the two saints, that before that time many of them will be prostrate on the ground—I mean either wounded or killed." (It is worth while to observe here, that Paris submitted to Charles VII. in 1436, before six years had elapsed after this prediction, and that the affairs of the English continued more and more to fall into disorder after the death of Joan.)

" I also apprized M. the Bishop of Beauvais, that in undertaking my affair he put himself in great danger, and as you wish to know what the danger is, I will inform you. You say that you are my judges. I do not know by what right you are so; but take care that you judge not wrong; for by doing so, you will put yourselves in great danger, and I warn you of it to the end, that if God will punish you for it, I have done my duty in cautioning you. The saints never called me the daughter of God but before the raising of the siege of Orleans, and I never asked of them but three things: the first was, to go into France; the second, that God might aid the French; and the third, the salvation of my soul. They promised me a fourth, which you cannot know for three months yet." (Joan never told what this fourth

was.) " I have not been influenced by any motive of interest. What my brother may have received from the liberality of the king, I did not ask from him. As to myself, I had nothing more than the state which he provided for me, and the money necessary to pay the soldiers. If I was engaged in military business on certain holy days, as the nativity of the Holy Virgin, it was because the service of the king required it. I was informed by the two saints in the last Easter week (1430), that I should be taken prisoner before the Feast of Saint John, and not to frighten myself, but to submit, and that God would aid me. This they repeated to me many times. I entreated them to solicit for me death rather than confinement. They ordered me to submit myself in all things, and that it must be as they had said. From that moment I gave no more orders, but obeyed the officers in all things, and if I had known the day on which I should have been taken, I would not have joined the sortie from Compeigne, where I was made prisoner. Further, I have never prophecied events, nor poured ointment upon infants to foretel their good or bad fortune; and if I have held children at the baptismal font, I have done nothing more than to give to the boys the name of the king, and to the girls sometimes the name of Joan, as the mothers desired.

" It is true that, after remaining for four months a prisoner in the tower of Beaurevoir, I was in despair at learning that I was about to be delivered up to the English, and that they were coming to seize upon me. The fear which I had of them induced me, notwithstanding I was forbidden by the two saints, and in spite of the height of the tower, to leap down from the top in order to save myself, by which I received a severe wound. I was induced to do it, because I preferred death to falling into their hands, but I still hope that I shall not perish. I recommended my soul to God, and crossed myself before I took the leap. I did not think I

should kill myself in doing it, but I hoped to escape falling into the hands of the English. When my senses returned, after the fall, I did not, as you pretend, blaspheme God and the saints, for I have never been in the habit of swearing. Saint Catherine told me that Compeigne would be relieved," (this was actually the case,) "and that I ought to put on a good countenance. She added that I had committed a great sin in thus precipitating myself from the tower, after she had forbidden me; but I confessed for it, and she assured me that my sin would be forgiven. I know not what to answer to your question, whether I believe myself capable to commit mortal sin, except that I know nothing about it, and that I refer myself entirely to God.

"There is not a single day that I do not hear the saints speaking to me in my prison, and I follow their advice in every thing, because they come to me from God, and I have never said or done any thing, up to this day, but by their direction. They revealed to me, on the second day of my examination, many things concerning the king, of which I much wish he were informed. I deprived myself of drinking, in wine, the king's health, according to what was said to me by the two saints. I do not know whether they would, as you suggest to me, charge themselves with informing the king of those things. I am ignorant whether he has any revelations, but if he has not, it is no doubt the will of God, and I have nothing more to do with it.

"I will refuse always to answer upon any thing which regards the King and Queen of France. I have sworn to speak the truth, only with respect to what regards this trial, and what relates to them forms no part of it, but I am very certain that the king will recover the whole kingdom of France.

"You ask me if I believe myself in a state of grace in alleging that the just sin seven times a day? I answer, that if I am not, I pray God to put me in it; and if I am,

that he will keep me so: for I would choose death rather than not be in the love of God, but I believe that if I were not, the two saints would not come to visit me, and I would desire that many persons should hear them when they come to visit me. When I have need of them, I pray to God that he will send them, addressing to him a prayer of this nature:—"Most merciful God, in honour of thy holy passion, I entreat, if thou lovest me, that thou wilt reveal to me how I should answer these men of the church. I know well how I came to take the habit I wear, but am ignorant in what manner I should leave it off. In this, please to instruct me." The saints then presently appear to me. They have always told me to answer you boldly, and that God would aid me. They told me also that I should see the King of England, but I prayed that that might be dispensed with.

"Saint Catherine has told me that I should be succoured. I do not know whether this will be by delivering me from prison now, or whether it will be done in case I should be condemned; but I presume that it will be one or the other. The two saints have assured me, many times, that I shall be delivered by a great victory; they have commanded me to take all that happens with submission, and not to disturb myself at my martyrdom, for that I should come at last into the kingdom of Paradise: and this they have told me absolutely and plainly. For myself, I understand by my martyrdom, the pains and adversities which I suffer by confinement. I am ignorant whether I shall suffer greater punishments, but I rely on God, and I believe as strongly that I shall be saved, as if it were already done, provided that I retain my vow of virginity.

"Why do you ask me if I have been promised that I should escape from prison? Would you wish me to speak against myself? It has been told me that I should be delivered, and to put on a joyful countenance: but I neither know the day nor the hour.

"To conclude, I have never had any intercourse with evil spirits, I am a good Christian. I love God with all my heart, obey him in every thing, and hate the devil so sincerely, that although the saints have led me to hope for my deliverance, yet, were it to be effected by means of the devil, I would not leave my prison. To this I affirm and swear."

Thus closes this curious manuscript, which certainly throws more light on this scandalous trial than any other document extant.

A mausoleum was afterwards erected to this celebrated woman, in the city of Orleans, which is thus described by Wraxall in his Tour through France. "In the street leading from the bridge stands the celebrated monument where Charles VII. and Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans, are represented on their knees before the body of our Saviour, who lies extended on the lap of the Virgin. It was erected by order of that monarch in 1458, to perpetuate his victories over the English and their expulsion from his dominions. All the figures are in iron. The king appears bareheaded, and by him lies his helmet surmounted with a crown. Opposite to him is the maid herself, in the same attitude of grateful devotion to Heaven. It is a most precious and invaluable historical monument."

Wraxall again says:—"I am not surprised at the animated and enthusiastic attachment which the French still cherish for her memory. The critical and desperate emergency in which she appeared; her sex, youth, and even the obscurity of her birth; the unparalleled success which crowned her enterprise; the cruel and detestable sentence by which she was put to death; the air of the marvellous spread over the whole narration, increased and strengthened by that veneration which time affixes to every great event; all these united causes conspire to place her above mortality. Rome, and Athens would undoubtedly have ranked her among their tutelary

deities, and have erected temples to her honour; nor can I help being amazed, that, amidst the almost infinite number of modern saints, who crowd and disgrace the French churches, no altar was ever erected to the Maid of Orleans."

DANIEL DANCER.

An insatiable thirst after wealth, so justly denominated "*amor sceleratus habendi*," by a poet of the Augustan age, is only known in what is termed a *high state of civilization*. In the infancy of society, man is content with what nature freely supplies: and as the poet justly says:—

> The teeming earth, yet guiltless of the plough,
> And unprovoked, did fruitful stores allow:
> Content with food, with nature freely bred,
> On wildings and on strawberries they fed;
> Cornels and bramble-berries gave the rest,
> And falling acorns furnished out a feast.

But it is not only during the ideal "golden age," that this passion is extinct; we find little or no vestige of it even among the unpolished tribes contemporary with ourselves. True it is, that a property exists in the carcases and skins of the wild beasts destroyed for subsistence, and the arms made use of for defence; these, indeed, constitute all their wealth. But who ever heard of a Laplander hoarding his superfluous train oil? of a native of Kamschatka burying the furs of the sea otter? or a Cherokee chief contemplating with sullen delight those dreadful, but to him useful, weapons, his tomahawk and his scalping knife?

Avarice, that whimsical and capricious stimulus; that only passion which gathers strength with age, and still

Engraved by R. Page.

DANIEL DANCER, ESQ.

The Remarkable Miser.

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persecutes when all others have ceased to torment us; is the vice, then, of man not in a savage but a civilized state.

A luxurious Roman, in the times of the emperors, pined after the wealth he had spent in inglorious debauchery, and actually put an end to his existence, because he had no more than fifteen or twenty thousand pounds, of our money, remaining out of his immense fortune.

We have had many other singular examples of this *mania*. Scheven, a rich banker of Hamburgh, who died some years since, is said to have denied himself not only the comforts, but even the necessaries of life; and among other instances of penuriousness, we learn, that, after a faithful service of seventeen years, he called in the aid of a German tailor, for the purpose of attempting to *turn his coat!* In our own country, at Kentish Town, a bachelor of more than eighty years of age, listening at length to the perhaps *gratuitous* advice of a physician, determined to treat himself with a bottle of his own wine; but this first fit of extravagance actually proved mortal; for, as he never trusted any body with a key, in consequence of removing from a warm bed to a damp cellar, he brought on a shivering fit, which being suddenly followed by an apoplexy, the miser is said to have expired on the spot!

The following account affords a striking illustration of the remarks of Dryden, who observes, that,

> Content is wealth, the riches of the mind,
> And happy he who can that treasure find.
> But the base miser starves amid his store,
> Broods o'er his gold and griping still for more,
> Sits sadly pining, and believes he's poor.

Daniel Dancer was born in 1716, in the hamlet of Weald, in the neighbourhood of Harrow. He was descended from a respectable yeoman's family in the

county of Hertford, and his grandfather appears to have been settled at Bushy, near Watford, where he followed the profitable occupations of mealman and maltster. His father, who resided at Stone-causeway, on Harrow Weald Common, possessed considerable property in land, which he farmed himself: he had four children, three sons and a daughter; and on his death, in 1786, his eldest son Daniel succeeded to the estate.

It has somewhere been asserted, that there never yet were three successive generations of misers; the Dancers, however, form a special exception to this rule, for it is an undoubted fact, that the grandfather, the father, and all the children, were strictly entitled to this appellation! Their characters, however, were of a peculiar cast; for it was the ambition and the occupation of their lives, not to accumulate for the sake of their offspring, or relatives, or posterity, or themselves, but from the same principle that the magpie is said to steal gold—merely for the pleasure of *hiding* it!

The contemporaries of the grandfather are now no more, and but few traditional anecdotes have been handed down concerning him. But Daniel was satisfied that his father had concealed money to the amount of more than one thousand five hundred pounds in the premises occupied by him, and this occasioned no little uneasiness; but it did not proceed from the fear of its not being discovered, but from the dread lest his brothers might find it, and not deliver it to him. This rendered him cautious of mentioning his suspicions; and it was full two years before any part of it was found. At length, on removing an old gate, about two hundred pounds in gold and bank notes, which had been concealed between two pewter dishes under one of the posts, were fortunately disinterred. The rest was never heard of.

It was in the paternal mansion at Astmiss, at Causeway-gate, on Harrow Weald Common, that Daniel was

doomed by the fates to spend the whole of his life, which seems to have been one uninterrupted dreary blank. His wretched habitation was surrounded by about eighty acres of his own rich meadow land, with some of the finest oak timber in the kingdom upon it; and he possessed an adjoining farm, called Waldos; the whole of the annual value of about two hundred and fifty pounds per annum, if properly cultivated. But cultivation was expensive, and so Daniel permitted grass only to grow there: indeed, in so neglected a state was the place for many years, that the house was entirely surrounded by trees, the fields choked up with underwood, and the hedges of such an amazing height as wholly to exclude the prospect of mankind, and create a dreary gloom all around.

Dancer's *house* exhibited a complete picture of misery and desolation. Among other odd circumstances, a tree had actually pushed its top through the roof, and contributed not a little, by means of its branches, to shelter the wretched inhabitants from the inclemency of the weather. The following lines, by Pope, are equally characteristic of this old man and his habitation:—

What tho' (the use of barb'rous spits forgot)
His kitchen vied in coolness with his grot;
His court with nettles, moats with cresses stored;
With soups unbought, and salads, blessed his board?
If Cotta lived on pulse, it was no more
Than Brahmins, saints, and sages, did before:
To cram the rich was prodigal expense,
And who would take the poor from Providence?
Like some old Chartreux stands the good old hall,
Silence without and fasts within the wall;
No sculptured roofs with dance and tabor sound,
No noontide bell invites the country round;
Tenants, with sighs, the smokeless tow'rs survey,
And turn th' unwilling steeds another way;
Benighted wanderers the forest o'er
Curse the saved candle and unop'ning door;
While the gaunt mastiff, growling at the gate,
Affrights the beggar, whom he longs to eat.

Dancer had a sister, who lived with him till her death, and whose disposition exactly corresponded with his own. The fare of this saving couple was invariably the same. On a Sunday they boiled a sticking of beef, with fourteen hard dumplings, which always lasted during the whole week; an arrangement which no consideration could scarcely induce them to alter, excepting through some circumstance like the following. Dancer accustomed himself to wander over the common in search of any stray locks of wool, cast-horse shoes, old iron, or pieces of paper, and even to collect the dung of sheep under the hedges. In one of these perambulations, he found a sheep which had died from natural disease; this prize he instantly threw over his shoulder and carried home, when after being skinned and cut up, Miss Dancer made it into a number of pies, of which they were extremely frugal while they lasted.

Had not Miss Dancer lived in an enlightened age, she would most certainly have run the risk of incurring the penalties inflicted on those unhappy wretches accused of witchcraft; so perfectly did her appearance agree with the ideas attached to a witch. She seldom stirred out of her miserable hut, except when alarmed by the cries of huntsmen and hounds: on such occasions she used to sally forth, armed with a pitchfork, with which she endeavoured to repel the progress of these intruders on her brother's grounds; and her appearance was rather that of a moving mass of rags, than of a human being.

During her last illness, her brother was frequently requested to procure medical assistance for her. His reply was, "Why should I waste my money, in wickedly endeavouring to counteract the will of Providence? If the old girl's time is come, the nostrums of all the quacks in Christendom cannot save her: and she may as well die now as at any future period." Of lawyers and physicians he entertained a very unfavourable opinion. Sooner than have any connexion with a lawyer, he said, he

would deal with the devil; and to use his own expression, "All the gentlemen of the faculty are medical tinkers, who, in endeavouring to patch up one blemish in the human frame, never fail to make ten." He thought bellows-makers, undertakers, and trunk-makers very extravagant fellows, on account of their great waste of nails, which profusion he thought unnecessary.

The only food he offered his sister during her indisposition was her usual allowance of cold dumpling and sticking of beef, accompanied with the affectionate declaration, that if she did not like it, she might go without. The kindness of Lady Tempest and Captain Holmes, who inherited the whole of Mr. Dancer's fortune, made ample amends for her brother's inhumanity, and soothed her dying moments. In consideration of her tenderness, Miss Dancer intended to have left Lady Tempest the property she possessed, to the amount of 2000*l.* She, however, expired before she signed her will, which she had directed to be made, on which her two other brothers who were equally celebrated for parsimony, put in their claim for a share of her fortune. To this proposal Daniel refused to accede, and a lawsuit ensued; the result was, that he recovered 1040*l.* of his sister's property, as the price of her board for thirty years, at 30*l.* per annum, and 100*l.* for the two last years, in which he declared she had done nothing but eat and lie in bed. What remained after these deductions was equally divided among the three brothers.

Although Daniel never evinced any affection for his sister, he determined to bury her in such a manner as should not *disgrace the family*. He accordingly contracted with an undertaker, who agreed to take timber in return for a coffin, as Mr. Dancer had no idea of using the *precious metals* as a vehicle of exchange: he, however, could not be prevailed upon to purchase proper mourning for himself: yet, in consequence of the entreaty of his neighbours, he unbound the haybands with

which his legs were usually covered, and drew on a second-hand pair of black worsted stockings. His coat was of a whitish-brown colour; his waistcoat had been black about the middle of the last century; and the immediate covering to his head, which seemed to have been taken from Mr. Elwes's *wiggery*, and to have descended to Daniel as an *heir loom*, gave a grotesque appearance to the person of a chief mourner, but too well calculated to provoke mirth. This, indeed, was increased by the slipping of his horse's girth at the place of burial; in consequence of which the rider, to the great diversion of some of the Harrow boys who attended, was precipitated into the grave!

After the death of his sister, and near the close of his own life, finding himself lonesome, he hired a man for his companion, who was a proper counterpart of himself. This servant, Griffiths, had, by severe parsimony, contrived to accumulate 500*l.* out of wages which had never exceeded 10*l.* per annum. At the time he hired with Mr. Dancer, he was about sixty years of age, and his wages were *eighteen pence* per week. He assisted his master in picking up bones, &c. accordingly, when they went out, they took different roads for the same purpose; but Griffiths having a taste for strong beer would tipple a little, which was the cause of much altercation at night, when he returned home to his master.

From a principle of rigid economy, Mr. Dancer rarely washed his hands and face; and when he did, it was always without the assistance of either soap or towel. Dispensing with those articles of expensive luxury, he used, when the sun shone, to repair to a neighbouring pool, and after washing himself with sand, he would lie on his back in the sun to dry himself. His tattered garments, which were scarcely sufficient to cover his nakedness, were kept together by a strong hay-band, which he fastened round his body. His stockings were so patched, that not a vestige of the original could be perceived, and

in cold and dirty weather he wound about his legs ropes of hay, so that his whole figure presented the most striking picture of misery that can possibly be conceived.

At one period of his life, he used annually to purchase two shirts, but for several years preceding his death, he allowed himself only one. This he bought at some old clothes shop, and seldom exceeded half-a-crown in price. After coming into his possession, it never underwent the operations of washing or mending, nor did he ever change it till it dropped from his back in rags. In making one of these purchases, he was involved in an affair which gave him no small trouble and uneasiness. Being desired by the mistress of a shop, to which he went to purchase an old shirt, to mention his price, he told her, "as much under three shillings as possible." A shirt was accordingly produced, for which, after bargaining a long time, Dancer, as he declared, agreed to give two shillings and ninepence. He gave the woman three shillings, and waited for the change, but to his mortification and surprise, she refused to give any, positively asserting, that he had agreed to take the shirt at the price she had received. Remonstrances were vain, and to suffer such a diminution of his property without endeavouring to obtain redress, he regarded as criminal. He therefore summoned the woman to a court of conscience, and to support his claim made two journeys to town; but after a full hearing, the poor man was not only nonsuited, but obliged to pay the costs of the court, to the *enormous* amount of five shillings. To add to his vexation, his two journeys had put him to the additional expense of three-pence more: for it can scarcely be supposed that a man of his age and wealth could travel on foot fifteen miles, and back again on the same day, without the extraordinary indulgence of a pennyworth of bread and cheese, and a half-pennyworth of small beer. At this time Mr. Dancer was in the possession of property to the amount of 3000*l.* a year!

When his sister died, he had a pair of sheets on his bed, which he would never suffer to be removed: but lay in them till they were worn out. He would not allow his house to be cleaned, and the room in which he lived was nearly filled with sticks he had collected from his neighbours' hedges. He was for many years his own cobler, and the last pair of shoes he wore had become so large and ponderous, from the frequent soles and coverings they had received, that they rather resembled hog-troughs than shoes.

Such was his attention to parsimony in every thing that could in the smallest degree contribute to his advantage, that when obliged to relieve the wants of nature, he would rather walk two miles than not assist in manuring his own lands. He gathered in his rambles all the bones he met with, and rather than return home empty-handed, he would load himself with the dung of the cattle on the common. The bones he first picked himself, and then broke in pieces for his dog Bob. His conduct to this favourite, whom he always called, "Bob my child," affords a striking instance of human inconsisteney; for while he himself would swill the pot-liquor of Lady Tempest's kitchen, to save the expense of a penny, Bob was allowed a pint of milk daily. His affection for this domestic was, nevertheless, overpowered by a consideration which, with him, carried irresistible weight. Complaints were made to him that Bob had worried some sheep: on this he took the dog to a blacksmith's shop, where he ordered all his teeth to be broken off short, to prevent a repetition of the mischief, for which he might probably have been compelled to make compensation.

Snuff was a luxury in which it is natural to suppose that he never indulged; yet he always begged a pinch from those who did. In this manner he used in about a month to fill a snuff-box, which he always carried in his pocket. He then exchanged its contents at a chandler's

shop for a farthing candle, which was made to last till he had again filled his box, as he never suffered any light in his house, except when he was going to bed.—A horse which he kept for some time was never allowed more than two shoes, for his fore-feet; to shoe the hind-feet, being, in his opinion, an unnecessary expense.

His wealth was thus productive of no other enjoyment than the sordid and unavailing one arising from the contemplation of riches which he did not dare to enjoy; on the contrary, it seemed to carry a curse along with it, and to engender a variety of calamities to the wretched possessor. During the time he lived alone, after the death of his sister (for he never could prevail upon himself to be at the *expense* of a wife), the temptation to rob the old miser proved irresistible to those who lived by rapine; indeed, there is some reason to suppose, that they contemplated the plunder of a man of his penurious disposition with but little compunction or remorse: his avarice, if not an excuse for, at least seemed an alleviation of the crime. He was, accordingly, robbed frequently, and, if report be true—for this was a subject on which he did not choose to enlarge—to a very considerable amount, He, however, once confessed, with tears in his eyes, to his niece, who had seen whole and half-pecks of halfpence on his staircase, that "all—all was gone!"

On these occasions, it was customary with the housebreakers to terrify him into a discovery of his more valuable property; and they are said to have actually suspended him by the neck several times, before they could extort a confession where it was deposited.

At length, Daniel bethought himself of a mode of preventing their visits, and punishing their temerity. After fastening his rotten door on the inside, in the best manner possible, he determined never to enter the house again through that aperture. Accordingly, he procured a short ladder, always ascended by its means, and, pulling it in after him, took refuge in his miserable

apartment, where he literally resembled Robinson Crusoe shut up in his little garrison.

But, not deeming this sufficient, he actually dug a hole, or, what military men term a *trou de loup*, before the entrance, which he covered over with loose straw, in such a manner as to secure the principal approach towards his castle, and entrap any incautious assailant, who might have the temerity to invade his darling property. After exhibiting this specimen of his talents as an engineer, the modern Midas seems to have slept in safety amidst his gold.

Soon after the robbery, the thieves were apprehended, and as Mr. Dancer's presence at their trial became necessary, Lady Tempest begged his acceptance of a clean shirt, that he might make a decent appearance; but he declined the generous offer, assuring her that he had a new one on, which he had bought only three weeks before, when it was *quite clean*.

This accident probably made some impression, and rendered him desirous of placing his money in a more secure situation than his own wretched hut. Repairing not long after to London, to invest 2000*l*. in the funds, a gentleman who met him near the Exchange, mistaking him for a beggar, put a penny into his hand. Though somewhat surprised at first, yet recollecting that every little helps, he put the money into his pocket, and continued his walk.

Lady Tempest, who was the only person that had any influence on the mind of this unhappy man, employed every possible persuasion and device to induce him to partake of those conveniences and comforts which are so gratifying to others, but without effect. One day she, however, prevailed on him to purchase a hat of a Jew for a shilling, that which he wore having been in constant use for thirteen years. She called upon him the next day, and to her surprise found that he still continued to wear the old one. On inquiring the reason, he,

after much solicitation, informed her, that his old servant Griffiths, had given him sixpence profit for his bargain.

The same lady, knowing that he was fond of trout stewed in claret, once sent him some as a present. The stew had become congealed during the night, and though he durst not eat till it was warmed for fear of the tooth-ache, to which he was subject, yet he could not on any account afford the expense of a fire. The ingenious method by which he contrived to relieve himself from this embarrassment, is certainly worthy of admiration. The weather was frosty, and at such times he always lay in bed to keep himself warm, and he conceived that a similar mode of proceeding would produce the same effect on the fish. He accordingly directed it to be put, with the sauce, into a pewter plate, and covering it with another, placed them under his body, and sat upon them till the contents were sufficiently warmed!

The latter part of Daniel's life was meliorated by the humanity and good-nature of his worthy and respectable neighbour. Lady Tempest presented him with a bed, and, at length actually prevailed upon him to throw away the sack in which he had slept for years. Being a sworn enemy to extravagance, he was careful to excess of the property of another. He could scarcely be prevailed upon, it is said, to touch a joint. He delighted in fragments and crusts; and, while indulging himself in these *luxuries*, muttered execrations against the devouring gluttony of modern times. He also evinced, on this occasion, a considerable portion of that low cunning so common in illiterate persons; for he pretended to pay his addresses to the cook, in an *honourable way*, with a view of keeping in favour with her; and, when it was evident that she had discovered his intentions to proceed from what is termed *cupboard love*, he endeavoured to impose on her a second time, by promising to remember her in his will!

To his brother, who kept sheep on the same common,

and who rivalled Daniel himself in penury, and almost in wealth, he always manifested the utmost aversion; to his niece, however, he once presented a guinea on the birth of a daughter; but even here he made a hard bargain, for the gift was conditional—she was either to name the child Nancy, after his mother, or forfeit the *whole sum.*

To the honour of Mr. Dancer, however, he possessed one virtue, and that, too, not a very common one in this world—gratitude. Accordingly, some time before his death, he made a will, and surrendered his copyhold estates to the disposition he had made; the will and surrender were both in favour of his benefactress, Lady Tempest.

The evening before his death, he dispatched a messenger in whom he could confide, requesting to see her ladyship; and, on being gratified in this particular, he expressed great satisfaction. Finding himself a little better, his attachment to the only thing he respected more than that lady recurred, and that too with such violence, that, although his hand was scarcely able to perform its functions, he took hold of his will, which he had intended to have presented to her, and replaced it once more in his bosom.

Next morning, however, perceiving his end to be fast approaching, he actually confided this paper, according to his original determination; and, having now resigned, as it were, all title to that adored wealth, which he considered as his "heart's blood," he soon gave up the ghost, and was buried in the church-yard of his parish (Harrow), by his own particular desire.

Thus lived, and thus died, at the age of seventy-eight, on September 4, 1794, Daniel Dancer, a true disciple of the Elwes school, the rigours of which he practised to a far greater degree than even his master. In consequence of a very common mistake of the *means* for the *end,* he deprived himself not only of what are termed the pleasures, but even of the necessaries of life. At times,

however, he would lament that he did not make a better use of his riches; and was once heard to regret that he had not, according to his original intention, set up a whiskey, which, in his opinion, was the *ne plus ultra* of gentility. On another occasion, upon receiving twopence for a pint of beer from a deputy commissary, who was about to pay him five hundred pounds for hay during the war, and had mistaken him for one of 'Squire Dancer's servants, he bridled up, and said that he intended soon to become a gentleman himself!

Had it not been for the perpetual exercise of his master-passion, Daniel Dancer might have been a credit to his family, and an ornament to society. He possessed the seeds of many admirable qualities, and exhibited frequent marks of strong, nervous, good sense; unpolished, indeed, by commerce with the world, but at the same time unsophisticated by its vices or its follies.

Both he and his father, during a series of more than sixty years, had allowed themselves two jubilee days in the year: these were their festivals, and they enjoyed them, for there was good cheer to be had without expense. The periods alluded to occurred in April and October, at Sir John Rushout's, court-baron for the manor of Harrow. As head tenants, they constantly attended; and it was observed by all the suitors, that, if the Dancers starved at home, they ate most voraciously abroad. On these occasions Daniel distinguished himself by his droll sayings; and, whenever any attempt was made to ridicule, burlesque, or pass a joke upon him (which was invariably the case), the wit and eccentricity of his replies soon put his antagonist to silence.

No man had more of the true Englishman about him, at least so far as concerned the defence of his rights and privileges, than Mr. Dancer. He was a second Hampden in this respect; for, during the whole of his life, he would never permit any infringements on Harrow Weald Common. Whenever an encroachment took place, with-

out any respect to rank or fortune, Daniel instantly headed the villagers, and abated the nuisance. This made him extremely popular.

Miserable and wretched as his disposition was, he was not accused of having ever committed any act of injustice; on the contrary, he was sometimes known to have assisted those whose style of living and appearance were infinitely superior to his own.

He had no farming business but during the time of mowing his meadows. That of his hay-harvest, then, seems to have been the only period of the year in which his mind was occupied by business: and this, too, was the sole time in which jollity appeared to be familiar to his mansion; for he seemed then to have entirely divested himself of his natural character. No gentleman in the neighbourhood gave his mowers better beer, or in greater quantity, than Daniel did on this occasion. It was brought from a neighbouring brewhouse; for at this time only was the beverage of our Saxon forefathers to be found within his walls. Notwithstanding the miserable aspect of the house and its inhabitants, both brother and sister (the former especially, who was nearly naked), yet on Daniel's death, not only plate, table linen, and twenty-four pair of good sheets, but clothes of every description, were found locked up in chests. The female attire, of which there was a correct inventory, in the brother's own hand-writing, was valued at *seventeen pounds*. He also, among other apparel, had some excellent *boots*; but he preferred to *case* his legs with the still warmer covering of hay-bands.

Although he possessed two ancient but tolerably good bedsteads, with the proper furniture, originally belonging, as well as the house, to the Edlins, a family of some property, yet they were carefully secluded from the light of heaven, and both he and his sister slept on sacks stuffed with hay, and covered with a horse rug.

During the last twenty years, Daniel's house is said to

have been entered at least fourteen times by thieves, and the amount of his losses is calculated at 2,500*l*. As the lower part was in such a ruinous state as to admit a person with ease, it was recommended to him to get it repaired; but he replied, "that this would be only throwing away more money, for then they would get in at the windows."

In order to employ the attention of the marauders, until he should escape to his hiding-place, he was accustomed to strew the ground floor with farthings and sixpences wrapped up in paper.

On his demise, the house in which he died, and in which he was also born, exhibited a spectacle of misery and of terror; for it possessed so squalid an aspect, that no other person would have slept in it; and was actually so ruinous, that neither bricklayer nor carpenter would have ventured to repair it.

Some time before his death he left this ancient tenement; which, with the surrounding meadows, was sold by Sir Henry Tempest to the Marquis of Abercorn,—on purpose to read his will to a person in the neighbourhood. An objection being made to it, on the ground that there was no provision bequeathed to his brothers, he replied,

"If I were of a great family, I would not disinherit the heir of the paternal estate—in such a case it would be wrong; but I have long had it in my mind to leave what I have away from mine. My brothers are both old men, and have much more than they can spend, or know how to make a proper use of; besides, they have no children. I am ashamed of myself and them. I have not even improved my property; and, were I to live my time over again, I would not do as I have done."

He entertained a most singular idea of a neighbouring nation, although he entered but little into political discussions. He called the French republicans, the Romans; and was fully prepossessed with the belief, "that

they would ultimately overrun the world, and come and claim his lands, because they had once belonged to a monastery." So fully satisfied was he of this fact, that he was particularly careful never to utter a word against them.

Dancer, about six years before his death, during a hot summer's day, was observed by a neighbour very assiduously employed in throwing water from a pool, by means of a frying-pan, on the surrounding meadow which happened to be burnt up. On being questioned as to the object of his labours, he observed, "that he wanted a bit of nice fresh grass for his old horse, for hay being then very dear, a poor body ought to be sparing of it." The same person, returning in three or four hours afterwards, found the old man in tears, and, on inquiring the cause, was informed, "that he had worked with the frying-pan until he was tired, when, falling asleep on the grass, some rogue had stolen a pocket-book from him containing three hundred and fifty pounds in bank-notes, which he had received the day before for some ricks of hay that he had sold."

Having been once reluctantly bound over by a magistrate to prosecute a horse-stealer at Aylesbury assizes, he set out with a respectable neighbour, who undertook to accompany him. Himself and his horse, on this occasion, exhibited a grotesque appearance, for the movements of the latter were regulated by a halter instead of a bridle, while a sack fastened round him served instead of a saddle: as for shoes, this was a luxury that Daniel's Rosinante had never been accustomed to.

On their arrival at Aylesbury, having stopped at an inn of decent appearance, Dancer addressed his companion in the following manner:—"Pray, sir, do you go into the house, order what you please, and live like a gentleman, I will settle for it readily; but as for myself I must go on in my old way." He accordingly did so, for he bought a pennyworth of bread for himself, slept

under his horse's manger, and paid fifteen shillings, being the amount of his companion's bill, with the utmost cheerfulness.

His house, which at his death devolved to Captain Holmes, was a most miserable building, not having been repaired for half a century: though poor in external appearance, it was, however, discovered to be very rich within; at different times, Captain Holmes found large bowls filled with guineas and half-guineas, and parcels of bank-notes stuffed under the covers of old chairs. Large jugs of dollars and shillings were found in the stable. At the dead of night Mr. Dancer was known to go to this place, but for what purpose no one could tell. It afterwards appeared that he used to rob one jug, to add to a bowl which was found buried in the kitchen.

It took many weeks to explore the contents of his dwelling. One of his richest escrutoirs was the dung-heap in the cow-house, which contained near 2,500*l.* and in an old jacket carefully tied, and strongly nailed down to the manger, was the sum of 500*l.* in gold and bank-notes. In the chimney was about 200*l.* and an old tea-pot contained bank-notes to the value of 600*l.*; it was covered with a piece of paper, whimsically inscribed, "Not to be hastily looked over."

There was likewise found some hundred weight of waste paper, the collection of half a century, and two or three tons of old iron, consisting of nails, horse-shoes, &c. which he had picked up. On the ground floor several pieces of foreign gold and silver were dug up, and some coins, among which were a crown and a shilling of the English commonwealth.

He left in landed property to the amount of 500*l.* per annum to Lady Tempest, and after her death to her only son, Sir Henry Tempest, of Stoke-end, Hereford: in short, the whole property which he left to Lady Tempest and her brother Captain Holmes, was about 3000*l.*

per annum. Lady Tempest did not long enjoy the accession of wealth which she acquired by this miser's death; for she contracted an illness during her attendance upon Mr. Dancer in his last hours, that in a few months terminated her own life, in January, 1795.

Notwithstanding his great penury, Mr. Dancer possessed some praiseworthy qualities. He observed the most rigid integrity in every transaction, and was never averse to assist those of whom he entertained a good opinion, and whose embarrassments required a temporary aid; but, at the same time, it must be confessed, he did not lend his money without expecting the usual interest. His servant, Griffiths, always fared much better than his master, having been indulged with whatever he chose to eat and drink, besides a good and comfortable bed to sleep on. The latter Mr. Dancer deemed an unnecessary luxury, yet his allowing his servant that which he denied himself, renders his character still more wonderful and unaccountable.

Dancer left two brothers, Henry and Hammon, both possessed of property, and both genuine misers.

TOMASO ANIELLO.

After many changes and revolutions, the ancient kingdom of Naples submitted to the power of the House of Austria; and by their large and voluntary contributions, the inhabitants gave, from time to time, the most undoubted proofs of their fidelity and obedience to that illustrious family.

But this liberality was exerted at an expense the people were ill able to bear. They were oppressed with heavy and increasing exactions, till at length the necessary provisions for the support of life grew dear. This

begot discontent; tumult and insurrections followed; which were attended with murder and bloodshed, and all those outrages that are the sure consequences of popular fury and distraction.

Philip IV. King of Spain, of whose dominions Naples constituted a part, experienced no small share of this generosity from the Neapolitans; and in the year 1647, it was proposed by government to present him with a further donative. Philip was sensible of their affection; but those who made the offer, did not consider the inability of the people. All kinds of commodities being already taxed, it was difficult to contrive a method whereby to raise the money. So that they were obliged, in the present necessity, to lay a gabel (or tax) upon every sort of fruit; by which the common people were deprived of their usual nourishment and support, and reduced to the lowest misery and distress.

This gabel was collected with severity for seven months; but it grew at last so insupportable, that the inhabitants of every part of the kingdom determined to bear the burden no longer, and to get rid not only of this, but of all the other imposts. And their design was attended with success, beyond their most sanguine expectations. There are certain limits fixed by nature in the mind of man, beyond which oppression becomes intolerable; heavy loads and exactions then beget despair, and opposition, even at the hazard of fortune and death, ensues.

The city of Naples was extremely populous; and as many families were undone by the weight of the taxes, particularly by that on fruit, whenever the Duke d'Arcas, their viceroy, went out from his palace, he was surrounded by multitudes, who made known to him the hardships they suffered, and supplicated for relief. This not availing, they one day peremptorily demanded a release from the most burthensome taxes, and threatened him with having recourse to desperate means, if their

demand was not complied with. The viceroy was so terrified at these threats, that he promised them to take off the gabel, and returned, not without apprehensions of the consequences, to his palace. But being naturally indolent, and unfixed in his resolutions, he neglected to do any thing in the affair, thinking it would subside of itself.

His excellency, however, was greatly mistaken. The populace grew more and more enraged, and commotions and outrage were the consequence. What gave the greater encouragement to the rioters was, the example of their neighbours, the Sicilians; who had lately, by force of arms and popular insurrections, obtained from the viceroy of that kingdom, a release from the principal taxes, and a mitigation of the rest, together with a general pardon. So that by the month of July, the affairs of Naples were in such a posture, that every thing seemed tending towards a rebellion.

At this time there lived in the corner of the great market-place, a poor fellow whose name was Tomaso Aniello d'Amalfi, but vulgarly, and by contraction, called *Masaniello*. He was in the twenty-fourth year of his age, of a sprightly, active disposition, pleasant and humorous in his discourse, and of a confident, bold address. His stature was of the middle size; his eyes black, sharp, and piercing; his body rather lean than fat, and he had short cropped hair. He usually wore a mariner's cap on his head, long linen slops or drawers, a blue waistcoat, and went barefoot. His countenance was daring and enterprising; and he possessed a good share of stern resolution and rough courage, of which he afterwards gave many proofs. He got his living by angling for small fish, with a cane, hook, and line; and sometimes he bought fish in the market, which he sold again by retail: in short, he was one of those whom the Neapolitans call *Pescivendoli*.

He lived, as before observed, in a corner of the great

market-place; and it strangely happened, that under one of the windows of his house were fixed the arms and name of Charles V. of a very ancient standing. This circumstance, trivial as it may appear, seems to have given rise to Masaniello's exertions in favour of his countrymen; and it was understood to be a mysterious presage of what afterwards happened; *viz.* that this retailer of fish (as he would often jocularly say of himself) should restore the city to a state of exemption and liberty, and recover and establish the charter of privileges which had been granted by that great and invulnerable monarch to the people of Naples.

Being naturally of a bold and enterprising disposition, and of a warm and passionate temper, Masaniello could not behold the distresses of his fellow-citizens with indifference; and the situation of the emperor's arms having inspired him with an idea that he was the man appointed by Heaven to obtain them redress, the thought took possession of his mind, and stirred him up to interest himself in their favour.

About a century before, there had been a violent commotion in Naples, occasioned by Philip II. endeavouring to introduce the inquisition into that city; at which time there had started up a Masaniello, who put himself at the head of the mob, and was successful in opposing the measures of the court. This person, who was a banditti captain, was principally concerned in raising and keeping up the tumults; but though the nobility at that time acted in concert with the people, these commotions were attended with no very bad consequences, nor was the ferment of any very long continuance. This event, which was still remembered, might also have some weight on the mind of the Neapolitan fisherman.

This man, reduced to misery, and inflamed by the general murmurs of the city, desperately resolved either to suppress the taxes, or to perish. One day, as he was going towards his house in great indignation, he met

with Perrone, a famous captain of banditti, who, after some deed of violence, had, with a comrade, fled to a church for refuge. They observed the rage of Masaniello as he passed by, and inquired the cause. He answered furiously, "I will engage to be hanged, if I do not right this city." They laughed at his words, saying, "A proper person, truly, to right the city of Naples!" Masaniello replied, "Do not laugh: if I had two or three of my humour, you should see what I could accomplish. Will you join with me?"—"Yes," said they. Then, when they had given him their solemn assurance, he departed.

Observing, from a kind of natural craftiness, that murmurs and discontent prevailed in every part of the town, and that the people were ripe for disturbance, the designs of Masaniello began by degrees to unfold themselves, and an incident which at that time happened, ripened them into action.

Some of the officers of the customs, with whom the city then swarmed, from the number of commodities taxed, having accidentally met his wife in the street with a small quantity of contraband flour in her apron, they carried her to prison; and without having the least regard to the tears and entreaties of her husband, would not set her free, until he had paid a fine of an hundred ducats; a sum which the poor fellow was obliged to sell the whole of his household furniture to raise. This extortion sunk so deep into the heart of the young fisherman, that he determined to be revenged.

His first step for effecting this purpose, was to excite occasional tumults in the fruit-market, for which the people were already well disposed. He next ran through every quarter of the city, crying out, *No gabel! No gabel!* And though some of the citizens laughed, and took him for a madman; yet his words, as was afterwards proved by the event, made a deep impression upon others.

Finding the boys to gather round him, he endeavoured to ingratiate himself into their favour, by a speech adapted to their young minds, wherein he bitterly inveighed against the cruelty of government, and enumerated to them the enormous gabels that were laid on all the necessaries of life. And having, after several repetitions, made them acquire the substance of his speech, he directed them to disperse themselves through every street, repeating their lesson as they went, even to the very windows of the viceroy's palace.

The number of these young insurgents went on increasing, till they amounted to upwards of five thousand choice sturdy lads, about sixteen or seventeen years of age. With these he entered the market-place, on Sunday the 7th of July, and raised such disturbances among the collectors of the gabel, and the country and retail fruiterers, that the taxes could not be collected; and the fruit in the scuffle being thrown about, the boys scrambled for it, to the great entertainment of the spectators.

At length affairs, as he intended they should, grew more serious. The rabble flocked together in great numbers, as well in the market-place, as in other quarters of the city, where they talked loudly, and without reserve, of the oppressions they laboured under, until a riot ensued between the shopkeepers and fruiterers, when Anaclerio, the elect of the people, was sent by the regent of the city to restore order. One of the most active in the disturbance was a cousin of Masaniello; he also had received his instructions, and was particularly instrumental in exasperating the people. He perceived, that he could sell his fruit but at a low price, which, when the tax was paid, would not only deprive him of all profit, but render him a loser. Under this impression he fell into a great fury, threw two large baskets on the ground, and cried out, "God gives plenty, and the bad government a dearth: I care not a straw for this fruit; let every

one partake of it." The boys eagerly ran to gather and eat the fruit, and Masaniello rushed in among them, crying, "No tax, no tax."—Anaclerio endeavoured to interpose; he threatened him with whipping and the gallies; but this so inflamed the resentment of the crowd, that the fruiterers and all the people threw figs, apples, and other fruits in his face. Masaniello struck him upon the breast with a stone, and encouraged his militia of boys to do the same. It was well that Anaclerio sought his safety in flight.

The fury and violence of the populace still increasing, Masaniello put himself at the head of them, and, surrounded by an infinite number of boys, and loose people of all descriptions, some armed with sticks, others with pikes and javelins, he leaped upon the table among the fruiterers, and demanding silence, made the following harangue; which, as it will furnish the reader not only with a specimen of our hero's oratorical abilities, but with many other traits of his character, is here given at length: "Rejoice, my dear companions and countrymen; give God thanks, and the most gracious Virgin of Carmine, that the hour of our redemption, and the time of our deliverance, draweth near. This poor fisherman, bare-footed as he is, shall, as another Moses, who delivered the Israelites from the cruel rod of Pharaoh the Egyptian king, free you from all the gabels and impositions that were laid upon you. It was a fisherman, I mean St. Peter, who reduced the city of Rome from the slavery of the Devil, to the liberty of Christ; and the whole world followed that deliverance, and obtained their freedom from the same bondage.—Now another fisherman, one Masaniello, I am the man, shall release the city of Naples, and with it a whole kingdom, from the cruel yoke of tolls and gabels. Shake off therefore, from this moment, the yoke; be free, if you have but courage, from those intolerable oppressions under which you have hitherto groaned. To bring this glorious end

about;—for myself, I do not value if I am torn to pieces, and dragged up and down the city of Naples, through all the kennels and gutters that belong to it. Let all the blood in my body spin cheerfully out of these veins; let this head dance from these shoulders by the fatal steel, and be perched up over this market-place, upon a pole, to be gazed at; yet I shall die contented and glorious; it will be triumph and honour sufficient for me, to think that my blood and life were sacrificed in so worthy a cause, and that I became the saviour of my country."

This speech, which speaks the firm and intelligent redresser of grievances, in however rude a garb it appears, was received with loud acclamations by his hearers, who all declared, that they were ready to follow him whithersoever he should lead; and, as a testimony of their attachment to the cause, instantly set fire to the toll-house belonging to the farmers of the fruit-customs; which was in a few moments consumed, with all the books of accounts, and many valuable articles.

The whole city was now alarmed; the mob increased in every street; the citizens shut up their shops, and many of them joined in the riot, in hopes of sharing in the spoil; the toll-houses, in every quarter, were broke open, and the books, money, furniture, and every article contained therein, thrown into fires made in the streets, and totally consumed, no one daring to appropriate a single article to his own use; it being the general sentiment, that as the wealth and costly furniture of the rich had been extorted from the poor, it ought not to be spared upon any account, or for any purpose whatever.

The mob was by this time increased to upwards of ten thousand; and growing, from their numbers, and from having hitherto met with no opposition, more confident and audacious, they now boldly advanced, with Masaniello at their head, towards the palace of the viceroy, crying as they went, "Long live the King of Spain!

but cursed be the government!" for, amidst all their licentiousness, there was not one of them, particularly their heads, but what professed the most untainted loyalty to their king.

When they arrived at the palace, they forced their way through the guards, and obliged the Duke de Arcas to make his escape in the best manner he could; which, after being in the most imminent personal danger, he effected, and took shelter in the castle of St. Elmo. In the mean while, that party of the rabble which had got into the palace, burned and destroyed all the furniture and moveables they could lay their hands on.

Finding that the viceroy had escaped, the rioters continued their outrages in all quarters; breaking open the prisons, and setting the prisoners free; destroying the toll-houses, together with great quantities of corn and provisions; and not even sparing the churches, which they entered, after those who took refuge therein.

During these proceedings, Masaniello was publicly acknowledged as their general, and complimented with the title of *Saviour and Father of his country.* Having accepted of the command, amidst the loud huzzas of the rioters, and thanked them in a pertinent speech; the first official step he took, was, by beat of drum throughout the whole city and suburbs, to summon the people to arms against the tyranny of the government, and the oppression of the taxes; and he soon found himself at the head of a force that nothing could withstand.

In vain were solemn processions made by the religious orders, and prayers offered up by them for the restoration of peace; neither these, nor the interference of the most popular characters among the nobility and clergy, could appease in the least the distractions that reigned. The viceroy of his whole court were confounded at the extravagance of the mob; and thinking himself no longer safe in the castle of St. Elmo, he removed, in the middle of the night, to Castlenovo.

It has been thought by many, that the viceroy did not act with that vigour upon this occasion he ought to have done. Had he had resolution enough to have opposed them at the beginning, he might easily, it is supposed, have suppresed the tumults; and even in this stage of the commotions, had he put himself at the head of his troops, and exerted his authority, the rioters must have laid down their arms.

The duke, however, took a more lenient course, and thought to win them by acts of kindness and popularity; he proposed several salutary regulations with regard to the price of provisions, and an abatement of the taxes; but it was now too late. The fury of the people was not in the least abated by any of his proposals; nothing but fire and desolation could satisfy them, and they proceeded in their outrages.

Towards the evening they began to range themselves under some order and discipline; and during the night they kept regular watch, and made every preparation for pursuing their plan of reform.

On the 8th, before it was clear day, Masaniello appeared in the great market-place; and, having taken an account of the arms and ammunition that been collected, he computed how many troops could be supplied with them; this done, he divided his military rabble into regiments and companies, among whom he distributed the arms. And with such exactness were all his orders, even thus early, obeyed, that by a motion of his hand, they would have cut the throats of all the nobility, and have set every house on fire.

Nothing now was to be heard in the streets but the noise of drums and trumpets, and the clashing of arms. The colours of each corps were regularly displayed; and Masaniello's followers no longer appeared to be a rabble rout, but a formidable and well-ordered army, absolutely at the command of their general. And what was still more surprising, and tended to increase the

terror and astonishment of the court, the country people thronged into the town in great multitudes, armed with pitchforks, spades, pikes, and other rural implements, and breathing nothing but fire and destruction. Nor were the women, in this general confusion, wanting in their zeal; for they assembled in great numbers, furnished with spits, fire-shovels, and other domestic instruments, protesting that they would lose their lives in the common cause. The very children too were seen with canes and sticks in their hands, threatening the nobility, and urging their fathers to battle: and the general cry was, "Long live the King of Spain, but no more gabels!"

Such were the outcries that rung through all the streets of Naples on the morning of the 9th. No man was safe either in his life or his property. The nobility and gentry were in the utmost consternation. Some of them retired into the country, taking with them their most valuable effects. A general fear and amazement seized the sober part of the citizens, who, sensible of the fury of an enraged populace, kept their shops shut up, and were forced to applaud the proceeding of the multitude, in order to secure their goods and houses from being burnt. And business of every kind was at a stand.

The viceroy, in the midst of these calamities, was not inattentive to his own defence and security. He augmented the garrison of Castlenovo; planted cannon at the ends of several streets, and took every precaution to secure his palace, and the fortifications he held, from any attempt of the rebels. At the same time, he endeavoured to soften the people, by increasing the assize of bread; and, instead of pursuing the advice of the council, which was to make a sally from the castle with a strong body of the guards, and thus repel force by force, his excellency, being tender of the lives of the people, thought proper to try as yet more gentle mea-

sures. He accordingly sent a soft and condescending letter to Masaniello, wherein he granted what had been demanded the day before, *viz.* That the obnoxious taxes should be taken off, and the people established in their privileges.

But the haughty general only grew the more imperious upon this condescension; and, rising higher in his demands, declared, "that he would be satisfied with nothing less than a restitution of the whole of the privileges granted to the Neapolitans by King Ferdinand, and Charles V. of glorious memory, whose arms and name he had against his house." To this were added many requisitions relative to the future government of the city, which the viceroy thought too injurious to the authority and prerogative of his royal master to be complied with. He still, however, promised to make every reasonable concession, if they would lay down their arms, and quietly enter upon a treaty of settlement and accommodation.

The passions of the rioters were too much inflamed to be satisfied with any thing but the whole of their demands, and they proceeded to fresh acts of violence; nor could the intercession of the principal noblemen—the remonstrances of the Archbishop of Naples, who was held in the greatest veneration by them—the prayers of the clergy—the exposition of the host, and of the miraculous blood and sacred head of Saint Gennaro—nor repeated processions, allay the tumult. They would accept of no offers short of seeing the original charters of Ferdinand and Charles, (which, by some means or other, were not to be found among the archives,) and having them solemnly ratified by the viceroy and the different councils.

Though Masaniello, as already observed, had been advanced to be generalissimo of the mob, upon account of his courage and natural bravery, yet the people at the same time appointed an old priest, named Julio Genovino, to be always near him as his privy counsellor. This

ecclesiastic was a grave, sober person, of great cunning, and of singular skill and experience in state affairs. He loved to fish in troubled waters, and had been imprisoned for some time, for attempting to raise disturbances, and inflaming the common people against the government.

The next in power to Genovino, was the banditto, Perrone, who had likewise been just released from prison by the mob. These two counsellors were to attend upon Masaniello, as a curb to his fury; but instead of restraining his rage, they added fuel to the fire; and by the council of these two, were transacted, in a great measure, all the murders and cruelties, all the burnings and devastations, that followed in every part of the city.

In this dreadful destruction the noblest structures were set fire to;—palaces and houses without number were stript of their contents, all of which were burnt in the streets by the rabble, who danced about the flames, rending the skies with their shouts and acclamations.

On the morning of the 10th of July, Masaniello made a general review of those under his command, and found them to amount to one hundred and fourteen thousand men, armed and embodied, besides a great number of citizens that were not inrolled.

While this was going on, the archbishop exerted himself with the viceroy to bring about the wished-for accommodation; and the original charters of Ferdinand and Charles being now found, things were in a good train, and there appeared a probability of seeing the distractions which reigned, at an end. The rabble, satisfied with the vengeance they had taken, and dazzled by the prospect of so many immunities and privileges as they were on the point of enjoying, abated of their former fury, and even sighed after peace: but a fatal and unexpected accident entirely ruined these good dispositions, and blew up the flames of discord to a greater height than ever.

Just at the very time when the market-place, as well as the church and convent of Carmine, were crowded with an infinite number of people, who all waited with impatience to learn the success of the pending negociation; about five hundred banditti, well armed and mounted, came into the market-place, where they were received with demonstrations of joy, upon their giving out, "that they had been sent for by Dominico Perrone, (the person mentioned before as the third in command,) and were come for the service of the most faithful people;" which was the denomination the rabble gave themselves.

As soon as Masaniello saw the new comers, he thanked them for their good will, and, telling them to alight, appointed them different quarters of the city, where they should expect his further orders, on foot: upon which Perrone, who was by, told him, that he judged it much more proper to assign them a separate station to themselves, and by no means to dismount them, because, being on horseback, they would be much readier to assist him in case of any urgent necessity.

To this Masaniello replied, "that it was altogether unnecessary for them to continue as a separate body, and that they would be as serviceable to him on foot as on horseback." But Perrone, warmly insisting upon their going mounted, and in a body, and that without being able to give any good reason for it, Masaniello began to suspect that some dark business was going forward, and therefore peremptorily commanded the banditti to go on foot to the quarter he assigned them, and not to stir from thence without his orders.

He had no sooner spoke than a musket was fired off, which Masaniello considering as the signal of some mischief, cried out, "Treason! Treason! there is a plot on foot!" and immediately five muskets were discharged at him by some of the banditti, who had found means to mix themselves among the crowd that surround-

ed him. He, however, received no hurt, though a bullet or two came so near him as to singe his shirt.

The people, seeing their general alive, and without harm, cried out, one and all, "that God and the Lady Carmine had protected him, and that this miraculous deliverance of his person was a manifest token that they approved of his undertaking." They had no sooner said this, than they fell, without mercy, upon the banditti, thirty of whom were killed on the spot, and the remainder in the church and convent of Carmine, whither they fled for shelter. Among them perished Dominico Perrone, and Gregory Perrone; the former lost his life for being an accomplice in the conspiracy, and the latter for being his brother.

This being discovered, by the confession of one of the banditti, to have been the contrivance of the Duke de Mataloni and Don Pepe Caraffa, his brother, two rich and powerful noblemen, Masaniello spared no pains to find them out. And at length having discovered the latter in the monastery of Santa Nova, where he had taken refuge, he was soon demolished by the mob, and his head, together with those of the principal banditti, were, by the general's orders, fixed upon poles in the market-place. The duke fortunately made his escape; but was proclaimed a traitor, and a large reward offered for apprehending him.

Masaniello having grown very diffident and suspicious, since the discovery of this plot against his life, he made no scruple to believe that it had been contrived by, or at least carried on with the consent and approbation of the viceroy. He therefore determined to reduce him to such straits as should at once satiate his revenge, and force him to accept of whatever conditions he might think fit to impose upon him.

For this end he published an order, prohibiting, upon pain of death, all persons from conveying any kind of provisions into Castlenovo, where the viceroy was in a

manner pent up, with the duchess his wife, the councils of state, and the greatest part of the nobility and gentry of the kingdom. He likewise caused the aqueducts that supplied the castle with water to be cut off, issuing at the same time several other mandates; one of which was that the city gates should be shut, and nobody suffered to pass and repass, without a special order from himself; and all these orders were as punctually and diligently executed, as those of the Grand Signior are at Constantinople.

Upon the approach of evening, he directed, that during the night, all the windows throughout the city and suburbs should be illuminated, and the people be under arms; and almost in an instant, every house in Naples, as well those of noblemen as others, had lights in their windows; for, what the people did out of love to their chief, the nobles did through fear of him.

The viceroy seeing that Masaniello treated thus, with sword in hand, and fearing that the storm which had so long hovered over his head, should at last burst upon him, and overwhelm him, he resolved, upon any terms, to conclude the treaty of accommodation, not doubting but that time and cunning would furnish him with an opportunity of breaking any engagement that should prove prejudicial either to his own interests, or those of the prince he represented.

For this purpose he wrote a letter to the Archbishop of Naples, wherein he disclaimed having any share in the late conspiracy, protesting at the same time, that he had nothing so much at heart as the peace of the city, and the good of the people; he therefore pressed him to bring the treaty to a conclusion as soon as possible.

The letter, which the archbishop showed to Masaniello, had the desired effect. The people began to believe that the viceroy was innocent, and abated very much of their former rage and insolence; so that the treaty, which had been interrupted by various unlucky accidents,

was now in a fair way of being brought to a conclusion, through the medium of the archbishop, or rather through the craft and subtlety of Julio Genovino, the ecclesiastic before mentioned as Masaniello's prime coadjutor. This artful priest, though a sworn enemy to government, having more of ambition in him than of animosity, wavered almost as soon as he engaged in the sedition, and listened to the promises of favour and preferment, which were secretly made to him by the viceroy, by whose instructions he fomented the misunderstanding between the nobles and the commons, and now managed with great art and dexterity the treaty of accommodation in favour of the Spanish court; which being at length perfected, and fairly drawn up by Genovino, and read by him, received the approbation of Masaniello and the other ringleaders of the rabble.

The concessions comprised in the agreement were to the following purport:—"That the people should from that time forward enjoy all the benefits, privileges and immunities granted to them by the Emperor Charles V. and King Ferdinand, according to the purport and meaning of the original charters, which should hereafter remain in their hands; that all excesses and outrages committed on the 7th of July, when the insurrection began, to the date of these articles, should be pardoned by a general amnesty;—that the elect, as well as the counsellors and deputies of the people, and other inferior officers therein specified, should be chosen every six months by the commons, without need of further confirmation;—that the said elect should have as many voices as all the nobility together, as it used to be before they had been stripped of this privilege by Don Frederick, and which the most Catholic King Ferdinand had, in the year 1505, promised to restore to them;—that the viceroy should cause the said articles to be ratified by the King of Spain, within three months after their publication; when they should be engraved on marble, and

set up in the middle of the great market-place:—that the people should not lay down their arms, till the said confirmation of their privileges:—and, lastly, that in case they could not obtain such a ratification, and the execution of the said articles and privileges, they might with impunity rise in arms, and strive to redress themselves, without being guilty of irreverence to the King of Spain."

Although the viceroy well knew that these articles tended to the ruin of at least ninety thousand persons, who were concerned either in the collection or the produce of the gabels; and what was still of more importance to him, that ministers could not hereafter raise any more subsidies, nor oppress the subject, in order to support their ambition and luxury; yet he signed them with a smiling countenance, and gave them to the different councils, who signed them in their turns.

After this, they were read aloud by a notary in the church of Carmine, the cardinal archbishop being present, with Masaniello, Genovino, and an infinite number of people, who, by their repeated *Ios*, seemed to give their assent to them, and seal the peace. The whole concluded with a grand *Te Deum*.

This being accomplished, the archbishop informed Masaniello, that the viceroy desired much to see him; and at the same time expressed a wish of having the pleasure to introduce him to his excellency. Masaniello, as well as the other leaders, seemed at first very averse to the interview; but his eminence, by the force of his reasons, and the veneration in which he was held by all ranks, at length prevailed; and they immediately set forward towards the viceroy's palace.

Upon this occasion Masaniello threw off his mariner's dress which he had hitherto worn; and appeared on horseback, in a magnificent habit, a towering plume of feathers in his hat, and a drawn sword in his hand. Thus accoutred, he rode before the archbishop's

coach. His brother, Mateo d'Amalfi, clad likewise in a rich embroidered suit, rode on the right side of his eminence, and Aspaja, the tribune of the commons, on the left; Julio Genovino came last, followed by one hundred and sixty companies of horse and foot, consisting in all of about fifty thousand men.

Numberless were the praises and blessings bestowed upon Masaniello, as he passed along the streets, by the spectators, who, out of a grateful sense of the great deliverance he had wrought for them, honoured him with the glorious title of THE SAVIOUR OF HIS COUNTRY. Nor did they express their gratitude more by their words, than by their actions. The men strewed the way before him with palm and olive branches; while the ladies, from their windows and balconies, which were hung with the richest silks and tapestries, curtsied as he went by, and threw down flowers and garlands. The air was filled with the harmony of musical instruments, and nothing was to be heard but universal sounds of joy and triumph.

Masaniello being arrived at Castlenovo, the captain of the viceroy's guard came out to salute him in the name of his excellency, and bid him welcome to the palace. The general returned the compliment in a few words, uttered with great gravity, and then making a sign to the people that they should be silent, he addressed himself to them in a speech, wherein he pointed out the importance of the privileges he had been the means of obtaining for them; and, without arrogating to himself any merit for what he had done, warned them to be very attentive to the preservation of their newly restored rights.

Among other singular passages in his speech, which was of considerable length, and uttered with becoming energy, and in a language not to be expected from a fisherman, were the following:—"The archbishop has experienced my disinterestedness in my refusal of two

hundred crowns a month, which, during the first day of the revolution, he offered to settle upon me for life, if I would but calm your resentments, and make you desist from your just pretensions. Nor even at this time, should I have thrown off my tattered weeds, to assume this gaudy magnificence, had not his eminence, for decency's sake, and upon pain of excommunication, obliged me to it. No, no—I am still Masaniello the fisherman; such was I born, such have I lived hitherto, and such I intend to live and die. And after having fished for, and caught the public liberty, in that tempestuous sea wherein it had been immersed so long, I'll return to my former condition; reserving nothing for myself but my hook and line, with which to provide daily for the necessary support of the remainder of my life. The only favour I shall desire of you, in token of acknowledgment for all my labours, is, that when I am dead, you will each of you say an *Ave Maria* for me: do you promise me this?" An answer immediately burst forth from thousands,—"*Yes! but let it be a hundred years hence.*" Upon which Masaniello thanked them, and then proceeded to give them his advice relative to their future caution; and concluded with saying, "I am now going to negociate with the viceroy, and shall soon be with you again, at least before to-morrow morning; but if you do not see me then, you may set fire to the palace."

Having ended his speech, and the archbishop having, at his request, given his blessing to the people, Masaniello commanded them, on pain of his displeasure, to follow him any farther; and then went into the palace, accompanied by the Archbishop, Genovino, Arpaja, and his brother Mateo.

The viceroy stood ready at the top of the staircase to receive them. As soon as Masaniello saw him, he threw himself at his feet, and having kissed them, and thanked his excellency, in the name of all the people, for his

gracious approbation of the treaty, he told him he was come there to receive whatever sentence his excellency should think fit to pass upon him. The viceroy, with the dissimulation of a true courtier, raised him up, and embracing him, answered, "that he was happy to see him there; and so far from thinking him criminal, that he would certainly give him daily proofs of his favour and esteem." To this Masaniello replied, "that God could witness for him, that the only scope and end of all his designs was the service of the king and his excellency."

These mutual salutations being ended, the viceroy, the archbishop, and Masaniello, retired into a private apartment, in order to consult what were the best measures to be pursued in the present posture of affairs.

During this conference, an incident happened which sufficiently gave the Spaniards to understand how much Masaniello was esteemed by the people, and how anxious they were for his safety. Those who had assembled in the palace-yard, thinking that he was long before he made his appearance, began to murmur, fearing that some mischance had befallen him; and that the viceroy had violated his faith to him, and caused him to be arrested, or perhaps murdered.

The murmur increased, and the rabble grew at last so clamorous, that their noise reached the viceroy's ears; who being informed of the reason of it, to appease the tumult, immediately showed himself, with his company, in a balcony; where Masaniello having assured the multitude that he was safe, and under no manner of restraint, they all cried out, *Long live the King of Spain! Long live the Duke d'Arcas!* Masaniello then told his excellency, that he would let him see how obedient the Neapolitans were. At the same time, putting his finger to his mouth, the rabble ceased their cry; a profound silence instantly followed; and, among so great a multitude, there was scarce one of them seen to breathe.

Then commanding, upon pain of his displeasure, that every soul should retire, the court-yard was cleared as it were in an instant, and not a man left upon the place.

The conference ended with the warmest professions of friendship and esteem from the viceroy to Masaniello, and not without more substantial marks of his favour; for he made him a present of a gold chain of considerable value, which Masaniello refused several times to accept, but, at the earnest solicitation of the archbishop, he at length complied.

He was at the same time created by his excellency, Duke de St. George. The viceroy accompanied this great honour with many caresses, which probably were meant only to amuse his visitor. After having kissed the viceroy's knee, and taken leave, Masaniello waited upon the archbishop to his palace, and from thence retired in his eminence's coach, pretty late in the evening, to his own house, attended by a numberless throng of people, who, by their acclamations, bonfires, and ringing of bells, gave public demonstrations of their joy and gratitude.

The day following, Masaniello issued out various proclamations, as captain-general; which office had been confirmed to him by the viceroy. All of these were drawn up with the judgment of a veteran in politics, and were all of the most salutary nature, tending to restore order and tranquillity, and at the same time to establish the rights he had obtained for the people upon a solid foundation. These proclamations, which were subscribed Thomas Aniello d'Amalfi, head and captain-general of the most faithful people of Naples, were obeyed with wonderful exactness, by persons of every rank and quality.

We now see this extraordinary man arrived at the highest pitch of his glory. We see him exalted from the state of a poor fisherman, to an eminence that has immortalized his name, and which has procured him a place among our instances of the mutability of fortune.

Sunday the 13th of July was the great day in which the treaty that had been entered into between the viceroy and the people was to be ratified in the cathedral. Masaniello spent the morning in hearing causes, redressing grievances, and making regulations relative to the affairs of the city, both civil and military.

Immediately after dinner, the viceroy having sent a pair of very fine horses, richly caparisoned, for the general and his brother to appear on at the cavalcade; they mounted, both dressed in cloth of silver tissue, and moved slowly towards the castle; the former bearing a drawn sword in his hand, the latter the articles of capitulation. From thence, after being joined by the viceroy and his whole court, they proceeded to the church, where his excellency, and all the great officers of state, swore upon the holy evangelists to observe inviolably the conditions of the treaty.

All the time the articles were reading, Masaniello stood up, with his sword drawn in his hand, and was very busy in explaining some of them to the people, and enlarging upon others. As soon as the oath had been administered, and the *Te Deum* sung, he made a long harangue, sometimes addressing himself to the viceroy, and sometimes to the multitude, and confounding several good things with many senseless and impertinent ones.

Having finished his discourse, he began to tear in pieces the rich dress he had on, and desired the archbishop and viceroy to help him off with it, saying, "That as he had only put it on for the honour of the ceremony, it was now become useless since that was ended; that, for his part, he had done all he had to do, and would now return to his hook and line." Being, however, made to understand that it would be very indecent to strip in the church, and in the sight of so many persons, he accompanied the viceroy: who, with all the nobility and gentry, went in procession through

the most public streets of the city, and then returned to the castle. Masaniello having there taken leave of his excellency, retired to his house in the market-place, through all the acclamations and blessings that were due from the people to the great restorer of privileges.

Thus ended that happy day, which crowned all Naples with joy; and the next day, Masaniello, as the author of this great change, was congratulated by, and received the compliments of, several of the nobility and gentry, the ministers of state, and almost all the ecclesiastics and religious orders of the city.

Such were the honours bestowed upon this poor fisherman.—But there is a certain point to which these sudden elevations are permitted to rise; a boundary which they seldom exceed. The more bright the glare of these political meteors, the sooner do they evaporate.

Of this, Masaniello is a most conspicuous proof. He, who from the seventh day of July to the thirteenth, had behaved himself with so much wisdom and kingly authority, and in that short period had perfected a revolution as extraordinary as beneficial to his fellow-citizens, on a sudden, to the surprise of every one, exhibited signs of insanity. His late behaviour in the cathedral, where he was about publicly to disrobe himself, seems to have been the first visible prelude to it. It afterwards showed itself in various shapes;—such as, the most ludicrous behaviour to the Archbishop of Santa Severina, and some others;—by riding full speed through the streets of Naples, abusing, maiming, or kicking whoever had the misfortune to come in his way;—and by many other pranks that too plainly indicated a mind deranged.

Numberless were the causes to which this sudden alteration in Masaniello has been attributed. Some were of opinion, that the stupendous height of power to which he had arrived as it were in an instant, made him giddy, and overturned his reason. Others would have

it to have been occasioned by the great and continual fatigues he had undergone, as he scarcely allowed himself to take the natural refreshments of food or sleep. But the most probable and most received opinion was, that the viceroy had caused an intoxicating draught to be given him, which, by inflaming his blood, should make him commit such extravagances as would oblige the people to despise and forsake him.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, Masaniello went to the palace, having a ragged coat on his back, only one stocking, and without either hat, sword, or band; and showing himself in this condition to the viceroy, told him that he was almost starved, and would fain eat something: whereupon his excellency commanded something to be brought and set before the Lord Masaniello; to which he replied, that it was no matter, for he did not then come to eat, but to desire his excellency to accompany him as far as Posilipso, where they would take a collation together, having provided every thing necessary for that purpose. As soon as he had said this, he gave a call, and immediately several mariners came in, laden with all sorts of fruits and dainties.

But the viceroy, who was not in a humour to drink with a crazy fisherman, excused himself on account of a pain in his head, with which he said he was that moment taken. He, however, ordered his own gondola to be made ready; and when it was prepared, Masaniello went on board, forty feluccas attending him, filled with persons, who used their utmost endeavours to divert him; some of them dancing, some playing upon musical instruments, and others diving to pick up pieces of gold, which he threw from time to time into the sea.

This agreeable airing, instead of refreshing him, rather contributed to extinguish that small spark of reason that was left in him, and wholly deprive him of his senses; for it is said, that, in going and coming, he drank no less than twelve bottles of strong-bodied wine,

called *Lachrymæ Christi*, which so dried up his brain, that he was never after seen to act or to speak in cool blood.

While Masaniello was upon this excursion, his wife went to visit the vice-queen, in a new coach, which the Duke of Mataloni (whose escape we had before noticed) had bespoke for his wedding-day, and for which he was to pay eight thousand ducats. She was magnificently dressed, and had about her a vast quantity of rich jewels, that had been presented to her by his excellency. The vice-queen gave her an honourable reception; and having treated her very splendidly, and put upon her finger a ring of great value, she returned home, very well pleased. Her husband's mother, and his two sisters, who had accompanied her in this visit, likewise received tokens of her excellency's kindness.

After Masaniello's return from Posilipso, he committed so many extravagant acts, that the citizens were greatly offended thereby, and came to a resolution to confine him; but none could find in his heart to take away the life of the deliverer of his country. This resolution was not, however, powerful enough to remove the fears of the viceroy, who trembled at his very name. He accordingly employed four conspirators, who dispatched him by a musket shot from each, while playing his mad pranks in the church of Carmine; as he fell beneath their wounds, he exclaimed, "ungrateful traitors," and immediately expired.

The assassins having cut off his head, fixed it on a pole, and carried it directly to the viceroy, crying out, as they went, "Masaniello is dead!"—"Let the King of Spain live, and let nobody hereafter presume to mention the name of Masaniello."

The bold action so terrified the rabble, who, to the number of ten thousand or more, were assembled in the church and market-place, that far from avenging the death of one that had lately stood so high in their

esteem, they became stupified and motionless: affording upon this occasion, a memorable instance of the inconstancy of the populace. And those who from the beginning of the insurrection had loved Masaniello to adoration, now calmly saw him murdered; his head taken off, and thrown into a ditch; and his body, as he had himself foretold, dragged through the streets of Naples, by the lowest of the mob.

Masaniello was no sooner dead, than the nobility and gentry, who had not dared to stir abroad during the commotions, now flocked in shoals to congratulate the viceroy upon the happy event. After which, his excellency, with the chief officers and magistrates of the kingdom, went with great solemnity to the church of Carmine, to offer up his thanks to Heaven for the deliverance he had experienced; and having again confirmed the articles of the last treaty, returned to his palace, with the universal acclamation of that very rabble, who, but a few days before, had pulled him by the whiskers, and offered him all manner of indignities.

Thus rose and fell, Masaniello d'Amalfi, the dread of the Spaniards, the avenger of public oppressions, and the saviour of his country. Antiquity cannot furnish us with a similar example; and after ages will hardly believe to what a height of power this fisherman arrived at, who trampling barefoot on a throne, and wearing a mariner's cap instead of a diadem, in the space of four days, raised an army of above one hundred and fifty thousand men, and made himself master of one of the most populous cities in the world. In short, it may be averred without exaggeration, that neither the most formidable tyrant, nor the most beloved prince, were ever so much dreaded, or so soon obeyed, as Masaniello was, during his short, but stupendous reign. His orders were without reply; his decrees without appeal; and the destiny of all Naples might be said to have depended upon a single motion of his hand.

This is the more amazing, as he had never had any education, and had always passed among those of his acquaintance, for a simple, joking fellow; and yet, all on a sudden, he was seen to act and speak as if he had been long conversant in politics, and the management of public affairs. In the very heat of the commotions, he made, and maintained, the most useful orders and regulations, with more wisdom and discretion than the wisest legislators, and the most experienced generals, could have been capable of. With what art and address did he not insinuate himself into the hearts of so many thousands, by far his superiors; encouraging the fearful, extolling the bold, reproaching the coward, and pathetically describing to all the miserable state of their country, and animating them to revenge and redress themselves!

In short, when we reflect upon the magnitude of the enterprise which he projected and executed; the indefatigable assiduity with which he applied himself to it (an assiduity that robbed him of the hours of nourishment and repose, and made him dictate to seven secretaries at a time); the just severity, which, though it compelled him to put many persons to death, never exerted itself on any whose crimes had not deserved it; and above all, that noble and generous disinterestedness, which kept him poor in the midst of such vast heaps of wealth; we may truly say, that Masaniello was endowed with all those qualifications, high birth excepted, that constitute the GREAT MAN and which must render his name immortal.

The policy of the viceroy, in causing Masaniello to be put to death, has admitted of some doubt. For, although the sedition which he was the first promoter of, seemingly tended to the hurt of the state, and the weakening of the sovereign authority, yet his loyalty to the King of Spain, throughout the whole, was never to be doubted: and the very abolishment of the gabels

would, instead of lessening his revenue, have proved beneficial to his Catholic majesty, as Masaniello had taken measures for presenting him with a very large donative, had he lived.

Having mentioned the ingratitude of the people of Naples, in forsaking their great deliverer, and suffering his remains to receive the indignities they did, it is but reasonable that we notice the sorrow and penitence which they afterwards expressed for it. His remains being collected, it was resolved in a general assembly of the people, who were gathered together on purpose, that he deserved to receive all the honours due to the captain-general of Naples. He was accordingly buried on the 17th, with all the solemnities which are commonly used at the funeral of a martial commander.

Upon this occasion his corpse was preceded by above five hundred priests and religious, and followed by forty thousand men in arms. As the procession passed by the palace of the viceroy, his excellency, to conform to the present temper of the people, sent eight of his pages, with flambeaux in their hands, to join in it, and at the same time ordered the guard to salute the body. Being arrived at the cathedral, he was there interred, amidst the tears and lamentations of an infinite multitude, who showed so much respect and veneration for his dust, that it might be said, that, in less than three days, Masaniello was obeyed like a monarch, murdered like a villain, and revered like a saint.

Not many days after Masaniello's death, the viceroy made Julio Genovino president of one of the courts of justice, and bestowed on him other public marks of his favour: which, added to a discovery of an article in the treaty of accommodation, that had not been read at its first publication, and which annulled all the others, alarmed the whole city; and the people flying once more to their arms, a civil war ensued, which in the end proved fatal to the Spaniards.

NICHOLAS SAUNDERSON.

Doctor Nicholas Saunderson, an illustrious professor of the mathematics in the university of Cambridge, and fellow of the royal society, was born in January, 1682, at Thurlston near Penniston in Yorkshire; where his father, besides a small estate, enjoyed a place in the Excise. When he was twelve months old, he was deprived, by the small pox, not only of his sight, but of his eyes also; for they came away in abscess: so that he retained no more idea of light and colours, than if he had been born blind. He was sent early to the free-school at Penniston, and there laid the foundation of that knowledge of the Greek and Roman languages; which he afterwards improved, so far by his own application to the classic authors, as to hear the works of Euclid, Archimedes, and Diophontus, read in their original Greek. As soon as he had gone through the business of the grammar-school, his father, whose occupation led him to be conversant in numbers, began to instruct him in the common rules of arithmetic. Here it was that his genius first appeared: he soon became able to work the common questions, to make long calculations by the strength of his memory, and to form new rules to himself for the more ready solving of such problems, as are often proposed to learners, more with a design to perplex than to instruct. At the age of eighteen, he was introduced to the acquaintance of Richard West, Esq. of Underbank, a gentleman of fortune, and a lover of the mathematics: who, observing Mr. Saunderson's uncommon capacity, took the pains to instruct him in the principles of algebra and geometry, and gave him every encouragement in his power to the prosecution of these studies. Soon after, he grew acquainted with Dr. Nettleton, who took the same pains with him;

and it was to these gentlemen, that Mr. Saunderson owed his first institution in the mathematical sciences. They furnished him with books, and often read and expounded them to him; but he soon surpassed his masters, and became fitter to teach, than learn any thing from them.

Our author's passion for learning growing with him, his father encouraged it; and sent him to a private academy at Attercliff near Sheffield. Logic and metaphysics, it seems, made up the principal learning of this school: the former being chiefly the art of disputing in mood and figure, a dry study, conversant only in words, the latter dealing in such abstract ideas, as have not the objects of sense for their foundation, were neither of them agreeable to the genius of our author; and therefore he made but a short stay here. He remained some time after in the country, prosecuting his studies in his own way, without either guide or assistant: indeed he needed no other than a good author, and some person that could read it to him; being able by the strength of his own abilities to surmount all difficulties that might occur. His education had hitherto been carried on at the expense of his father, who having a numerous family grew uneasy under the burden: his friends therefore began to think of fixing him in some way of business, by which he might support himself. His own inclination led him strongly to Cambridge; but the expense of an education there, was a difficulty not to be got over. At last, it was resolved he should try his fortune there, but in a way very uncommon; not as a scholar but a master: for his friends observing in him a peculiar felicity in conveying his ideas to others, hoped that he might teach the mathematics with credit and advantage, even in the university; or if this design should miscarry, they promised themselves success in opening a school for him in London.

Accordingly in the year 1707, being now twenty-five

years of age, he was brought to Cambridge by Mr. Joshua Dunn, then a fellow-commoner of Christ-college; where he resided with his friend, but was not admitted a member of the college. The society were much pleased with so extraordinary a guest, allotted him a chamber, the use of their library, and indulged him in every privilege, that could be of advantage to him. But many difficulties obstructed his design: he was placed here without friends, without fortune, a young man untaught himself, to be a teacher of philosophy in an university, where it then reigned in the greatest perfection. Mr. Whiston was at this time in the mathematical professor's chair, and read lectures in the manner proposed by Mr. Saunderson; so that an attempt of this kind looked like an encroachment on the privileges of his office: but, as a good-natured man and an encourager of learning, he readily consented to the application of friends, made in behalf of so uncommon a person. Mr. Dunn had been very assiduous in making known his character; his fame in a short time had filled the university; men of learning and curiosity grew ambitious and fond of his acquaintance; so that his lecture, as soon as opened, was frequented by many, and in a short time very much crowded. The Principia Mathematica, Optics, and Arithmetica Universalis of Sir Isaac Newton were the foundation of his lecture; and they afforded a noble field to display his genius in. It will be matter of surprise to many, that our author should read lectures in optics, discourse on the nature of light and colours, explain the theory of vision, the effect of glasses, the phenomena of the rainbow, and other objects of sight: but if we consider, that this science is altogether to be explained by lines, and is subject to the rules of geometry, it will be easy to conceive, that he might be a master of these subjects.

As Mr. Saunderson was instructing the academical youth in the principles of the Newtonian philosophy,

it was not long before he became acquainted with the incomparable author, although he had left the university several years; and enjoyed his frequent conversation concerning the more difficult parts of his works. He lived in friendship also with the most eminent mathematicians of the age; with Halley, Cotes, De Moivre, &c. Upon the removal of Mr. Whiston from his professorship, Mr. Saunderson's mathematical merit was universally allowed so much superior to that of any competitor, that an extraordinary step was taken in his favour, to qualify him with a degree, which the statutes require. Upon application made by the heads of colleges to the Duke of Somerset their chancellor, a mandate was readily granted by the queen, for conferring on him the degree of master of arts: upon which he was chosen Lucasian professor of the mathematics in November 1711, Sir Isaac Newton all the while interesting himself very much in the affair. His first performance, after he was seated in the chair, was an inauguration speech made in very elegant Latin, and a style truly Ciceronian; for he was well versed in the writings of Tully, who was his favourite in prose, as Virgil and Horace were in verse. From this time he applied himself closely to the reading of lectures, and gave up his whole time to his pupils. He continued among the gentlemen of Christ's college, till the year 1723; when he took a house in Cambridge, and soon after married a daughter of the Rev. Mr. Dickons, rector of Boxworth, in Cambridgeshire; by whom he had a son and a daughter. In the year 1728, when King George II. honoured the university with a visit, he was pleased to signify his desire of seeing so remarkable a person; and accordingly our professor waited upon his majesty in the senate-house, and was there created doctor of laws by royal favour.

Dr. Saunderson was naturally of a strong healthy constitution; but being too sedentary, and constantly confining himself to the house, he became at length a

valetudinarian of a very scorbutic habit. For some years he frequently complained of a numbness in his limbs, which in the spring of the year 1739, ended in a mortification of his foot; when his blood being in a very ill state, no art or medicines were able to stop its progress. He died the 19th of April, in the 57th year of his age; and lies buried according to his request in the chancel at Boxworth. He was a man rather to be admired than loved. He had much wit and vivacity in conversation, so that none could be a better companion. He had also a great regard to truth, and was one of those sincere men, who think it their duty to speak it at all times; and therefore his sentiments on men and opinions, his praises or censures, his friendship or disregard, were expressed without partiality or reserve: which, as must easily be imagined, would raise him up many enemies, and expose him to many animosities. He received the notice of his approaching death with great calmness and serenity; and after a short silence, resuming life and spirit, talked with as much composure as usual. He was not supposed to entertain any great notion of revealed religion, yet, we are told, appointed to receive the sacrament the evening before his death; which a delirium, that never went off, prevented him from doing.

A blind man, moving in the sphere of a mathematician, seems a phenomenon difficult to be accounted for, and has excited the admiration of every age in which it has appeared. Tully mentions it as a thing scarce credible in his own master in philosophy Diodotus, that "he exercised himself therein with more assiduity, after he became blind: and what he thought next to impossible to be done without sight, that he professed geometry; describing his diagrams so expressly to his scholars, that they could draw every line in its proper direction." St. Jerom relates a more remarkable instance in Didymus of Alexandria, who, "though blind from his infancy,

and therefore ignorant of the very letters, appeared so great a miracle to the world, as not to learn logic, but geometry also to perfection; which seems the most of any thing to require the help of sight." But, if we consider that the ideas of extended quantity, which are the chief objects of mathematics, may as well be acquired from the sense of feeling, as that of sight; that a fixed and steady attention is the principal qualification for this study; and that the blind are by necessity more abstracted than others, for which reason Democritus is said to have put out his eyes, that he might think more intensely; we shall perhaps find reason to suppose, that there is no other branch of science more adapted to their circumstances.

It was by the sense of feeling, that Saunderson acquired most of his ideas at first; and this he enjoyed in great acuteness and perfection, as it commonly happens to the blind, whether by the gift of nature, or, as is more probable, by the necessity of application. Yet he could not, as some have imagined, and as Mr. Boyle was made to believe of a blind man at Maestricht, distinguish colours by that sense; and having made repeated trials, he used to say, it was pretending to impossibilities. But he could with great nicety and exactness discern the least difference of rough and smooth in a surface, or the least defect of polish. Thus he distinguished in a set of Roman medals the genuine from the false, though they had been counterfeited with such exactness, as to deceive a connoisseur, who had judged by the eye. His sense of feeling was very accurate also in distinguishing the least variation in the atmosphere: and he has been seen in a garden, when observations have been making on the sun, to take notice of every cloud, that interrupted the observation, almost as justly as they who could see it. He could tell when any thing was held near his face, or when he passed by a tree at no great distance, provided there was a calm air, and little

or no wind: these he did by the different pulse of the air upon his face.

An exact and refined ear is what such are commonly blessed with, who are deprived of their eyes: our professor was perhaps inferior to none in the excellence of his. He could readily distinguish to the fifth part of a note; and by his performance on the flute, which he had learned as an amusement in his younger years, discovered such a genius for music, as if he had cultivated the art, would have probably appeared as wonderful as his skill in the mathematics. By his quickness in this sense he not only distinguished persons, with whom he had ever once conversed, so long, as to fix in his memory the sound of their voice, but in some measure places also. He could judge of the size of a room, into which he was introduced, of the distance he was from the wall; and if ever he had walked over a pavement in courts, piazzas, &c. which reflected a sound, and was afterwards conducted thither again, he could exactly tell whereabouts in the walk he was placed, merely by the note it sounded.

There was scarce any part of the mathematics, on which he had not wrote something for the use of his pupils: but he discovered no intention of publishing any of his works, till the year 1733. Then his friends, alarmed by a violent fever that had threatened his life, and unwilling that his labours should be lost to the world, importuned him to spare some time from his lectures, and to employ it in finishing some of his works; which he might leave behind him, as a valuable legacy both to his family and the public. He yielded so far to these entreaties, as to compose in a short time his "Elements of Algebra;" which he left perfect, and transcribed fair for the press. It was published by subscription at Cambridge 1740, in two volumes 4to; with a good mezzotinto print of the author, and an account of his life and character prefixed.

It would be wrong to conclude this account of Saunderson, without mentioning the profound veneration he had for Sir Isaac Newton. If he ever differed in sentiment from any thing in Sir Isaac's mathematical and philosophical writings, upon more mature consideration, he said, he always found the mistake to be his own. The more he read his works, and observed upon nature, the more reason he found to admire the justness and care, as well as happiness of expression, of that incomparable philosopher. He has left some valuable comments on his Principia, which not only explain the more difficult parts, but often improve upon the doctrines; and, though far short in their present state of what he would himself have published on the subject, yet they might be no unacceptable present to the public.

EPHRAIM LOPES PEREIRA D'AGUILAR.

Baron d'Aguilar may justly be classed among the most singular characters of the age in which he lived. "The elements were so mixed up in him" as to form a truly extraordinary combination of vice and virtue: of misanthropy and benevolence; of meanness and integrity; of avarice and liberality; of pride and humility; of cruelty and kindness. Courted during the early part of his life in the walks of elegance and fashion, he rendered himself despised towards the conclusion of it by his menaces and degeneracy.

Ephraim Lopes Pereira d'Aguilar, descended of Jewish parents, was born about the year 1740, at Vienna. His father was a native of Portugal, but in 1722, quitted the country on account of his religion, and came to England.

In 1736 he went to Vienna, where he submitted to that imperial court proposals for farming the duties on to-

Engraved by B. Page.

BARON D'AGUILAR.

Of Starvation Farm.

furniture, laid by after his seclusion from the world and from his family. A large house at Twickenham, formerly his country retreat, was also kept shut up, and in the same predicament was another of his country seats at Sydenham. In addition to these, he purchased a town house in Shaftesbury-place, Aldersgate street, where he generally slept, and the lease of another in Camden-street, Islington, together with some ground close to the New-river, which he converted into a farm yard.

Having relinquished the pursuits of a gentleman, the baron took it into his head to adopt those of the farmer; but his farming speculations he carried on in a manner peculiar to himself. His farm yard at Islington was a real curiosity of the kind. From the state in which the cattle were kept, it received the characteristic appellation of the "Starvation Farm Yard!" These wretched animals, exhibiting the appearance of mere skin and bone, might be seen amidst heaps of dung and filth, some just ready to expire, and some not yet reduced so low, preying upon others. His hogs would often make free with his ducks and poultry; for though brought up a Jew, the baron had always plenty of pork and bacon for his own consumption. The miserable situation of these animals, doomed to this state of living death, frequently excited the indignation of passengers, who would often assemble in crowds to hoot and pelt the baron, who generally appeared in a very mean and dirty dress. He never replied or took any notice of these unpleasant salutations, but availed himself of the first opportunity to make good his retreat. It is unknown for what purpose he kept the cattle, unless it were for amusement, as he derived from them little or no emolument. The only reason he ever assigned for stinting them to such a scanty allowance of food was, that they might know their master; for it should be observed, that he was very fond of homage.

After his removal to Islington, he would either feed

the hogs, cows, and fowls himself, or stand by while they were fed, conceiving that nothing could be properly done unless he were present. His cows he used sometimes to send from the Starvation Yard, to his field at Bethnal-green, to grass, sending a servant that distance to milk them. Here his cattle in the winter time were absolutely perishing, and rather than sell any he would suffer them to die, one after another, of want. In all cases of this kind, the man whom he employed to look after them was ordered to bury the carcase. Once, however, he ventured to transgress this injunction, and sold the flesh of a starved calf to a dealer in dog's meat. This circumstance coming to the knowledge of the baron, he sent to the fellow and charged him with selling his property. He confessed that he had sold the calf for one shilling and ten pence, which the baron deducted from his wages, and then discharged him from his service. Notwithstanding this apparent meanness, he never would claim his large property in America, nor would he suffer any other person to interfere in the business. He was not destitute of charity, for his contributions to the poor were manifold and secret. He was also a liberal patron of public institutions, and though his cattle attested that he did not always feed the hungry, yet he was seldom backward at clothing the naked, frequently inviting home ragged and distressed females, for whom he provided comfortable garments. He had been known to take into his houses fatherless children, whom he occasionally made his servants, increasing their wages with their years. So far his conduct might have excited the emulation of the Christian, but what followed disgraced the character of man: too often treachery was concealed beneath the mask of benevolence, and the hapless orphan found a deceiver in her supposed benefactor.

After a separation of twenty years, the baron called one day to see his wife. A partial reconciliation was ef-

fected; and after repeated visits, he took up his abode entirely at her house. No sooner had he established himself there, than he began, in the most arbitrary manner to enforce his authority over the servants, and at length to treat the lady herself with a rigour she could not endure. She found an opportunity of quitting him and repairing to her relations at Hackney, and by their advice, instituted legal proceedings against her husband. The baron was present in the Court of King's Bench, and calmly listened to the whole of the trial, to the great astonishment of the court, who not only decided unanimously in favour of the lady, but declared that he must be hardened in the extreme to show his face upon the occasion. But he contrived to render himself still more conspicuous; for at the conclusion, he boldly advanced to petition the court that the costs might be equally divided between him and his wife. "Pray, gentlemen," said he, "make her pay half the expenses, for I am a very poor man, and it would be cruelty to distress me."

The *poor* baron survived his wife six or seven years, and died in March, 1802, leaving property estimated at upwards of 200,000*l*. His illness, an inflammation of the bowels, lasted seventeen days, during which he had a doctor, whom he would not admit into his presence, but sent him his urine every day, accompanied with a guinea for his fee. Notwithstanding the severity of the weather, and his dangerous situation, he would allow no fire to be made in his house. His youngest daughter sent several times in his last moments requesting permission to see him; but with dreadful imprecations, to which he was much addicted, he declared she should never enter his presence.

The baron's large stock of goods was sold by auction after his death. His lean cattle fetched 128*l*. his diamonds were valued at 30,000*l*. and his plate amounted to 7 cwt. Among his effects were found forty-two bags of cochineal, and twelve of indigo, worth, together, about 10,000*l*.

These articles he had purchased many years before at a high price upon speculation, and had hoarded, resolving never to part with them till he could have a desirable profit.

ADMIRAL JOHN BENBOW.

It has been often remarked, that British seamen are distinguished for a species of eccentricity peculiar to themselves. Among the numberless instances that might be adduced to justify this observation, is to be ranked that meritorious officer Admiral Benbow.

He was descended from a very respectable family in Shropshire, and born in 1650; his uncle, Thomas Benbow, Esq. and his father John Benbow, Esq. possessed moderate estates in that county. On the rupture between Charles and his parliament, these two brothers were among the first to venture their lives in the royal cause; and they were both colonels in the king's army. The two Benbows greatly impaired their fortunes by their adherence to this prince; whose distresses did not shake their loyalty; for when Charles II. attempted to regain the crown, they were very active in his cause. In the well known battle of Worcester they were both made prisoners. Thomas was found guilty of being in the king's service, and was shot at Shrewsbury on the 19th of October, 1653. John, however, contrived to make his escape, and concealed himself till after the restoration, when he obtained a small appointment in the Tower, very inadequate to his sufferings and deserts, and which was barely sufficient for the scanty support of himself and family.

Here he continued until the first Dutch war, in the reign of Charles II. when the king, going to inspect the arsenal in the Tower, cast his eyes on his faithful ad-

herent, Benbow, whose head had been silvered over for twenty years, "Colonel Benbow," said the king "what do you do here?" "I have," replied the colonel, "a place of four score pounds a year, in which I serve your Majesty as cheerfully as if it brought me in four thousand," "Alas!" said Charles, "is that all that can be found for an old friend at Worcester?" and immediately ordered the colonel to attend on him the next morning declaring he would provide for him and his family. The joy at this unexpected good fortune was too intense for the exhausted powers of a feeble old man, for, throwing himself on a bench close by, he breathed his last, before the king was scarcely out of the Tower. As Charles did not see his Worcester friend as was appointed; it is most probable he thought no more of the engagements he had made to him, so that his family from that hour became destitute, and added one to the many instances of that king's neglect of his best friends.

His son John, the subject of the present article, was bred to the sea, and brought up in the merchant's service. The cause of his introduction into the royal navy was not the least remarkable circumstance of his life. The particulars of this circumstance, related by Campbell, are as follow:

Benbow was master of a vessel in the Mediterranean-trade, when, in 1686, he was attacked in his passage to Cadiz, by a Sallee rover, against whom he defended himself, though very unequal in the number of men, with the utmost bravery, till at last the Moors boarded him; but were quickly beat out of his ship again, with the loss of thirteen men, whose heads Captain Benbow ordered to be cut off, and thrown into a tub of pork-pickle. When he arrived at Cadiz, he went a-shore, and ordered his negro servant to follow him with the Moors' heads, in a sack. He had scarcely landed before the officers of the revenue inquired of his servant what he had in his sack. The captain replied, salt pro-

visions for his own use. That may be, answered the officers, but we must insist upon seeing them. Captain Benbow alleged, that he was no stranger there: that he did not use to run goods: and pretended to take it very ill that he was suspected. The officers told him that the magistrates were sitting not far off, and that, if they were satisfied with his word, his servant might carry the provisions where he pleased; but that otherwise, it was not in their power to grant any such dispensation.

The captain consented to the proposal, and away they marched to the custom-house, Benbow in the front, his man in the centre, and the officers in the rear. The magistrates, when he came before them, treated Captain Benbow with the greatest civility; told him they were sorry to make a point of such a trifle; but that, since he had refused to show the contents of his sack to their officers, the nature of their employment obliged them to demand a sight of them; and that as they doubted not they were salt provisions, the showing of them could be of no great consequence, one way or the other. "I told you," said the captain, sternly, "they were salt provisions for my own use; Cæsar, throw them down upon the table; and, gentlemen, if you like them they are at your service." The Spaniards were exceedingly struck at the sight of the Moors' heads, and no less astonished at the account of the captain's adventure, who, with so small a force, had been able to defeat such a number of barbarians. The gallantry of this action being reported to Charles II. of Spain, he invited the captain to court, where he was respectfully received, and dismissed with a handsome present. His Catholic majesty also wrote a letter of recommendation to King James, who, on the captain's return, gave him an appointment in the navy.

After the revolution he eminently distinguished himself by several successful cruises in the channel; where he was employed at the request of the merchants; and

not only did his duty by protecting the trade, and annoying the enemy, but was also remarkably careful in examining the French ports, gaining intelligence, and projecting schemes for disturbing the French commerce, and securing our own. For this reason he was generally chosen to command the squadron employed in bombarding the French ports; in all which expeditions he displayed an equal share of bravery and conduct; being always present in his boat, as well to encourage, as to instruct, the seamen and engineers. His valour and activity soon procured him a promotion to a flag.

When the peace of Ryswick took place, Rear-admiral Benbow was sent with a small squadron into the West Indies. At the time when the general peace of Europe was restored by that treaty, King William foresaw the shortness of its duration, he therefore determined to send an experienced and active officer into that part of the world, with private instructions to acquaint himself as perfectly as possible with the condition of the Spanish settlements there, whilst he maintained a friendly intercourse with the respective governors, and rendered them every assistance which might lie in his power. He continued in this employment two years, and executed every thing that could be expected from him with the small force which he carried out. The British West India Islands were relieved, and the interest of the merchants and planters promoted; but his circumscribed strength procured him no civilities from the Spanish governors. Parliament arraigned the conduct of the ministry, for sending out so small a squadron, and so late in the season, it being the month of November before he left England; at the same time they gave great praise to the admiral's conduct while on that station.

By the time Admiral Benbow returned to Europe, the designs of Louis XIV. to procure the crown of Spain for one of his grandsons, became more apparent, and King William had already taken preparatory steps to

defeat that scheme. As he foresaw another general war ready to break out in Europe, he made a promotion of naval officers, by which Benbow became vice-admiral of the blue. In order to disappoint the French in their views upon the Spanish succession it was thought necessary to send out a strong squadron to the West Indies. The choice of an officer to command in this important service greatly embarrassed the ministry; our admiral indeed was named to King William, as a fit officer for it, but his majesty observed, that Benbow was only just returned from that station, where he had met with nothing but difficulties, and that it was reasonable some other officer should take his turn. Some others were accordingly proposed, but either their health or their affairs were so deranged, that they most earnestly desired to be excused. "Well, then," said the king jocosely to some of his ministers, "I find we must spare our beaux, and send honest Benbow." His majesty, therefore, sent for him, and asked him whether he was willing to go to the West Indies, assuring him, that if he had any objection, he would not take it all amiss if he desired to be excused. The gallant admiral bluntly replied, that he did not understand such compliments; that he had no right to choose his station, but he would cheerfully execute his majesty's orders to whatever quarter he might think proper to send him.

Benbow was accordingly appointed to the command of the West-India squadron, and on the 19th of August, 1702, he fell in with the French Admiral Du Casse, near Santa Martha, on the coast of Spanish America, when he brought them to action, and though shamefully deserted by some of his captains, he pursued the enemy, and engaged them for several successive days, until the gallant admiral's right leg was shattered by a chain-shot on the 24th. He was carried from the deck to be dressed; and while the surgeon was performing the operation, one of his lieutenants expressed great concern for the unfor-

tunate accident. "I am sorry for it too," replied the intrepid Benbow, "but I would rather have lost them both, than have seen this dishonour brought on the English nation. But, do you hear? if another shot should take me off, behave like brave men, and fight it out." He then ordered himself to be carried up, and placed with his cradle on the quarter-deck, where he continued giving his orders.

The fight was continued till night, and next morning the admiral sent to the captains of the ships under his command, desiring them to keep their line, and behave like men: upon which Captain Kirby of the Defiance, went on board the admiral, and told him he had better desist, the French were very strong, and from what had passed, he might guess that he could make nothing of it. Benbow, not a little surprised at this language, calmly replied, that this was only one man's opinion, and immediately made the signal for the other captains to come on board. To his no small mortification, however, they all concurred with Kirby; and together with him signed a paper, purporting that nothing more could be done. Being thus deserted by his officers, the brave admiral was obliged to desist from the pursuit of the enemy, and returned to Jamaica, though he could not forbear declaring publicly, that it was contrary to his own judgment, to the prejudice of the service, and the greatest dishonour that ever happened to the English navy.

The French admiral, on his arrival at Carthagena, sent Benbow the following letter, which proves the little prospect he had of escaping:—

"Sir,

"I had little hopes on Monday last but to have supped in your cabin; it pleased God to order it otherwise. I am thankful for it. As for those cowardly captains who deserted you, hang them up; for, by God, they deserve it. Your's,

"Du Casse."

Benbow having reached Jamaica, was there joined by Rear-admiral Whetstone; and indignant at the conduct

of his captains, he issued a commission to that officer to assemble a court-martial for their trial. Captains Kirby and Constable were tried first. The former being convicted of cowardice, breach of orders, and neglect of duty, was condemned to be shot; Constable was convicted on the two latter charges, and sentenced to be cashiered and imprisoned. Captain Wade was convicted on the same charge as Kirby, in addition to which, it was proved, that he was drunk during the whole of the action. Captain Hudson died a few days before the trial commenced, and thus escaped the ignominious fate of his associates. Captain Vincent of the Falmouth, and Captain Fog, of the admiral's ship, the Breda, were also tried for having, by Kirby's persuasion, signed a paper, purporting that they would not fight under Benbow's command. This was proved; but as the admiral testified that they behaved with gallantry during the action, the court mitigated their sentence; but for the sake of discipline, they were suspended, till the lord high admiral's pleasure should be known. The boisterous manners of Benbow, who was a rough seaman, but remarkably brave, honest, and experienced, had produced this infamous confederacy, in which Captain Walton of the Ruby, while heated with the fumes of intoxication, had also joined; but he afterwards renounced the engagement, and fought with the greatest intrepidity till his ship was disabled.

Kirby and Wade were sent home in the Bristol; great interest was made to Queen Anne in their favour, but to no purpose. Warrants for their immediate execution were sent to all the ports, and they were accordingly shot on the 16th of April, 1703, the same day they arrived at Plymouth.

Admiral Benbow took this miscarriage so much to heart, that he became melancholy; and grief, co-operating with the fever occasioned by his wounds, put a period to his life on the 4th of November, 1702.

Benbow was one of those officers whom the tars have been remarkably fond of claiming as their own. He and his contemporary, Sir Cloudesley Shovel, were indeed deserved favourites with them. They were both sailors, rose by being sailors, and were more proud of that character than of their flags. By a long course of obedience, they learned to command, and directed those who served under them as much by their example as by their orders; and though they were highly distinguished in their profession, yet after many years' employment, they left behind them small fortunes, but great reputations.

MISS PARSONS.

Among the numerous impositions on the credulity of the public, none was ever carried on with more barefaced impudence, and none ever attracted such universal notice as the Ghost of Cock-lane. The learned and the unlearned, the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the noble and the beggar, were alike interested by it; and for months this was almost the only topic of conversation, not merely in the metropolis, but throughout the whole kingdom. Since this time, however, a new generation has sprung up, and many of our readers may probably be strangers to all the circumstances of this extraordinary affair, excepting its name.

In the year 1756, Mr. Kempe, a man of respectability in the public business in the county of Norfolk, was married to a young gentlewoman of that neighbourhood, with whom he lived happily for eleven months. She dying in child-bed, her sister, who had lived at Mr. Kempe's as a companion to his wife, continued to assist him in his business, and they contracted such an intimacy, that when he quitted that line with the intention

of settling in London, she insisted on following him even on foot, if he would not procure her a more creditable conveyance. She accordingly followed him to town, and as they were excluded by the canon law from marrying, they cohabited together as man and wife, and mutually made their wills in favour of each other, by which agreement the young lady would have been a considerable gainer had she survived.

After her arrival from the country, they resided a short time at Greenwich; Mr. Kempe then took lodgings in London, near the Mansion-house. While at the latter place, Mr. Parsons, the officiating clerk of St. Sepulchre's, observing one morning at early prayers, a genteel couple standing in the aisle, showed them into a pew. Being afterwards thanked for his civility by the gentleman, who asked him if he could inform him of a lodging in the neighbourhood, Parsons offered his own house, which was accepted.

Soon after their removal to the house of Mr. Parsons in Cock-lane, near Smithfield, Mr. Kempe went into the country, and the lady, who went by the name of Miss Fanny, took Mr. Parsons' daughter, a child eleven years old, to sleep with her. About this time Miss Fanny one morning complained to the family that they had both been greatly disturbed in the night by violent noises. Mrs. Parsons was at a loss to account for this, but at length recollected that an industrious shoemaker lived in the neighbourhood, and concluded that he was the cause of the disturbance.

Not long afterwards, on a Sunday night, Miss Fanny getting out of bed, called out to Mrs. Parsons:—"Pray does your shoemaker work so hard on Sunday nights too?" to which being answered in the negative, she desired Mrs. Parsons to come into the chamber, and be herself a witness to the truth of the assertion. Several persons were now invited to assist, and among the rest the Rev. Mr. Linden; but he excused himself, and on

the removal of Mr. and Mrs. Kempe, the noises ceased at the house of Mr. Parsons.

Unfortunately for Mr. Kempe, both the landlords at whose houses he had lodged, were necessitous; both borrowed money of him, and he was obliged to sue both for the payment, and to this circumstance may doubtless be ascribed the plot, which was afterwards contrived against him. Be this as it may, it appears that while he lodged at the house of Parsons, the young lady became pregnant; and that in the sixth month of her pregnancy, Dr. Cooper, of Northumberland-street, was retained to attend her in her labour. That gentleman continued to visit her till she was taken ill of what he thought an emptive fever; as he did not know that she had never had the small pox. As the lodgings were extremely inconvenient, Mr. Kempe prepared rooms for her reception at a house he had taken in Bartlett-street, Clerkenwell, to which she was removed with all possible care, in a coach, attended by Dr. Cooper; and a nurse was provided to wait upon her. Here it was discovered that the disease with which she was attacked, was the small-pox; and for the first four days both the physician and the apothecary, Mr. Jones of Grafton-street, who attended her, thought the symptoms rather favourable; but when maturation should have been performed, the pulse flagged, the fever sunk, and the whole eruption put on a very wharty and pallid appearance. In short her death was pronounced almost certain three or four days before it happened, during which time a clergyman was called in, and every means were employed, as well to afford spiritual consolation, as for the preservation of her person. These facts were afterwards attested by Dr. Cooper and Mr. Jones, and confirmed by the clergyman who attended her.—The patient expired on the 2d of February, 1760, and was interred at the church of St. John's, Clerkenwell.

From this event two years elapsed, when a report was

propagated, that a great knocking and scratching had been heard in the night, at the house of Parsons, to the great terror of all the family; all methods employed to discover the cause of it being ineffectual. This noise was always heard under the bed in which lay two children, the eldest of whom had slept with Mrs. Kempe, as already mentioned, during her residence in this house. To find out whence it proceeded, Mr. Parsons ordered the wainscoat to be taken down, but the knocking and scratching, instead of ceasing, became more violent than ever. The children were then removed into the two pair of stairs room, whither they were followed by the same noise, which sometimes continued during the whole night.

From these circumstances it was apprehended, that the house was haunted; and the elder child declared, that she had, some time before, seen the apparition of a woman, surrounded, as it were, by a blazing light. But the girl was not the only person who was favoured with a sight of this luminous lady. A publican in the neighbourhood, bringing a pot of beer into the house, about eleven o'clock at night, was so terrified that he let the beer fall, upon seeing on the stairs, as he was looking up, the bright, shining figure of a woman, which cast such a light that he could see the dial in the charity school, through a window in that building. The figure passed by him, and beckoned him to follow, but he was too much terrified to obey its directions, ran home as fast as possible, and was taken very ill. About an hour after this, Mr. Parsons himself, having occasion to go into another room, saw the same apparition.

As the knocking and scratching only followed the children, the girl who had seen the supposed apparition was interrogated what she thought it was like. She declared it was Mrs. Kempe, who about two years before had lodged in the house. On this information, the circumstances attending Mrs. Kempe's death were recol-

lected, and were pronounced by those who heard them, to be of a dark and disagreeable nature. Suspicions were whispered about tending to inculpate Mr. Kempe; fresh circumstances were brought to light, and it was hinted that the deceased had not died a natural death.

These reports were succeeded by the publication of a narrative relative to Mr. Kempe's connexion with the deceased. This paper was said to have been signed and delivered, on Monday the 25th of February, 1760, to a gentleman of Norfolk, of which county Mrs. Kempe, otherwise Miss Frances L——s, was a native. It was to the following effect:—

"*To wit,*

"That one Mr. Kempe some time in the month of August, 1759, employed a person to carry a letter to a young woman of a reputable family in Norfolk, and withal to bring her in a post-chaise to the said K's lodgings, somewhere in or near the Strand. The agent having performed his undertaking very dexterously, arrived with the lady in London late in the evening, and carried her to the said K's lodgings agreeably to his instructions; but when they came there K. had left a direction for his honourable agent to bring her directly down to Greenwich, (which was performed by the help of a pair of oars,) where he found the said K. ready to receive his faithful girl, after the fatigue of a journey of about one hundred miles performed in one day.

"They continued some short time at Greenwich, where the said K's agent frequently visited his employer; there being a great friendship between them, which friendship was first contracted at an inn in Norfolk. Kempe, during his stay at Greenwich, thought it necessary that the young lady should make a will in his favour, which was no sooner thought of than put in execution; and who so proper a person to draw up the will as K's agent (who had some small knowledge of the law). Agreeably to instructions, he drew up a will, which

will was witnessed by the schoolmaster of the village, and his servant maid. All things having had the desired effect, the lady was removed to a lodging somewhere near the Mansion-house. There they did not continue long, the people of the house not altogether approving their conduct; and from thence they removed to lodgings behind St. Sepulchre's-church, Snow-hill; after which they decamped to a house in Bartlett-court, in the parish of St. John's, Clerkenwell, where he continued to cohabit with the young lady.

"J. A. L."

To the above narrative was subjoined the following supplement:—

"Some time about the latter end of January, 1760, the young lady was taken ill of the small-pox, and on or about the 31st of the same month, her sister, who lived in good reputation in Pall-mall, was made acquainted with her illness, and being overjoyed to hear where she was, went immediately to her, and found her ill, but in a fair way of doing well. She lamented her unhappy situation, and on parting, requested that her sister would, if possible, come and see her the next day; but the sister not being able to comply with her request, sent a person to inquire how she did; who brought her word that her sister was purely, and had sat up in her bed that day. On the morning following, however, word was brought to her sister in Pall-mall, that her sister in Clerkenwell was dead, which greatly surprised her, as she had received so favourable an account of the state of her sister's health the day before. The deceased died on the 2d of February, 1760, and was buried two or three days afterwards, at the church of St. John's, Clerkenwell; the sister in Pall-mall, at the request of Kempe, attended the corpse to the grave, but was deprived of the pleasure of seeing her dear sister's body, as the coffin had been screwed down some time before she came to the house. After the funeral was over, the

sister called on a relation near St. Paul's, and after telling him that she had been at her sister's funeral at Clerkenwell, expressed her surprise at not seeing a plate on her sister's coffin (though a very handsome one), and asked if I could guess the reason of it. She then proceeded to tell who and what Kempe was; she said that he had married one of her sisters when he lived in Norfolk, and had ruined the other, as the deceased had informed her. She said she had often expressed a great desire to see her sister after she came to London, but was never so happy as to obtain her wish, till it was too late to be of any service to her. She was buried by the name of Kempe, as appears by the parish register.

"Soon after her decease, Kempe proved her will in Doctor's Commons, the 6th of February, 1760, (though a caveat was entered by the sister of the deceased,) and availed himself of all her fortune, to the prejudice of her brothers and sisters, who lived in great harmony and love together, before this fatal accident.

"R. Browne,

January 21*st*, 1762. "*Amen Corner.*"

All these circumstances relative to Mrs. Kempe's death were no sooner known, than they gave rise to a report that she was poisoned. The knocking and scratching now began to be more violent; they seemed to proceed from underneath the bedstead of the child, who was sometimes thrown into violent fits and agitations. In a word, Parsons gave out that the spirit of Mrs. Kempe had taken possession of the girl. The noises increased in violence, and several gentlemen were requested to sit up all night in the child's room. On the 13th of January, between eleven and twelve o'clock at night, a respectable clergyman was sent for, who, addressing himself to the supposed spirit, desired, that if any injury had been done to the person who had lived in that house, he might be answered in the affirmative by one single

knock; if the contrary, by two knocks. This was immediately answered by one knock. He then asked several questions, which were all very rationally answered, and from which the following particulars were learned; "That the spirit was a woman, her name Frances L—s; that she had lived in fornication with Mr. Kempe, whose first wife was her sister, and that he had poisoned her, by putting arsenic in purl, and administering it to her when ill of the small-pox."

Many people suspecting that some deception was practised, it was resolved to remove the girl to another house, in order, that if there was any imposition, it might be detected. This was accordingly done, and the child was suddenly taken away to a strange house, and not to that to which it had been said she was to be removed. The clergyman who had already visited her, not choosing to pronounce too hastily on what appeared to him extraordinary, collected some friends, among whom were two or three divines, and about twenty other persons. Two negroes were likewise admitted of the party, who, on the evening of Wednesday, the 20th of January, assembled at a house at the corner of Hosier-lane, to which the girl had been carried. They arrived about ten, and having first thoroughly examined the bed-clothes, &c. and being satisfied that there was no visible appearance of deceit, the child was put into the bed, which was found to shake extremely by the gentleman who had placed himself at the foot of it. They then proceeded to ask a variety of questions, which the supposed spirit answered by giving one knock for the affirmative, and two for the negative, and expressing displeasure by scratching. The following were the particulars of this extraordinary conversation:—

Q. Were you brought to an untimely end by poison? —*A.* Yes.

Q. In what was the poison administered, beer, or purl? —*A.* Purl.

Q. How long before your death?—*A.* Three hours.

Q. Is the person called Carrots able to give any information about the poison?—*A.* Yes.

Q. Are you Kempe's wife's sister?—*A.* Yes.

Q. Were you married to Kempe?—*A.* No.

Q. Was any other person besides Kempe concerned in the poisoning?—*A.* No.

Q. Can you appear visibly to any one?—*A.* Yes.

Q. Will you do so?—*A.* Yes.

Q. Can you go out of this house?—*A.* Yes.

Q. Can you follow the child every where?—*A.* Yes.

Q. Are you pleased at being asked questions?—*A.* Yes.

Q. Does it ease your mind?—*A.* Yes.

Here a mysterious noise, compared to the fluttering of wings round the room was heard.

Q. How long before your death did you tell Carrots that you were poisoned?—*A.* One hour.

Here Carrots, who had been servant to Mrs. Kempe, and was admitted to be one of the company, asserted, that the deceased had not told her so, being at that time speechless.

Q. How long did Carrots live with you?—*A.* Three or four days.—(Carrots attested the truth of this.)

Q. If the accused should be taken up, will he confess?—*A.* Yes.

Q. Will you be at ease in your mind if the man be hanged?—*A.* Yes.

Q. How long will it be before he is executed?—*A.* Three years.

Q. How many clergymen are there in the room?—*A.* Three.

Q. How many negroes?—*A.* Two.

Q. Can you distinguish the person of any one in the room?—*A.* Yes.

One of the clergymen holding up a watch, asked whether it was white, yellow, blue or black; to which he

was answered black. The watch was in a black shagreen case.

Q. At what time will you depart in the morning?—*A.* At four o'clock.

Accordingly at the appointed hour, the noise is said to have removed into the Wheat Sheaf, a public-house at the distance of a few doors, where it was heard in the bed-chamber of the landlord and landlady, to the great affright and terror of them both.

During the above interrogation, one of the gentlemen placed himself by the bed-side, leaning on the bed, when one of the company, on the other side of the room, desired him not to sit in that posture, on which the former very justly replied: "Sir, I came hither with a design to ascertain the truth of this affair, and I think I have a right to place myself in any part of the room which I look upon as most suspicious." Some other little altercations of this kind took place, which ended in the departure of the persons who were dissatisfied. The gentleman who had leaned upon the bed, requested permission of Mr. Parsons to remove the girl to his own house, promising she should have a room to herself, a maid to attend her, and whomsoever her father pleased to be with her; adding, he had authority to say, that, if any thing material happened, a person of distinction would interest himself in obtaining a discovery of this apparently intricate affair. His offer was rejected by Mr. Parsons.—Nothing more occurred till the following morning, when the knocking began again about seven o'clock.

Though many were, by this time, inclined to believe that what they had witnessed was the effect of supernatural agency, yet the rational part of the company could not be brought to believe but that there was some fraud in the affair. It was therefore determined to remove the child a second time, and accordingly, instead of being carried home, she was conveyed to a house in Crown

and Cushion-court, at the upper end of Cow-lane, near Smithfield, where two clergymen, several gentlemen, and some ladies assembled on Thursday evening.

About eleven o'clock the knocking began; when a gentleman in the room began speaking angrily to the girl, and hinting that he suspected it was some trick of her's, the child was uneasy and cried; on which the knocking was heard louder, and much faster than before; but no answer could be obtained to any question while that gentleman staid in the room.

After he was gone the noise ceased, and nothing was heard till a little after twelve, when the child was seized with a trembling and shivering, in which manner she always appeared to be affected on the departure, as well as at the approach of the spirit. On this, one of the company asked when it would return again, and at what time. Answer was made in the usual manner by knocks, that it would be there again before seven in the morning. A noise like the fluttering of wings was then heard, after which all was quiet, till between six and seven on Friday morning, when the knocking began again.

A little before seven two clergymen came, when the fluttering noise was repeated; which was considered as a sign that the spirit was pleased. Several questions were then put, particularly one by a female, an acquaintance of the deceased, who came out of mere curiosity, and had been to see Mrs. Kempe some time before she died. The question was, how many days before the death of the latter this gentlewoman had been to see her. The answer given was three knocks, signifying three days, which was exactly right. Another question was whether some one of the company then present had not a relation who had been buried in the vault where Mrs. Kempe lay. The reply was made by one knock, in the affirmative. They then asked severally if it was their relation; all excepting the two last were answered no; but to the last the reply was by one knock, which was right. These

two circumstances produced considerable surprise in the company. The clergyman then asked several questions, the most material of which, with the responses, were as follow :—

You have often signified that Mr. Kempe poisoned you; if this is really the truth, answer by nine knocks. Answer was made by nine very slow and distinct knocks.

Q. Would it give you rest or satisfaction to have your body taken up?—*A*. Yes.

Q. Would the taking up and opening your body lead to any material discovery?—*A*. Yes.

The child however had a tolerable night, having previously had a fit which greatly fatigued her, and the spirit was not remarkably troublesome.

On the night of Friday, the 22d of January, the girl was again removed, and conveyed to the house of the matron of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Her being there was kept secret, to prevent a multitude from collecting round it, which would have greatly obstructed the method intended to be adopted for the discovery of the imposition, if any were employed.

About twenty persons sat up in the room, but it was not till near six in the morning that the first alarm was given, which coming spontaneously, as well as suddenly, a good deal struck the imagination of those present. The scratching was compared to that of a cat on a cane chair. The child now appeared to be in a sound sleep, and nothing farther could be obtained. It had been observed by a person in conversation, who expressed his opinion with great warmth, that the whole affair was an imposture; this caused some altercation in the company, some believing, and some disbelieving the reality of the spirit. When the dispute on this subject commenced, the spirit took its leave, and no more knocking or scratching was heard.

About seven o'clock the girl seemed to awake in a violent fit of crying and tears. On being asked the occa-

sion, and assured that no harm should happen to her, she declared that her tears were the effect of her imagining what would become of her father, who must be ruined and undone if the matter should be supposed to be an imposture. She was told that the company had taken her to be in a sound sleep, when the above dispute happened; to which she replied, "Aye, but not so sound but that I could hear all you said." This one would have supposed would have been sufficient to open the eyes of all who were not wilfully blind, but that was not the case.

On Sunday night the girl lay at a house opposite the school-house in Cock-lane, at which place a person of distinction, two clergymen, and several other persons were present. Between ten and eleven the knocking began, the principal questions and answers were the same as those already mentioned. Among some new ones of little consequence was the following: "Will you attend the girl to any place whither she may be appointed to be carried by authority?"—Answer, "Yes." At eleven o'clock, eleven distinct knocks were heard, and at twelve o'clock, twelve. The spirit being then asked if it was going away and when it would return? seven knocks were given. Accordingly when St. Sepulchre's clock struck seven, on Monday morning, the invisible agent knocked the same number of times. Some few questions were asked at this meeting much to the same purport as those already inserted, and answered in the same manner. Every person was put out of the room, who could be supposed to have the least connexion with the girl; her hands were laid over the bed-clothes, the bed carefully looked under, &c. but no discovery was made.

The public had now been for some time amused at least, if not edified by the extraordinary pranks of this spirit, and were by no means unanimous respecting the degree of credit which ought to be given to its intimations, when the following advertisement appeared in the newspapers.

To the Public.

"We, whose names are hereunder written, thought it proper, upon the approbation of the Lord Mayor, received on Saturday last in the afternoon, to see Mr. Parsons yesterday, and to ask him in respect of the time when his child should be brought to Clerkenwell. He replied in these words, 'that he consented to the examination proposed, provided that some persons connected with the girl might be permitted to be there, to divert her in the day-time.' This was refused, being contrary to the plan. He then mentioned a woman, whom he affirmed to be unconnected, and not to have been with her. On being sent for she came, and was a person well known by us to have been constantly with her, and very intimate with the familiar, as she is called. Upon this, Mr. Parsons recommended an unexceptionable person, the daughter of a relation, who was a gentleman of fortune. After an inquiry into her character, he informed us, that this unexceptionable person had disobliged her father and was out at service. On this we answered, 'Mr. Parsons, if you can procure any person or persons of strict character and reputation who are housekeepers, such will be with pleasure admitted.' Upon this he requested a little time. Instead of coming, as he promised, and we expected, one William Lloyd came by his direction and said as follows:—

"'Mr. Parsons chooses first to consult with his friends before he gives a positive answer concerning the removal of his daughter to the Rev. Mr. Aldrich's.'

"Within three hours after this, the following message was sent by Mr. Parsons, through the same hand.

"'If the Lord Mayor will give his approbation, the child shall be removed to the Rev. Mr. Aldrich's.'

"The plan above mentioned was thus set forth; the girl was to be brought to the house of the said clergyman (the Rev. Mr. Aldrich), without any person what-

ever that had, or was supposed to have the least connexion with her. The father was to be there; not suffered to be in the room, but in a parlour where there could be no sort of communication, attended with a proper person. A bed, without any furniture, was to be set in the middle of a large room, and the chairs to be placed round it. The persons to be present were some of the clergy, a physician, surgeon, apothecary, and a justice of the peace. The child was to be undressed, examined, and put to bed, by a lady of character and fortune. Gentlemen of established character, both of clergy and laity, (among whom was a noble lord, who desired to attend,) were to have been present at the examination. We have done, and still are ready to do, every thing in our power to detect an imposture, if any, of the most unhappy tendency, both to the public and individuals.

STE. ALDRICH, *Rector of St. John's Clerkenwell.*
JAMES PENN, *Lecturer of St. Ann's Aldersgate.*"

In pursuance of the above plan, many gentlemen eminent for their rank and their character, by the invitation of the Rev. Mr. Aldrich, of Clerkenwell, assembled at his house the 31st of January, and the next day appeared the following account of what passed on the occasion:—

"About ten at night the gentlemen met in the chamber in which the girl, supposed to be disturbed by a spirit, had with proper caution been put to bed by several ladies. They sat rather more than an hour, and hearing nothing, went down stairs, where they interrogated the father of the girl, who denied, in the strongest terms, any knowledge or belief of fraud.

"As the supposed spirit had before publicly promised, by an affirmative knock, that it would attend one of the gentlemen into the vault, under the church of St. John, Clerkenwell, where the body is deposited, and give a

token of its presence there by a knock upon the coffin; it was therefore determined to make this trial of the existence or veracity of the supposed spirit.

"While they were inquiring and deliberating, they were summoned into the girl's chamber by some ladies, who were near her bed and had heard knocks and scratches. When the gentlemen entered, the girl declared that she felt the spirit like a mouse upon her back; and was required to hold her hands out of bed. From that time though the spirit was very solemnly required to manifest its existence by appearance, by impression on the hand or body of any present, by scratches, knocks, or any agency, no evidence of any preternatural power was exhibited.

"The spirit was then seriously advertised that the person, to whom the promise was made of striking the coffin, was then about to visit the vault, and that the performance of the promise was then claimed. The company, at one, went into the church, and the gentleman to whom the promise was made, went with two more into the vault. The spirit was solemnly required to perform its promise, but nothing more than silence ensued. The person supposed to be accused by the ghost, then went down with several others, but no effect was perceived. On their return they examined the girl, but could draw no confession from her. Between two and three she desired, and was permitted, to go home to her father.

"It is therefore the opinion of the whole assembly that the child has some art of making or counterfeiting particular noises, and that there is no agency of any higher cause."

To elude the force of this conclusion, it was given out that the coffin in which the body of the supposed ghost had been deposited, or at least the body itself, had been displaced, or removed out of the vault. Mr. Kempe, therefore, thought proper to take with him to

the vault, the undertaker who buried Miss Fanny, and such other unprejudiced persons as, on inspection, might be able to prove the fallacy of such a suggestion.

Accordingly in the afternoon of the 25th of February, Mr. Kempe, with a clergyman, the undertaker, clerk, and sexton of the parish, and two or three gentlemen, went into the vault, when the undertaker presently knew the coffin, which was taken from under the others, and easily seen to be the same, as there was no plate or inscription. As a farther satisfaction to Mr. Kempe, the coffin was opened in his presence and the body found in it.

Other persons in the mean time, were taking different steps to find out where the fraud, if any, lay. The girl was removed from one place to another, and was said to be constantly attended with the usual noises, though bound and muffled hand and foot, and that without any motion in her lips, and when she appeared to be asleep; nay, they were often said to be heard in rooms at a considerable distance from that where she lay.

She was at last removed to the house of a gentleman, where her bed was tied up in the manner of a hammock, about a yard and a half from the ground, and her hands and feet extended as wide as they could be without injury, and fastened with fillets for two nights successively, during which no noises were heard.

The next day being pressed to confess, and being told, that if the knocking and scratching were not heard any more, she with her father and mother would be sent to Newgate; and half an hour being given her to consider, she desired she might be put to bed, to try if the noises would come. She lay in bed this night much longer than usual, but there were no noises. This was on a Saturday.

Being told on Sunday, that the ensuing night only would be allowed for a trial, she concealed a board about four inches broad, and six long, under her stays; this

board had been used to set the kettle upon. Having got into bed she told the gentlemen she would bring Fanny at six the next morning.

The master of the house and one of his friends, being, however, informed by the maids, that the girl had taken a board to bed with her, impatiently waited for the appointed hour, when she began to knock and scratch upon the board; remarking at the same time, what they themselves were convinced of, that "these noises were not like those which used to be made." She was then told that she had taken a board to bed, and on her denying it, was searched and caught in the lie.

The two gentlemen, who, with the maids, were the only persons present at this scene, sent to a third gentleman, to acquaint him that the whole affair was detected, and to desire his immediate attendance. He complied with their request, and brought another along with him. They all concurred in the opinion that the child had been frightened into this attempt by the threats which had been made the two preceding nights. The master of the house, and his friend, both declared, "that the noises the girl had made that morning, had not the least likeness to the former." Probably the organs, with which she made those strange noises, were not always in a proper tone for the purpose, and she imagined she might be able to supply the place of them by a piece of board.

At length Mr. Kempe thought proper to vindicate his character in a legal manner. On the 10th of July, Mr. and Mrs. Parsons, one Mary Fraser, who it appeared acted as interpreter between the ghost and those who examined her, the Rev. Mr. Moore, curate of St. Sepulchre's, and Mr. James, a tradesman, were tried at Guildhall, before Lord Mansfield and a special jury, and were convicted of a conspiracy against the life and character of Mr. Kempe. The trial lasted twelve hours, but judgment was respited as Lord Mansfield wished to take

the opinion of the other judges on this extraordinary case.

The court choosing that Mr. Kempe, who had been so much injured on this occasion, should receive some reparation by the punishment of the offenders, deferred passing sentence for seven or eight months, in hopes the parties might in the mean time make up the affair. Accordingly the Rev. Mr. Moore, and Mr. James, were discharged on paying the prosecutor 300*l.* and his costs, which amounted to nearly as much more. Brown, who published the narrative, which we introduced in the early part of this history, and Say, the printer of the newspaper in which it was made public, had previously made their peace with the prosecutor.

As to the grand culprit, Parsons, he was ordered to be set in the pillory three times in one month, once at the end of Cock-lane, and after that to be imprisoned two years; Elizabeth his wife, one year, and Mary Fraser, six months, in Bridewell, and to be there kept to hard labour—a punishment which appears much too lenient, when we consider the atrocious and malignant motives which instigated the framers of this artful and villanous contrivance.

Parsons appearing to be out of his mind at the time he was first to stand in the pillory, the execution of that part of his sentence was deferred till another day; when, as well as on the other days of his public exhibition, the populace, instead of using him ill, took so much compassion on him, that a handsome collection was made for his use. The term of his confinement in the King's Bench prison having expired on the 13th of February, 1765, he was consequently discharged.

Such was the termination of an affair, which not only found partisans among the weak and credulous, but even staggered many men of extensive talents and sound understandings. The Rev. Mr. Moore, whose faith was stronger than his reason, and who had warmly interest-

ed himself in behalf of the reality of the spirit, was so overwhelmed with grief and chagrin, that he did not long survive the detection of the imposture.

Mr. Moore was the person to whom the spirit made the promise of striking the coffin, and who, in consequence, visited the vault, accompanied by the celebrated Dr. Johnson and another gentleman. The three heroes in this nocturnal adventure were consigned to perpetual ridicule in one of Churchill's satirical poems, entitled the *Ghost;* a short extract from which may not be unentertaining to the reader.

Dark was the night, it was that hour
When *Terror* reigns in fullest power,
When, as the learn'd of old have said,
The yawning grave gives up her dead,
When *Murder, Rapine* by her side,
Stalks o'er the earth with giant stride;
Our Quixotes (for that knight of old
Was not in truth by half so *bold,*
Though *Reason* at the same time cries,
Our Quixotes are not half so *wise,*
Since they, with other follies, boast
An expedition 'gainst a GHOST!)
Through the dull surrounding gloom,
In close array, toward Fanny's tomb,
Adventur'd forth—*Caution* before,
With heedful step, a lantern bore,
Pointing at graves, and in the rear,
Trembling and *talking loud,* went Fear.
The church-yard teem'd—th' unsettled ground
As in an ague, shook around;
While in some dreary vault confin'd,
Or riding on the hollow wind,
Horror, which turns the heart to stone,
In dreadful sounds was heard to groan.
All staring, wild, and out of breath,
At length they reach the place of death.
A vault it was— * * * * * * * * *

Thrice each the pond'rous key applied
And thrice to turn it vainly tried,

Till taught by *Prudence* to unite,
And straining with collected might,
The stubborn wards resist no more,
But open flies the growling door.
Three paces back they fell amaz'd,
Like statues stood, like madmen gaz'd
The frighted blood forsakes the face,
And seeks the heart with quicker pace;
The throbbing heart its fears declares,
And upright stand the bristled hairs;
The head in wild distraction swims;
Cold sweats bedew the trembling limbs;
Nature, whilst fears her bosom chill,
Suspends her pow'rs, and *Life* stands still.

Thus had they stood till now, but *Shame*,
An useful, though neglected dame, * * *
Came to their aid in happy hour,
And, with a wand of mighty pow'r,
Struck on their hearts; vain fears subside,
And baffled, leave the field to *Pride*.

Shall they, (forbid it *Fame !*) shall they
The dictates of vile *Fear* obey?
Shall they, the idols of the town,
To bugbears, *Fancy* form'd, bow down? * * *
How would the wicked ones rejoice,
And infidels exalt their voice,
If *Moore* and *Plausible* were found,
By shadows aw'd, to quit their ground;
How would fools laugh, should it appear,
Pomposo was the slave of *Fear?*
" Perish the thought! though to our eyes
" In all its terrors *Hell* should rise;
" Though thousand ghosts in dread array,
" With glaring eye-balls, cross our way;
" Though *Caution* trembling stands aloof;
" Still will we on and dare the proof."
They said, and without farther halt,
Dauntless march'd onward to the vault.

What mortal man, who e'er drew breath,
Shall break into the house of *Death*,
With foot unhallow'd, and from thence
The myst'ries of that state dispense? * *

Engraved by R. Cooper

CHEVALIER DESSEASAU,

Remarkable for his Vanity.

Published by J. R. Ebbins & Co. Albion Press London Sept. 1 1821

Poets themselves, without a crime
Cannot attempt it, e'en in rhyme;
But always on such grand occasion,
Prepare a solemn invocation. * * * *

Descend, then, *Truth*, and guard my side,
My muse, my patroness, and guide!
Let others at invention aim,
And seek by falsities for fame;
Our story wants not, at this time,
Flounces and furbelows in rhyme:
Relate plain facts; be brief and bold;
And let the poets, fam'd of old,
Seek, whilst our artless tale we tell,
In vain to find a parallel;

Silent all three went in—about
All three turn'd silent,—and came out.

CHEVALIER DESSEASAU.

Among the eccentric characters who, in the early part of the reign of George III. attracted public notice in the British metropolis was the Chevalier Desseasau. He was a native of Prussia, of French extraction, and early in life bore a commission in the Prussian service. This he found himself under the necessity of quitting abruptly, through a disagreement between him and a brother officer, which was carried to such a height that a duel ensued, when his antagonist was dangerously wounded. Uncertain of the event, and dreading the consequences should the wound prove fatal, he ensured his safety by flight.

The chevalier sought a refuge in England, and contracted so great a partiality for this country, that he resolved to pass in it the remainder of his days. The singularity of his dress and character soon drew the attention of the curious. He was well acquainted with

Foote, Murphy, Goldsmith, Johnson, and most of their contemporaries, eminent for genius and talent in the walks of literature and the drama: nor was there a bookseller of any note who did not know the Chevalier Desseasau. His chief places of resort were Old Anderton's coffee-house in Fleet-street, the Barn in St. Martin's Lane, and various coffee-houses in the vicinity of Covent-garden. His originality and good-nature caused his company to be much courted.

He either had, or fancied that he possessed a talent for poetry, and used to recite his compositions among his friends. On these occasions his vanity often got the better of his good sense, and led him to make himself the hero of his story. As an instance of this he frequently repeated the following lines with an emphasis which indicated the most self-complacent satisfaction:

Il n'y a au monde que deux heros,
Le roi de Prusse, et Chevalier Desseasau.

which may be thus rendered:

In all the world but heroes two I know,
Prussia's fam'd king, and Chevalier Desseasau.

He never submitted any of his performances to public view, but confined them to the circle of his friends. He would often rehearse them himself before select company, and during the last years of his life, he derived his principal means of subsistence from the presents made him in return.

At this period he was reduced by misfortunes, and perhaps also by the infirmities of age, to a residence within the rules of the Fleet prison; but such was the confidence placed in his honour, that he was suffered to go wherever he pleased. He appeared in the streets in the singular dress and accoutrements delineated in our engraving. His clothes were black, and their fashion

had all the stiff formality of those of an ancient buck. In his hand he generally carried a gold-headed cane, a roll of his poetry, and a sword, or sometimes two. The reason for this singularity was, according to his own expression, that he might afford an opportunity to his antagonist, whom he wounded in the duel, to revenge his cause, should he again chance to meet with him. This trait would induce a belief that his misfortunes had occasioned a partial derangement of the chevalier's intellects.

Desseasau died at his lodgings in Fleet-market, aged upwards of 70, in February 1775, and was interred in St. Bride's Church-yard. The Gentleman's Magazine of that month, contained the following notice concerning him:—"Died the Chevalier Desseasau, commonly called the French Poet; he has left a great personage, a curious sword, a gold medal, and a curious picture." Whether these articles were ever disposed of conformably to his bequest is not known.

STANISLO SOCIVIZCA.

Morlachia is a province belonging to the Venetian state, lying between the Gulf of Venice, Croatia, and Bosnia, having Dalmatia to the south. Some reckon it a part of Croatia: the capital town is Seng, or Segna. The inhabitants are inveterate enemies to the Turks, and never spare them when they get them into their power. This will appear in the history of Socivizca, and is the only thing that can be urged in extenuation of his crimes, or as an excuse for the conduct of the late Emperor of Germany, who, in the year 1776, retained him in his service, as Arambassa, an officer in his regiment of Pandours. The Morlachians are amazingly strong; travellers affirm that four of them will carry a man on

horseback twenty or thirty paces over the most dangerous passes of the mountains. Their habits are of divers colours, quite different from those of the Venetians, and they commonly go armed with an axe.

This singular man will not excite in us that horror and aversion which we generally feel in reading the lives of common thieves and murderers, nor does he deserve to be considered wholly in that light, since he did not lie in wait for travellers indiscriminately, to strip and murder them, but confined his depredations and barbarity to the Turks, against whom he had a native animosity, roused and augmented by personal injuries.

Before we proceed to the incidents of his life, it may be proper to show, that the Morlachians of our time differ very little in their manners and customs from the ancient inhabitants of their country, described thus by Ovid in his *Epistola ex Ponto :* "The men that I see here (says the author) are scarce worthy to be called men, for they have the natural ferocity of wolves. They neither fear nor obey the laws: justice with them yields to strength, and the laws annulled by the force of arms. They live on pillage, but they fight bravely and openly for their prey ; all other means of procuring the necessaries of life appear to them to be base and ignominious. Without any fear or apprehension of them the sight of them is alone sufficient to create aversion. Their voice is savage ; their wan and furious physiognomy is a just representation of death."

Stanislo Socivizca was born in the year 1715, at Simiovo, in a farm-house, about sixteen miles from Trebigne, a city dependant on the Ottoman empire. His father, who was in extreme indigence, laboured, with three other sons, in cultivating the lands of a very rich Turkish family, called the *Umitalcichi,* and these poor people were cruelly oppressed by their masters, insomuch that they not only loaded them with insults, but

beat them severely. Neither Socivizca, whose temperament was naturally savage and cruel, nor his brothers, could any longer endure their repeated acts of tyranny, but their father constantly exhorted them to forbearance, and bound them by ties of filial obedience to submit, for several years, with resignation to their hard fate.

At length, however, chance threw in their way, the three Turkish brothers who were the chief persecutors of these unfortunate labourers. Having amassed the sum of 18,000 sequins arising from exactions called the Arai, that is to say, the forced contributions of the inhabitants of several villages, their vassals, they came to pass a few days on the farm where Socivizca and his family cultivated the lands. This favourable opportunity awakened their resentment, and deaf to all the remonstrances of their mild and peaceable father, they resolved to avenge themselves of the whole house of the Umitalcichi in the persons of these three young men: accordingly they massacred them, and buried their bodies in a deep ditch which they dug round the farm. The young men being missed, the Turkish bashaw of Trebigne, and the captain of the guards, arrested upwards of fifty Christians of the district; some of whom were put to death, and others made slaves for not confessing, though innocent, that they were the criminals; but not the smallest suspicion fell upon the family of Socivizca.

It is a custom among the Turks that when a sum of money has been stolen from any person, and cannot be recovered, all the inhabitants of the village or town wherein the robbery is committed are assembled together, and a tax is levied upon each family, in proportion to their property, to make up the amount; this was put in practice in the present case, and the neatness of Socivizca's dress, the pride he had assumed, and which he had not shown before, together with his temerity and audacity, of which he had given frequent proofs since this event, left no doubt in the minds of the Turks that

he was the murderer; but a full year elapsed before they were confirmed in their opinion.

Upon the first rumour of his family being suspected, Socivizca had advised his brothers to retire to a distant province with the remains of the money. Accordingly they all fled together with their father, who, being very old and infirm, died upon the road; and they reached Imoschi, a small town upon the Venetian territories. This happened in the year 1745; where they purchased lands, built a house, and stocked a warehouse with the most valuable merchandize.

As for Socivizca, as he did not think the slow returns of trade, or annual rents, worth his notice, he resolved to return to Monte Vero, where, with a small band of chosen relations and friends, he commenced public robber and murderer of the Turks: in one summer they attacked, assassinated, and robbed forty. One of his comrades having lost his carbine, Socivizca resolved to take one by force from the first person he met armed, but in this attempt, when he least suspected it, he found himself in the midst of a Turkish caravan. The guard who first perceived him, took him for what he really was, an *Aiduco*, a name formerly given to a party of Morlachians, who devoted their whole lives to the destruction of the Turks, at present they call every highway robber an *Aiduco*; he denied it with terrible oaths, but in vain; six other Turks surrounded him, and without any further trial were preparing to bind him. Socivizca, seeing himself in this situation, fired a pistol as an alarm to his companions, and told the Turks they consisted of a large band at a little distance: at the same time he shouted as loud as possible. The Turks took the alarm, and imagining they already saw a hardy troop of veteran assassins advancing, fell back a few paces to observe from what quarter they would come; this gave him an opportunity to escape by flight: but the Turks, perceiving the stratagem, pursued him with their carbines

loaded. Socivizca, who knew that it was the custom of the Turks to fire all together, and not to reserve a single carbine for an emergency, just as they were on the point of discharging their pieces, laid himself down flat on the ground, and the enemy having fired, instantly approached him thinking they had mortally wounded him, either in the middle of the body or in the head; when rising suddenly he shot one Turk, and knocked down another with the but-end of his pistol; then recollecting that he had another pistol loaded, he dispatched him.

In the interval his comrades joined him, and the five remaining Turks took to their heels. The caravan now came up, and though Socivizca and his companions had no inclination to let so rich a booty escape them, they found it so numerous that they durst not venture to attack it.

After this expedition he returned to Imoschi where he lived retired for nine years, and followed the traffic his family had established; but when he wanted recreation he made a sport of hunting the Turks, assassinating one or two from time to time.

One of the brothers of Socivizca following his example, became the terror of the country: he associated himself with a banditti, at the head of whom was one Pezeireb, who took pleasure in empaling alive all the Turks who had the misfortune to fall into his hands. This monster of cruelty at last was taken by the Turks, who ran a stake through his body, and then fastened him with cords to another, leaving him in this condition to expire at the side of a high road. Passengers, and the peasants inhabiting the neighbourhood, affirmed that he lived in this horrid situation three days, preserving his ferocity to the last, and smoking repeated pipes given him by them as long as he had breath, notwithstanding the agonies he endured.

Socivizca's brother, after the death of his chief, entered

into a close friendship with a Morlachian of the Greek church, but a subject of the Turks. This man was a Probatim, a name assumed by a fraternity in Morlachia, who, by solemn rites and ceremonies, at the foot of the altar, swear an unalterable friendship to each other, and a mutual alliance offensive and defensive. The usual vows had been exchanged between this Greek and Socivizca's brother, and in confirmation of their friendship, he invited him to pass a few days at his house on the confines of Imoschi: there having shown him every mark of hospitality and attention, when he had made him quite drunk, he advised him to retire to rest, and while he slept, sent for a party of the Turks, to whom, for a bribe, he delivered up his unsuspecting guest. The Turks carried him to the Bashaw of Trawnick, who knowing him to be the brother of a man who had sworn destruction to the Ottoman race, held a council which lasted eight hours, to devise the most cruel mode of torturing him to death. The news of this dreadful catastrophe soon reached the ears of Socivizca, but as he remained ignorant of the circumstance of his falling into their hands, he went directly to the house of the Probatim for intelligence. The father of the perfidious friend, received him with the greatest composure, and being a venerable old man, Socivizca readily believed the artful tale he told him, of their being unexpectedly surrounded by the Turks, who had received some secret intelligence, no doubt, from an unknown hand. The Probatim likewise received him with such an appearance of real kindness, that he did not entertain the smallest suspicions of treachery: for he invited him to stay the night, and told him, he would fetch a fine lamb from the fold to make him an excellent supper. With this pretence he left him, in effect, to run as fast as he could to give notice to a party of the Turkish cavalry stationed about twelve miles from his house, that he had got their great enemy under his roof.

The hour of midnight was passed, when Socivizca finding the Probatim was not returned with the lamb, went to bed, as well as the rest of the family, who soon fell into a profound sleep, but as for Socivizca, his suspicions were awake, and he could not close his eyes. "And such were my forebodings," said he, (his own words to the emperor) "as if I was at the brink of some imminent danger, that I jumped from my bed and endeavoured to light a lamp by the ashes of a fire that had been in the room, but the old man was in the plot with his son, and knowing what they expected to happen in the course of the night, had taken care to extinguish every spark." He was then convinced that some horrid conspiracy was formed against his life, and rage took possession of his soul; he sought in vain for his arms, they were concealed: he then called aloud to know if any of the family could tell him where to find them, but no one replied except an old woman, who bid the brute lie still, and not make a noise to disturb the children. Fortunately he had a flint and a knife in his pocket, with which he struck a light, and applied it to the lamp. He then repaired to the old man's bed, and asked in a severe tone of voice where they had put his arms? but the traitor, to gain time, feigned to be asleep, but being compelled to answer, he pretended not to understand him, which cost him his life, for Socivizca took up a hatchet that lay by the chimney and dispatched him. This so terrified the woman, that she instantly produced his arms, and he no sooner got them, than he made his escape from the house, and concealed himself in some thick bushes at a small distance to wait the event. He had not been long in this situation before he heard the trampling of a great number of horses, and by the light of their torches he discovered them to be a detachment of Turkish cavalry, who dismounted, went into the house, and in a few minutes returned, seemingly much disappointed. Socivizca observed their motions

when they remounted and returned by the same road; at length, having narrowly watched that not one of them remained to lay wait for him, he ventured from his hiding place and made the best of his way to Imoschi.

This double perfidy of the Probatim made such an impression upon his mind that it was never out of his thoughts, nor was he easy till he had taken a most ample and cruel revenge. As soon as he could get together seven companions on whom he could rely for their resolution, insensibility, and attachment, he proposed to them his horrid expedition, which was to set fire to the house in the dead of night. This they effected so secretly and suddenly, that the cottage, which was built with wood and thatch, was in flames before any of the family perceived it, except one woman, who endeavouring to make her escape by the door, was shot through the head. Seventeen persons fell a victim to his savage vengeance; and the Turks represented this barbarous transaction in such strong terms, in a memorial against him, addressed to the governor general of Dalmatia, that he issued a decree ordering the house of the Socivizca to be razed level with the ground, and setting a price upon his head, by offering twenty sequins to any person who should kill him, and forty to those who should take him alive. Before this decree appeared, he had withdrawn himself from Imoschi, and secreted himself under different disguises, in various places, without enjoying one hour of tranquillity, from the constant exertion of his mind, to find means of avoiding a surprise.

Being at the fair of Sign, in August 1754, the year in which he had burnt the family of the Probatim, he narrowly escaped the pursuit of a party of Croats, who were out in search of him, and therefore finding he was no longer safe in any part of the Venetian territories, he wrote privately to one of his confidential friends to send his wife and family, with his effects, after him to Carlowitz, near the river Zermanga, as soon as they could

securely quit the retreat in which they lay concealed. Thither he travelled on foot, with all possible expedition, and not long after his family arrived with all his effects, which were considerable. His household consisted of himself, his two remaining brothers, his wife, a son, and two daughters. This place being so situated that he had no opportunity to pursue his savage vengeance against the Mahometans, his manners were insensibly softened, he lived a peaceful life for three years, and might have been totally reformed, if a certain person in authority in that country had not been tempted from motives of avarice to deliver him and his brothers into the hands of the Turks. It is said, he afterwards paid dear for his perfidy; but be this as it may, poor Socivizca and his two brothers were sent to a fort beyond the Udbine, on the frontiers of the territories of Austria, Venice, and Turkey, from whence they were escorted by a detachment of one hundred Turkish horse to the Bashaw of Trawnick, the same who had put the fourth brother to death a few years before. After they had lain in prison some time, sinking under the weight of double irons, and strictly guarded night and day; the alternative was proposed to them, either to turn Mahometans, or to be impaled. It may well be imagined they preferred the milder operation of circumcision; and at the same time it shows the force of Turkish superstition, which beats down the fence of justice: for Socivizca was publicly known to be the mortal foe of their race; and had massacred many of their brethren. Socivizca upon this occasion took the name of Ibrahim, but he did not thereby regain his liberty: his two brothers indeed were released, and one of them had the post of Aga bestowed upon him; but this did not prevent them from taking the first fair opportunity to fly from the Turkish dominions. The Bashaw enraged at this step, ordered the new Ibrahim to be more closely confined; that the indulgence lately granted to him should

be withdrawn, and notwithstanding his pretended zeal for the Mahometan faith, that the guards should never lose sight of him.

Perceiving at length, that all his religious adorations, his affected docility, and exemplary patience did not advance his deliverance; his fruitful imagination furnished him another stratagem. His only relief from the horror of his fate was to converse with his guards, whom he one day addressed in the following terms. "My condemnation to perpetual captivity I could bear with fortitude; I have been guilty of crimes which deserve this punishment; but I regret the quantity of money I have been obliged to bury under ground, while the hand of justice pursued me from place to place: considerable sums are likewise owing to me from my former neighbours and friends. The Bashaw cannot demand the one, nor find the other, but if he would permit me to demand my dues in person, or to find the money I have concealed, it should be his: and I should be happy to regain his favour by these presents, and to be restored to the privileges I enjoyed before my brothers incurred his displeasure by their escape."

The substance of this speech was carried to the Bashaw: avarice, the ruling passion of the Turks, prevailed over every other consideration, and an order soon came to the gaoler, to permit Ibrahim to leave the prison, escorted by ten of the guards, and to give them directions to conduct him to every spot where he should indicate that he had concealed any treasure.

Restored by this artful device to the liberty of breathing the free air, his subtilty furnished him with various pretences to amuse his guards for upwards of a month; sometimes he directed them to pursue one route to arrive at a cavern in which he had concealed a considerable sum, at others he declared that he had mistaken the place, and finally, at Sign, being confronted by several persons whom he called his debtors to a large amount,

but who solemnly and juridically protested they did not owe him a single sequin, the guards to punish him loaded him with heavy irons and confined him in an obscure apartment, placing two sentinels at the door night and day, till they reposed themselves sufficiently after the fatigue of travelling, and had procured depositions in form of the falsity of his pretensions to give to the bashaw. By way of revenge, they found means to send for his wife and two children, a boy and a girl, from the county of Zara, pretending that he was at full liberty, and had ordered them to repair to him, but as soon as they arrived, they took them into custody.

This was an unexpected aggravation of his misfortunes, but it did not conquer his fortitude, nor check the fertility of his genius, ever meditating the means of escape. On the 26th of November, 1758, Socivizca and his family were carried before the Effendi by his guards, in order to receive instructions for reconducting him to Traunick, his wife was ordered to kiss the hand of the officer as a token of obedience; he suffered her and his daughter to submit to this ceremony, but when they ordered his son to do the same, he called to him in a furious tone—"Stand off! and do not offer to kiss the hand of that dog." The Turks were struck dumb with surprise, and the Effendi admiring his greatness of soul, made an apology to him, expressing regret that his people urged the compliance with this ceremony, only as a matter of custom. One of the spectators showing a forwardness to seize him, in order to tie him on the horse he was to ride, he shook his chains in a terrible manner, and bid him keep his distance, adding these words, in the same furious tone: "Soul of a dog, think'st thou, that I am a woman to be held by the hand!" and then, notwithstanding the weight of his chains, he mounted his horse without assistance, and would not suffer any subaltern to tie him on, obliging the Effendi himself to perform this office, to

whom he submitted quietly. His wife and children were obliged to follow upon other horses.

The inhabitants of Sign, affected by this melancholy cavalcade, in compassion for his wife and children, made a collection for him, and these charitable contributions he turned to more advantage than a rich booty, so dexterous was he in resources. The liberality of Socivizca soon became the theme of praise with his guards, for most of the money given to him for his support he spent in regaling them with brandy, till they got drunk by drinking bumpers to his health. As soon as they had passed the frontiers of the Venetian territories, Socivizca complained of the extreme cold, upon which they covered him with a long Turkish cloak called a kabanizca, and his wife having secretly conveyed to him a knife some time before, he took an opportunity, under this concealment, to cut the rope with which he was tied upon the horse, first in two, and afterwards by degrees into small bits which he dropped from time to time unperceived upon the road. About sun-set they arrived at the tower of Prologh, not far from Bilibrigh, where there is a station of Turkish cavalry. Here a dispute arose, if they should proceed farther, or stop, and it was decided by the majority to go on. At the distance of about two hundred yards beyond the tower of Prologh, the road on one side passes along the edge of a very steep descent; at this part of it Socivizca slid from the horse, and took the chance of rolling down the declivity, till he caught hold of the branch of a tree, which stopped him, and behind this tree he sheltered himself. The snow lay upon the ground, which at other times was a fine valley lined with fruit trees. As soon as the guard nearest the horse missed his prisoner, he imparted it to his companions, who were stupified with astonishment, and not suspecting that he had stopped, they separated and galloped on in pursuit of him. Night came on, and a heavy fall of snow, and when Socivizca thought it was

so dark that objects could not be any longer distinguished, he traversed the mountains and woods, continuing his journey all night to regain the Venetian frontiers. He was frequently obliged to climb up into trees to avoid the fury of wild beasts, but the weight of his chains generally brought him to the ground, and probably nothing but the rattling of them preserved him from being devoured. At length, however, he reached Morlachia in safety; his countrymen released him from his chains, made great rejoicings upon the occasion, and composed songs in their language to be sung in honour of their hero.

He told the emperor, that at this period of his life he had resolved to support himself and family by the labour of his hands in private retreat, and not to commit any more depredations on the Turks, if he could have prevailed on the Bashaw of Traunick to restore to him his wife and son; as for his daughter she had been compelled to embrace the Mahometan religion, and was well married to a rich Turk, who said it was a pity such fine blood should be contaminated by a Morlachian contract. But the bashaw, deaf to all his entreaties, and enraged by disappointment, would not answer the letters he wrote him, in which he remonstrated, that he had only followed the common law of nature in using every stratagem to recover that first of blessings, liberty. Instead of restoring his wife and son, he sent an embassy to the Margrave Contarini, governor general of Venetian Dalmatia, requiring him, by the law of nations, to find him out, to seize him, and to send him to him. The margrave, who understood politics better than the bashaw, replied, that having once got him into their hands, within their own dominions, they should have taken care to prevent his escape; and that an attempt to make him compensate for their negligence was a manifest affront: in short, he dismissed the envoys with contempt.

As for Socivizca, finding all his endeavours to recover

his wife and son by fair means were fruitless, he resolved to resume his former occupation and to avenge himself on the bashaw's subjects. For this purpose he put himself at the head of twenty-five select companions, all of them intrepid, and in the vigour of youth: with this chosen band he took the road for Serraglio, the first Turkish town beyond the frontiers; for he had the prudence not to commit any act of violence within the jurisdiction of the Venetian state, that he might not make that government responsible for his depredations.

In a few days he met with a Turkish caravan, consisting of one hundred horses laden with rich merchandize, and escorted by seventy men. The Turks seeing him accompanied by so strong a band, though they were so much superior, dreaded him to such a degree, that they fled with the utmost precipitation, and only one Jew merchant lost his life, in defence of his valuable effects. This audacious robbery alarmed the whole Ottoman empire. Parties were sent out against him from all quarters, he was sought for in the mountains and in the valleys, every field and almost every bush was beat, as if they had been in chace of a wild boar; but this was all mockery to disguise their cowardice, for while all these parties were making such strict researches, he and his companions appeared at noon-day in their villages, and supplied themselves with provisions in the markets of their towns. He generally lodged his booty at a convent of Caloyers, an order of friars of the Greek church, who make a vow of rigid abstinence, but whose religion does not prevent them from harbouring the Aiduzee (highwaymen) of the country, and sharing their plunder: the guardian of one of these convents situated at Dragovich, seven miles beyond the springs of Cettina, was his particular friend, and here he often retired, separating himself from his companions for many months, so that the Turks often thought he was dead; while he was only waiting for an opportunity to fall upon them, and

to exterminate as many of their race as possible. At length, his robberies and massacres became insupportable to the Ottomans, and occasioned great inconveniences to the Venetian state; for they were the constant source of quarrels between the inhabitants of the frontiers of the two powers, so that it became the interest of the latter to seize him; therefore upon every new complaint of the Turks, the government of Dalmatia increased the reward offered to take him, dead or alive.

Socivizca was not insensible of the great danger he was in of being seized by open force, or betrayed by some false friend for the sake of the price set on his head, yet such is the force of habit, that nothing could deter him from continuing his depredations on the Turks. In the course of the year 1760, a certain Turk, whose name was Acia Smaich, a very formidable man in the opinion of his countrymen, and in his own idea a great hero, boasted in all companies that Socivizca durst not encounter him in single combat. It happened, however, that this man and one of his brothers escorted, in company with eight others, a rich caravan which passed through a village near Glamoz in the Ottoman territories, where Socivizca and six of his comrades lay concealed waiting for an opportunity to exercise their valour, and to gain some considerable booty. By their spies they easily got intelligence who was at the head of the escort, and Socivizca, who was not of a temper to put up with the insolence of Smaich, went out to meet the caravan, and as soon as he approached it, publicly called upon the Turk to defend himself. Smaich advancing, instantly fired from his carbine at Socivizca, and aimed so well that the ball struck the upper part of his forehead, fortunately for him he had turned his head, to see that the enemy did not surround him while he was engaged with his adversary, and in this position, the ball passed obliquely and only gave him a slight wound; but it rendered him desperate, and with amazing rapidity

he fired one ball which entered the barrel of Smaich's carbine, and a second which shot him through the head, and killed him on the spot. His companions instantly fled, but five of them were overtaken in the pursuit and put to death by Socivizca's comrades.

After they had plundered the caravan and divided the spoils, they disguised themselves and took different roads, the better to avoid the researches of the Turks, who generally go in search of troops of robbers, and pay little or no attention to single persons on the road. For some time after this event, Socivizca lived so retired and quiet, that it was generally believed he was dead; but when it was least suspected, he suddenly appeared at the head of a formidable banditti, consisting of twenty-five young men, with whom he marched to attack a very considerable caravan that was going from Ragusa into Turkey with a prodigious quantity of visclini, a silver coin of base alloy, worth about fourpence of our money. At the first onset, they killed seventeen of the Turks and took three prisoners; which so terrified the rest of the guards, that they fled with the utmost precipitation and left him in quiet possession of the treasure. Socivizca was no sooner arrived at a neighbouring wood, than he ordered two of his prisoners to be impaled alive, and assigned to the third the dreadful office of turning the stake which was passed through their bodies before a slow fire; his companions advised him to put the third to death, but instead of this, when the victims were half roasted, he ordered their heads to be cut off, which he delivered to the surviving prisoner, with this commission: "Carry these to the Bashaw of Traunick, and tell him from me, that if he does not release my wife and children without delay, I will serve every Turk who falls into my hands in the same manner; and, that God only knows what excessive pleasure it would give me to roast the bashaw himself."

The melancholy ambassador no sooner arrived at

Traunick and made known the unhappy fate of his countrymen, than all the inhabitants vowed revenge, and rivalled each other in eagerness to arm and go in pursuit of Socivizca; several strong parties of foot and horse took different routes to traverse mountains, woods, and valleys in search of this desperate enemy. Upon this occasion they were so exasperated, that they resolved to quit every other employment, and to think of nothing else but the extermination of Socivizca and his band; and they were very near succeeding, for not expecting so much celerity on the part of the Turks, they were surprised in a wood, and obliged to maintain a flying skirmish, in which five of his comrades were wounded and one killed, whose brother cut off his head, that the Turks might not have it to expose upon a gibbet: the Turks pursued them almost to Mitcowick in the Primorio, and in this place, belonging to the Venetians, they took refuge. Escaped from this imminent danger, Socivizca once more separated himself from his companions, and to avoid the consequences of such a general pursuit, he retired for several months and concealed himself in the most dismal caverns in the sides of the mountains, or in woods that were seldom penetrated by any human foot-step: here he endured hunger, fatigue, and all the horrors of solitude, venturing forth but seldom for food, from the apprehension of being traced to his retreats.

In the mean time the Bashaw of Traunick was recalled to Constantinople, to answer the accusations of tyranny in his government, and a design to pillage the province of Mostar. Socivizca had always foretold this event, and that whenever it happened, the festivity and disorder which is occasioned by the arrival of a new bashaw, would afford a favourable opportunity for his wife and children to escape. After a great many fruitless attempts to accomplish this grand point, he fell upon a stratagem which succeeded. A comrade who had

found him out, and informed him of the revolution at Traunick, agreed to be dressed in the habit of the *Calacée*, persons who have an exclusive privilege from the Grand Signior to sell silks and other merchandize, in the nature of travelling pedlars, throughout all Turkey. Having collected four more of his troop, he sent this man to Traunick, and with the others he arrived by another road within four miles of that city, and there waited the issue of the enterprise. We know not how it happened, but his four companions had one day left him alone, when three of the Turkish cavalry accosted him, who strongly suspected he was an *Auduco*, but little imagined he was Socivizca. Finding no excuse to evade them, he thought the only way of removing their suspicion was to offer to go with them to the city of Prusack, which was at no great distance; many people in that place knew him personally, and he would not have made this offer, if he had not imagined that their doubts concerning him would have ceased, and that they would have left him, for it was hardly possible to conceive that any notorious robber would make such an offer. Contrary to his expectations the Turks replied, "Well then, we will go with you;" accordingly they set out; when they arrived on the banks of a river, the soldiers dismounted to water their horses, Socivizca drew his sabre unperceived, and in a moment severed the head of one of them from his shoulders, the second turning round upon his companion's falling at his feet, met with the same fate, and the third, like a poor bird, who sees the hawk ready to bounce upon him, was struck motionless, he had not the power to mount his horse, or to attempt his escape on foot; this man he took aside into a wood, and after he had drawn from him all the information he could procure concerning the number and disposition of the troops that were in search of him, he sacrificed him also to the savage resentment he harboured against all the Ottoman race. His four comrades

found him employed in this dreadful manner, and with them he returned to the village where he was to wait for his emissary to Traunick. The pretended pedlar went about that city vending his silks for some days, till at last he met the wife of Socivizca, and imparted to her his secret design: overjoyed to find her husband was so near, she determined to join him if possible, and she would have brought off her daughter, but she enjoyed so much pleasure in the arms of her husband, that she would only consent to facilitate the escape of her mother and brother. In the dusk of the evening they followed the pedlar, as if they were bargaining for some of his goods, and walking gently out of the gates, as if intending to return, they stole out without notice, and got clear off. The joy of Socivizca at their meeting could only be restrained by the sense of their immediate danger, and therefore as soon as the first embraces were over, he and his companions escorted his wife and his son to Dracovick, the usual place of refuge for them, and he desired the Caloyer, his confidential friend, to teach the boy to read and write.

When it was known in Traunick that the wife and son of Socivizca were not to be found, after the strictest search, the inhabitants were in as much consternation as if their city had been besieged; fear was on every countenance: for the name of Socivizca was become so formidable to the Turks, that instead of terrifying their children with the appearance of ghosts, they had only to name Socivizca to make them shudder, and as the sum of all punishment: not doubting that he himself had conducted this bold enterprise, they entreated the new bashaw, to make the strongest remonstrances to the governor of Dalmatia, declaring that they could not sleep in tranquillity, unless his excellency would cause him to be seized and put to death. The Turkish envoys positively maintained that he resided in Dalmatia, and the Venetian governor as obstinately insisted that he

durst not remain a single day within any part of his jurisdiction, which was the fact, and therefore the disputes about him occasioned jealousies between the two powers without producing any effect.

About the latter end of the year 1764, Socivizca found himself deprived of most of his comrades, some being carried off by the plague, which raged with great violence in the territory of Sign, and others, amongst whom were the most desperate, being taken and executed for robberies in the Venetian dominions. Thus circumstanced, he could not undertake any considerable enterprise, for which reason he retired to the Austrian frontiers near the river Zermagna, and his name was not heard of again for some years, insomuch that the Turks had entirely forgot him, imagining he was either dead, or had taken refuge in some very remote part of the world. However, he was not quite idle all this time, for under the name and disguise of a chief of another banditti who died, he assisted in some attacks on small caravans, and collected a little booty, just sufficient for the support of his family. But in the year 1769, he appeared publicly again, having picked up eight associates of determined valour; they attacked and pillaged larger caravans with success, and once more spread an alarm throughout the Turkish territories. Innumerable and almost incredible stories are related of his intrepidity and dexterity about this time, in his encounters with large bodies of the Turkish horse sent out to scour the country in search of him. At one time perceiving a party of twenty-five approaching, he ordered his comrades to conceal themselves behind some trees, and to place their caps in such a manner in others near, that they should appear to be upon the heads of men; by this stratagem he doubled the number of his little corps, and confounded the enemy, for having fired at the caps, which all fell down, and yet still receiving a warm discharge of shot from another quarter, they thought there

was some magic in it, and were struck with such a panic, that they fled with the utmost precipitation. Another party, consisting of forty, coming upon him by surprise in a wood near the banks of a river, his companions had just time to escape by flight, and while the Turks were pointing their musketry at them, he darted into the river and lay concealed under the water, in the hollow of a bank. The astonished Turks thought it impossible he could escape them, and at last fatigued with a fruitless search, they gave him to the devil, with whom they were certain he was in league, otherwise he could not have rendered himself almost instantaneously invisible.

At length he began to grow tired of the wretched kind of life he led, and resolved to employ the money he had saved in purchasing some little post for the remainder of his days; but his design was frustrated by a cruel misfortune. The Caloyer, his confessor, with whom he had deposited five hundred sequins and some valuable jewels, the principal fruit of his robberies, ran away with them and was never heard of more: and to complete his misery, while he was gone as far as the Danube in pursuit of him on false intelligence, one of his cousins from Imoschi came to pay him a visit, and availing himself of his absence, stripped the house of his clothes and linen. These events happened in the beginning of the year 1775, and the bitter complaints he made of the perfidy of these two thieves, showed that he was abandoning himself to despair, when by one of those unaccountable vicissitudes for which the lives of some men are remarkable, chance brought the Emperor of Germany to the village where he resided; it lay in the route of his memorable travels under the title of Count Falkerstein: and the fame, such as it was, of this bold man having reached Vienna many years before, his majesty sent for him, that he might be entertained with his adventures from his own mouth. The emperor perceived that the man was born with talents for military enter-

prises, and the command of armies; that in all probability if he had been civilized by education he would have made a great figure in the world; and after a strict scrutiny, finding that he had limited his assassinations and robberies to the Turks alone, from whom he had experienced every injury almost from his birth, he generously provided him a secure protection from the fury of his enemies, and a comfortable subsistence for life, by appointing him to be Arambassa, or chief of a company of Pandours, at the advanced age of seventy-four years. His residence was at the borough of Grazact in Austria, about forty miles from Kuin, where he died at the age of upwards of ninety. He was of the middle stature, long visaged, with large dark-blue eyes, but his countenance fierce, and his whole demeanour of a wild savage appearance.

EDWARD BRIGHT.

Bright was descended from families greatly inclined to corpulency, both on his father's and his mother's side. Many of his ancestors and relations have been remarkably fat, though very inferior to him in bulk. He was always fat from a child, and yet very strong and active, and used a great deal of exercise, both when a boy, and after he became a man, which he continued to do till within the last two or three years of his life, when he became too unwieldy. He could walk very well and nimbly too, having great strength of muscles; and could not only ride on horseback, but would sometimes gallop, after he was grown to between thirty and forty stone weight. He used to go to London, about his business, which was that of a grocer, till the journey of forty miles, and going about there, became too great a fatigue to him; and he left it off for some years before

he died. But he was grown to such a size before he left it off, that he was the gazing-stock and admiration of all people, as he walked along the streets. In the last year or two he could walk but a little way, being soon tired, and out of breath, and travelled abroad but little, and that in a chaise.

He was so large and fat a boy, that at the age of twelve years and a half, he weighed ten stone and four pounds, horseman's weight, *i. e.* 144 pounds. And he increased in bulk, as he grew up, so that in seven years more, that is, before he was twenty, he weighed twenty-four stone, or three hundred and thirty-six pounds. He went on increasing, and probably in pretty near the same proportion; for the last time he was weighed, which was about thirteen months before he died, his weight was forty-two stone and twelve pounds, with only his waist-coat, shirt, breeches, and stockings on, and these clothes being afterwards weighed, were found to be sixteen pounds; so that his neat weight at that time was forty-one stone and ten pounds, or five hundred and eighty-four pounds. What his exact weight was at the time of his death cannot be told; but as he was manifestly grown bigger since the last weighing, which he himself, and every body about him, were sensible of, if we take the same proportion, by which he had increased for many years, upon an average, namely, of about two stone a year, and only allow four pounds addition for the last year, on account of his moving about but very little, while he continued to eat and drink as before, (which allowance is, perhaps, less than might be granted) this will bring him to forty-four stone, or six hundred and sixteen pounds neat weight, which, by the judgment of the most reasonable people, who knew him well, and saw him often, is reckoned a very fair and modest computation, and the lowest that can be made.

As to his measure, he was five feet, nine inches and a half high. His body round the chest, just under the arms, measured five feet six inches, and round the belly

six feet eleven inches. His arm, in the middle of it, was two feet two inches about, and his leg two feet eight inches.

He had always a good appetite, and, when a youth, used to eat somewhat remarkably; but of late years, though he continued to eat heartily, and with a good relish, yet he did not eat more in quantity than many other men, who we say have good stomachs.

As to his drink, though he did not take any liquor to an intoxicating degree, yet perhaps upon the whole he drank more than might have been advisable to a man of his very corpulent disposition. When he was a very young man, he was fond of ale and old strong beer; but for some years past his chief liquor was small beer, of which he commonly drank about a gallon in a day. In other liquors he was extremely moderate, when by himself, sometimes drinking half a pint of wine after dinner, or a little punch, and seldom exceeding his quantity; but when he was in company, he did not confine himself to so small an allowance.

He enjoyed, for the most part of his life, as good health as any man, except that in the last three years, he was two or three times seized with an inflammation in his leg, attended with a little fever; and every time with such a tendency to mortification, as to make it necessary to scarify the part. But by the help of scarification and fomentations, bleeding largely once or twice in the arm, and purging, he was always soon relieved. Whenever he was bled, it was always the custom with him, to have not less than two pounds of blood taken away at a time; and he was no more sensible of the loss of such a quantity, than another man is of 12 or 14 ounces.

He married when he was between twenty-two and twenty-three years old, and lived a little more than seven years in that state; in which time he had five children born, and left his wife with child of the sixth, near her time.

There was an amiable mind in this extraordinary overgrown body. He was of a cheerful temper, and a good-natured man, a kind husband, a tender father, a good master, a friendly neighbour, and a very fair honest man. So that he was beloved and respected by all who knew him, and would have been as much lamented by his acquaintance, as any man in any station of life ever was, had it not been that they looked upon him for several years as a man, who could not live long; and out of regard and compassion to him, considered his life as a burden, and death as a happy release to him, and so much the more, as he thought so himself, and wished to be released.

His last illness, which continued about fourteen days, was a miliary fever. It began with pretty strong inflammatory symptoms, a very troublesome cough, difficulty of breathing, &c. and the eruption was extremely violent. For some days he was thought to be relieved in the other symptoms by the eruption; but it seems to be no wonder at all, that his constitution was not able to struggle through such a disease, which proves so fatal to many, who appear to be much more fit to grapple with it. He died, November 10, 1750, in the 30th year of his age.

His body began to putrify very soon after he was dead; so that, notwithstanding the weather was cool, it became very offensive the next day, before they could get a coffin made. As the corpse was of a surprising bulk, the coffin must be so too. It was three feet six inches broad at the shoulders, two feet three inches and a half at the head, twenty-two inches at the feet, and three feet one inch and a half deep. A way was cut through the wall and staircase to let it down into the shop; it was drawn to the church on a low wheeled carriage by twelve men; and was let down into the grave by a machine, fixed up for that purpose, amidst a vast concourse of spectators, not only from the town but

from the country for several miles round. After his death a wager was laid that five men, twenty-one years of age, could be buttoned in his waistcoat. It was decided on the 1st of December, 1750, at the Black Bull, at Malden, when not only five, as proposed, but seven men were enclosed in it without straining a stitch.

PETER THE WILD BOY.

On the continent of Europe, the regions of which are interspersed with vast forests and uncultivated tracts, various individuals of the human species have at different times been discovered in a state no better than that of the brute creation. With nearly all of them this has been the case to such a degree, that it has been found impossible to obtain from them any information respecting the circumstances which reduced them to such a deplorable situation, or of the manner in which they contrived to preserve their lives amidst the numerous perils by which they were surrounded. Most of these unfortunate beings were so completely brutalized as to be utter strangers to the faculty of speech and totally incapable of acquiring it—a fact which demonstrates how much man is indebted to the society of his fellow-creatures for many of the eminent advantages possessed by him over the other classes of animated nature.

One of the most singular of these human brutes, as they may justly be denominated, was Peter the Wild Boy, whose origin and history, previous to this discovery, must, from the reasons already mentioned, remain for ever a secret. He was found in the year 1725, in a wood near Hamelin, about twenty-five miles from Hanover, walking on his hands and feet, climbing trees like a squirrel, and feeding on grass and moss; and in

Engraved by R. Cooper

PETER THE WILD BOY,

Found in the woods of Haemlin

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the month of November was conveyed to Hanover by the superintendent of the House of Correction at Zell. At this time he was supposed to be about thirteen years old, and could not speak. This singular creature was presented to King George I. then at Hanover, while at dinner. The king caused him to taste of all the dishes at the table; and in order to bring him by degrees to relish human diet, he directed that he should have such provision as he seemed best to like, and such instructions as might best fit him for human society.

Soon after this, the boy made his escape into the same wood, where he concealed himself among the branches of a tree, which was sawed down to recover him. He was brought over to England at the beginning of 1726, and exhibited to the king and many of the nobility. In this country he was distinguished by the appellation of Peter the Wild Boy which he ever afterwards retained.

He appeared to have scarcely any ideas, was uneasy at being obliged to wear clothes, and could not be induced to lie on a bed, but sat and slept in a corner of the room, whence it was conjectured that he used to sleep on a tree for security against wild beasts. He was committed to the care of Dr. Arbuthnot, at whose house he either was, or was to have been baptized; but notwithstanding all the doctor's pains, he never could bring the wild youth to the use of speech, or the pronunciation of words. As every effort of this kind was found to be in vain, he was placed with a farmer at a small distance from town, and a pension was allowed him by the king, which he enjoyed till his death.

The ill success of these efforts seems to have laid curiosity asleep, till Lord Monboddo again called the public attention to this phenomenon. That nobleman had been collecting all the particulars he could meet with concerning Peter, in order to establish a favourite but

truly whimsical hypothesis. The plan of his work on the "Origin and Progress of Language," necessarily involved the history of civilization and general knowledge. His lordship carried his researches to a period far beyond the records of history, when men might be supposed to possess no means of the vocal communication of their thoughts but natural and inarticulate sounds. Abstracting, in imagination, from the rational superiority of man, whatever seems to depend on his use of artificial language, as a sign of thought, he represents the earlier generations of the human race, as having been little, if at all, exalted in intelligence above the ape and the oran outang, whose form bears a resemblance to the human. The spirit of paradox even inclined him to believe that those rude men, who wanted articulate language must have had tails, of which they might gradually have divested themselves, either by attentions to the breed, like those of a Cully or a Bakewell, or by continual docking, till the tail was utterly extirpated.

In a very witty and ludicrous piece, by Dean Swift, entitled, "It cannot rain but it pours,"—he gives an account of this wonderful wild man, as he calls him, replete with satire and ridicule, but containing many particulars concerning him that were undoubtedly true. Lord Monboddo, therefore concluded that the other facts mentioned by that witty writer, though no where else to be found, are likewise authentic, whatever may be thought of the use and application he makes of them: such as, that in the circle at court he endeavoured to kiss the young Lady Walpole; that he put on his hat before the king, and laid hold of the Lord Chamberlain's staff; that he expressed his sensations by certain sounds which he had framed to himself, and particularly that he neighed something like a horse, in which way he commonly expressed his joy; that he understood the language of birds and beasts, by which they express

their appetites and feelings; that his senses were more acute than those of the tame man; and, lastly, that he could sing sometimes. These facts, his lordship contends, the dean must have known, for he was at London at the time, and of Swift's integrity in not stating any facts that were untrue, even in a work of humor, his lordship has no doubt. The dean farther said, that it was evident, by several tokens, that this wild boy had a father and mother like one of us. "This," says Lord Monboddo, "I believe also to be true; because I was told by a person yet living, that when he was caught he had a collar about his neck with something written upon it."

In Peter the Wild Boy, Lord Monboddo conceived that he had discovered a corroboration of his eccentric opinion. His lordship, accordingly, went to see him, and the result of his inquiries is thus stated in his "Ancient Metaphysics:"—

"It was in the beginning of June, 1782, that I saw him in a farm-house called Broadway, about a mile from Berkhamstead, kept there on a pension of thirty pounds, which the king pays. He is but of low stature, not exceeding five feet three inches, and though he must now be about seventy years of age, he has a fresh, healthy look. He wears his beard; his face is not at all ugly or disagreeable, and he has a look that may be called sensible or sagacious for a savage. About twenty years ago he used to elope, and once, as I was told, he wandered as far as Norfolk; but of late he has become quite tame, and either keeps the house, or saunters about the farm. He has been during the thirteen last years where he lives at present, and before that he was twelve years with another farmer, whom I saw and conversed with. This farmer told me he had been put to school somewhere in Hertfordshire, but had only learned to articulate his own name Peter, and the name of King George, both which I heard him pronounce very distinctly. But the woman of the house where he now is, for the man happened

not to be at home, told me he understood every thing that was said to him, concerning the common affairs of life, and I saw that he readily understood several things she said to him while I was present. Among other things, she desired him to sing Nancy Dawson, which he accordingly did, and another tune that she named. He was never mischievous, but had that gentleness of manners which I hold to be characteristic of our nature, at least till we become carnivorous, and hunters or warriors. He feeds at present as the farmer and his wife do, but, as I was told by an old woman, who remembered to have seen him when he first came to Hertfordshire, which she computed to be about fifty-five years before; he then fed much on leaves, particularly of cabbage, which she saw him eat raw. He was then, as she thought, about fifteen years of age, walked upright, but could climb trees like a squirrel. At present he not only eats flesh, but has acquired a taste for beer, and even for spirits, of which he inclines to drink more than he can get. The old farmer with whom he lived before he came to his present situation, informed me, that Peter had that taste before he came to him. He is also become very fond of fire, but has not acquired a liking for money; for though he takes it, he does not keep it, but gives it to his landlord or landlady, which I suppose is a lesson they have taught him. He retains so much of his natural instinct, that he has a fore-feeling of bad weather, growling and howling, and shewing great disorder before it comes on."

His lordship afterwards requested Mr. Burgess of Oxford, to make farther inquiries for him on the spot, concerning Peter, and that gentleman transmitted him an account, which was in substance as follows:—

Peter, in his youth, was very remarkable for his strength, which always appeared so much superior, that the stoutest young men were afraid to contend with him. His vigour continued unimpaired till the year 1781,

when he was suddenly taken ill, fell down before the fire, and for a time lost the use of his right side. I met with an old gentleman, a surgeon of Hempstead, who remembers to have seen Peter in London, between the years 1724, and 1726. He told me, when he first came to England, he was particularly fond of raw flesh and bones, and was always dressed in fine clothes, of which Peter seemed not a little proud. He still retains his passion for finery; and if any person has any thing smooth or shining in his dress, it soon attracts the notice of Peter, who shows his attention by stroking it. He is not a great eater, and is fond of water, of which he will drink several draughts immediately after breakfasting on tea, or even milk. He would not drink beer till lately, but he is fond of all kinds of spirits, particularly gin, and likewise of onions, which he will eat like apples. He does not often go out without his master, but he will sometimes go to Berkhamstead, and call at the gin-shop, where the people know his errand, and treat him. Gin is one of the most powerful means to persuade him to do any thing with alacrity; hold up a glass of that liquor and he will not fail to smile and raise his voice. He cannot bear the sight of an apothecary who once attended him, nor the taste of physic, which he will not take but under some great disguise.

If he hears any music, he will clap his hands, and throw his head about in a wild frantic manner. He has a very quick sense of music, and will often repeat a tune after once hearing. When he has heard a tune which is difficult, he continues humming it a long time, and is not easy till he is master of it. He understands every thing that is said to him by his master and mistress: while I was with him, the farmer asked several questions, which he answered rapidly, and not very distinctly, but sufficiently so as to be understood even by a stranger to his manner. Some of the questions and answers were as follow:—"Who is your father?" "King

George."—"What is your name?" "Pe—ter," pronouncing the two syllables with a short interval between them—"What is that?" "Bow-wow, (the dog)—"What horse will you ride upon?" "Cuckow." This is not the name of any of their horses, but it is his constant reply to that question; so that it may probably have been the name of one of the horses belonging to his former master. His answers never exceed two words, and he never says any thing of his own accord. He has likewise been taught when asked the question—"What are you?" to reply, "Wild Man."—"Where were you found?" "Hanover."—"Who found you?" "King George." If he is desired to tell twenty, he will count the numbers exactly on his fingers, with an indistinct sound at each number: but after another person, he will say, one, two, three, &c. pretty distinctly.

Till the spring of 1782, which was soon after his illness, he always appeared remarkably animated by the influence of the spring, singing all day; and if it was clear, half the night. He is much pleased at the sight of the moon and stars; he will sometimes stand out in the warmth of the sun, with his face turned up towards it in a strained attitude, and he likes to be out in a starry night, if not cold. These particulars naturally lead to the inquiry, whether he has, or seems to have any idea of the great author of all these wonders. I thought this a question of so much curiosity, that when I left Broadway, I rode back several miles to ask whether he had ever betrayed any sense of a Supreme Being. I was told, that when he first came into that part of the country, different methods were taken to teach him to read, and to instruct him in the principles of religion, but in vain. He learned nothing, nor did he ever show any feeling of the consciousness of a God.

He is very fond of fire, and often brings in fuel, which he would heap up as high as the fire-place would contain it, were he not prevented by his master. He will

sit in the chimney-corner, even in summer, while they are brewing with a very large fire, sufficient to make another person faint who sits there long. He will often amuse himself by setting five or six chairs before the fire, and seating himself on each of them by turns, as the love of variety prompts him to change his place.

He is extremely good-tempered, excepting in cold and gloomy weather, for he is very sensible of the change of the atmosphere. He is not easily provoked, but when made angry by any person, he would run after him, making a strange noise, with his teeth fixed in the back of his hand. I could not find that he ever did any violence in the house, excepting when he first came over, he would sometimes tear his bed-clothes, to which it was long before he was reconciled. He has never, at least since his present master has known him, shown any attention to women, and I am informed that he never did, except when purposely or jocosely forced into an amour.

He ran away several times since he was at Broadway, but never since he has been with his present master. In 1745, or 1746, he was taken up as a spy from Scotland; as he was unable to speak, the people supposed him obstinate, and threatened him with punishment for his contumacy; but a lady who had seen him in London, acquainted them with the character of their prisoner, and directed them whither to send him. In these excursions he used to live on raw herbage, berries, and young tender roots of trees.

Of the people who are about him, he is particularly attached to his master. He will often go out into the field with him and his men, and seems pleased to be employed in any thing that can assist them. But he must always have some persons to direct his actions, as you may judge from the following circumstance. Peter was one day engaged with his master in filling a dung-cart. His master had occasion to go into the house, and left Peter to finish the work, which he soon accom-

plished. But as Peter must be employed, he saw no reason why he should not be as usefully employed in emptying the cart as he had before been in filling it. On his master's return he found the cart nearly emptied again, and learned a lesson by it which he never afterwards neglected.

To these accounts we have nothing farther to add, than that Peter did not long survive the visits of Lord Monboddo and his friend. He died at the farm in the month of February, 1785, at the supposed age of 73 years.

WILLIAM STEVENSON.

This extraordinary man was born at Dunlop, and bred a mason; but during many of the latter years of his life, he wandered about as a common beggar. In 1788, he and his wife separated upon these strange conditions —that the first that proposed an agreement should forfeit 100*l*. This singular pair never met again, and it is not known what became of the heroine.

Stevenson was much afflicted during the two last years of his life with the stone. As his disease increased, he was fully aware of his approaching dissolution; and for the event, he made the following extraordinary preparation: he sent for a baker, and ordered twelve dozen of burial cakes, and a great profusion of sugar biscuit; together with a corresponding quantity of wine and spirituous liquors. He next sent for the joiner, and ordered a coffin decently mounted, with particular instruction that the wood should be quite dry, and the joints firm and impervious to water. The grave-digger was next sent for, and asked if he thought he could get a place to put him in after he was dead. The spot fixed on was in the church-yard at Riccarton, a village about half a mile distant from Glasgow. He enjoined the sex-

Engraved by B. Cooper.

WILLIAM STEVENSON,

A notorious Beggar who died worth £900.

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ton to be sure and make his grave roomy; and he might rest assured, that he would be well remembered for his care and trouble. Having made these arrangements, he ordered the old woman who attended him, to go to a certain nook, and bring out nine pounds, to be appropriated to defray his funeral expenses. He told her at the same time not to be grieved, for he had not forgotten her in his will. In a few hours afterwards, in the full exercise of his mental powers, but in the most excruciating agonies, he died in Glen-street, Kilmarnock, on Friday, July 17, 1817, in the 87th year of his age.

A neighbour was immediately sent for, to examine and seal up his effects. The first thing they found was a bag, containing large silver pieces, such as crowns, half crowns, and dollars, to a large amount: in a corner was secreted, amongst a vast quantity of musty rags, a great number of guineas, and seven shilling pieces. In his trunk was found a bond for 300*l.* and other bonds and securities to a considerable amount. In all, the property amounted to 900*l.* His will was found among some old paper, leaving to his housekeeper 20*l.* and the rest of his property among his distant relations. As it required some time to give his relatives intimation of his death, and to make preparation for his funeral, he lay in state four days, during which period, the place where he was, resembled more an Irish wake, than a deserted room where the Scotch lock up their dead. The invitations to his funeral were most singular. Persons were not asked individually, but whole families; so that, except a few relations dressed in black, his obsequies were attended by tradesmen in their working clothes, bare-footed boys and girls, and an immense crowd of tattered beggars, to the aged among whom he left sixpence, and to the younger threepence. After the interment, this motley group retired to a large barn fitted up for the purpose, where a scene of profusion and inebriety was exhibited almost without parallel.

THE PRINCE OF MODENA.

As the real name of the person whose adventures are recorded in the following pages, will, in all human probability, never be ascertained, we have thought fit to distinguish him by that title under which, aided by an extraordinary concurrence of circumstances, he contrived to obtain some degree of celebrity. The air of mystery which prevails throughout the life of this young adventurer, who, about the middle of the last century, made his appearance in the French West-India island of Martinico, gives it additional interest. The narrative is from the pen of an eye-witness, who, having escaped the contagious influence of public credulity, had an opportunity of observing, unbiassed, all the extraordinary incidents which paved the way to the success of the youthful impostor. What appears perhaps the most remarkable is, that from first to last, he seems to have had in view no end, no object whatever in his operations. The commission of crime or the practice of imposture generally results from a desire to gain some favourite point, tending either to promote private interest or to gratify some ruling passion. Nothing of this kind seems to have influenced the pretended Prince of Modena, unless he can be supposed to have been so weak as to sacrifice the happiness of his whole life to the enjoyment of a short-lived ambition and the temporary gratification of sensual appetites, of which the discovery of his imposture must infallibly deprive him. Whether he had any motive for his conduct, or whether he was merely the puppet of a fortuitous combination of circumstances, it is impossible, particularly at this distance of time, to decide. We shall now proceed to the narrative.

At the commencement of the year 1748, while France

was still at war with Britain, a small French merchant ship from Rochelle, bound to Martinico, was so closely pursued by the English cruizers which blocked up the harbour of the island, that the captain, finding it impossible to save the ship and cargo, resolved at least to make an attempt to escape being taken. He therefore betook himself with his whole crew to his boat, by means of which they arrived on shore in safety, but with the loss of all they possessed.

His crew was not numerous, and he had on board one passenger, a young man, eighteen or nineteen years of age, of a figure rather pleasing than handsome and regular, of dignified deportment, though of the middling stature, but particularly remarkable for the extreme delicacy of his skin, which seemed to denote that he was a person of rank. He said that his name was the Count de Tarnaud, and that his father was a field-marshal; and the respectful behaviour of the crew, appeared to announce a person of still more elevated dignity. He had embarked without any attendant, and the only person who appeared particularly attached to him was a young sailor, called Rhodez, with whom he became acquainted during the voyage. Though Rhodez seemed to possess the unlimited confidence of the stranger, yet on his part this intimacy never produced familiarity, as he treated him on all occasions with the most marked demonstrations of respect.

As soon as he had landed, the youth inquired for some creditable inhabitant of the island, in whose house he might find lodging and relief. He was directed to the habitation of an officer, whose name was Duval Ferrol, situated near the place where he landed. Thither he repaired, with no other recommendation than the misfortune he had so recently experienced. Being received with the utmost hospitality, he fixed his residence there, together with Rhodez. At this place every respect was paid him; he appeared rather to take these

attentions as his due than to receive them as favours; and to the abundance of questions that were asked, he gave vague replies. The mysterious conduct of Rhodez kept alive and increased the curiosity thus excited, and it began to be directed the more powerfully towards the young stranger, as the captain when questioned concerning him, absolutely refused to give any answer whatever. He only informed the governor of the *cul-de-sac* Marin, the port of Martinico, as a secret, that the youth had been brought to him by a merchant, who had privately recommended him, without entering into any farther explanation, to treat him with great attention, as, he said, he was a person of distinction.

Every thing indeed, relating to this individual, appeared mysterious and extraordinary. He had been seen to arrive at Rochelle, as it was afterwards discovered, some time before his embarkation. He was then accompanied by an elderly, grey-headed man, who appeared to act the part of a Mentor. It was not known by what conveyance they had come. Both were dressed with the greatest simplicity. On their arrival at Rochelle, they hired a small apartment at a private house, which they immediately furnished at their own expense, without luxury or splendour, but in a very decent manner. During his residence in that town, the youth had lived very retired, never going abroad, seeing no person, and living on scarcely any thing but shell-fish, and principally fresh water crabs, which are extremely scarce and dear at Rochelle.

The old man, on the contrary, often went abroad; it appeared as if his principal business was to find an opportunity of embarking his pupil, which since the commencement of the war with England, did not very often occur. An opportunity at length offered; and on the final departure of the youth for the purpose of embarking, the mistress of the house at which he lodged, asked him what he intended to do with his furniture, to which

he replied, "Keep it to remember me by." His conductor, though a witness to this generous proceeding, scarcely appeared to take notice of it. This present might be estimated at about five hundred livres (about twenty guineas); but what was still more extraordinary, the donor did not take with him money and effects to a much greater amount, and from his conduct on his first arrival at Martinico, it could not be presumed that he possessed any certain resources. Nothing, however, seemed to give him any uneasiness during the passage. His manners had been constantly generous, without profusion. The crew being reduced to great extremity by hunger, at the time when, to avoid the English cruizers, they were obliged to keep close along the coast in the boat, in which they had not time to take provisions with them, he bought of one of the natives, who was passing in his canoe, the refreshments which he was conveying to his habitation, and distributed them among the sailors. The latter, as may be easily conceived, were inspired with increased respect for the young passenger, whom they had before concluded to be a person of distinction, from the mysterious recommendations given to the captain.

These circumstances were soon reported in the island, and the crew added, that the young passenger had been taken ill on board the ship; that he was treated with the utmost care and attention which he received with great benignity, but mixed with a certain degree of haughtiness. During his illness, Rhodez, by the captain's directions, never quitted the patient, and it was on this occasion that the confidence of the one, and the extraordinary attachment of the other, seemed to have commenced.

These particulars were more than sufficient to attract attention and excite curiosity. It was instantly known, throughout the whole colony, that a person of high rank had arrived; all the circumstances attending his

embarkation were related; the facts were altered, exaggerated, and multiplied; and before the stranger had been four days in the island he was the subject of an infinite number of ridiculous suppositions, of romances each more astonishing than the other, all of which were repeated with equal assurance, and heard with equal avidity.

In a few days Duval Ferol informed the stranger that as he did not know him, and was only a subaltern, he was under the necessity of acquainting the king's lieutenant, who commanded at the *cul-de-sac* Marin, of his arrival; and that the latter requested to see him at his house. The young man complied; and presented himself as the Count de Tarnaud. The commandant having heard the reports that were propagated concerning the stranger, determined to unravel the mystery, and with that view offered him the use of his house and table, which was accepted by Tarnaud. Rhodez did not leave him, but removed with him to the house of the commandant, M. Nadau, thus apparently avowing a kind of voluntary dependance, which he did not endeavour to conceal.

Two days after young Tarnaud's removal to the house of the commandant, the latter had company to dinner, and just as they were sitting down to table, the young man found that he had forgotten his handkerchief, on which Rhodez got up and fetched it for him. The company gazed at each other in astonishment; for in the West Indies it was considered an unheard-of, a dishonourable submission for a white to wait upon a white, (except it were a prince, or at least the governor of the island,) to which not even the meanest colonist would submit. It was immediately surmised that Rhodez, a man of a respectable family, of a liberal education, and acquainted with the custom of the place, would not certainly thus degrade himself for a mere gentleman.

Another circumstance soon occurred to renew and increase the astonishment of the governor. In the mid-

dle of dinner, Nadau received a letter from Duval Ferol to the following effect: "You wish for information relative to the French passenger who lodged with me some days; his signature will furnish more than I am able to give. I enclose you a letter I have just received from him."

Nadau threw his eye over the letter inclosed by Duval; it contained nothing but expressions of thanks, written in a very bad style, but he was confounded to find that it was signed *Est* and not Tarnaud. Immediately after dinner, he took aside one of his friends, to whom he communicated the contents of the note. The latter instantly repaired to the house of the Marquis d'Eragny, which was at no great distance. The marquis was still at table with several persons who were dining with him; the conversation soon turned on the young stranger, and the person who had last arrived mentioned what had just happened at Nadau's. On hearing the name of Est they were astonished; they endeavoured to discover who it could be, and by the assistance of the calendar, concluded that the stranger was no other than Hercules Renaud d'Est, hereditary Prince of Modena, and brother of the Duchess of Penthiévre. It was thought extremely easy to ascertain whether this was the fact, for one of the company, whose name was Bois-Fermé, and who was brother-in-law to the commandant, declared that he had several times been in company with the prince only the year before; and another had seen him with the army. They therefore resolved to ascertain the matter; and meanwhile pushed about the bottle, till the evening, when the whole company, mounting their horses, proceeded to the house of the commandant, who was just going to supper. They fixed their eyes on the stranger, and Bois-Fermé exclaimed, that it was certainly he. Bois-Fermé, indeed, never spoke a word of truth, not even when he was drunk. He had a negro called La Plume, who waited on him at table, and whom

he taught to pronounce only the French word "Oui."—"Is it not true, La Plume?" said his master, turning towards him whenever he had been practising with the long bow. "Oui," invariably and laconically replied La Plume. He was supported by the other officer, who went up to the governor, and said; "You have in your house the hereditary Prince of Modena." The company was scarcely seated at table, when the sound of instruments was heard: they were bugle horns, brought by Bois-Fermé: who, with his friends, drank with repeated cheers to the health of Hercules Renaud d'Est, hereditary Prince of Modena. The person on whose account this scene was acted, at first appeared astonished and embarrassed, and afterwards testified his dissatisfaction at such an indiscretion.

At this juncture, the French colonies, and especially Martinico, were in a very critical situation. It was blocked up by the English, and in extreme want of provisions, which could be procured only from Curacoa and St. Eustatia; but this resource, which of itself was extremely expensive, was rendered still more so by the avidity of a few, who were intent only on increasing their private fortunes by the public misery. At the head of these men was the Marquis de Caylus, governor of the windward islands, who resided at Martinico, a man, who was induced by the derangement of his affairs, to listen to a great number of projectors, who involved him in speculations, of which they derived all the profit, and he had to bear all the odium. A general discontent was thus excited against him; it was aggravated by the alarming prospect of a famine, and waited only for a proper opportunity to burst forth.

Minds thus prepared eagerly hailed the intelligence of the arrival of the supposed prince. What should bring a prince of Modena to Martinico was a question they never thought of asking; their imaginations were wholly engaged with the advantages which the colony

was likely to derive from his presence. Nadau, who entertained a private pique against the governor, eagerly seized the opportunity to lay before his guest the complaints of the colony, to acquaint him with the tricks of interested men to raise the price of provisions, and to describe the misery resulting from such conduct. The prince, indignant at the recital, swore that he would put an end to such villany, that he would punish those who thus abused the confidence of the king; and should the English effect a landing, he would himself head the inhabitants to repulse the invaders.

This declaration, which Nadau did not fail to repeat, augmented the general enthusiasm. The fermentation extended to Fort St. Pierre, where the Marquis de Caylus then resided. The governor flattered himself that he should extinguish in a moment the faction created against him, and ordered Nadau to send the stranger to St. Pierre. Nadau returned for answer, that there was no doubt but the youth was the hereditary Prince of Modena; on which the governor sent a letter by two officers, addressed to the Count de Tarnaud, and inviting him to repair to his residence. "Tell your master," replied the prince, "that to the rest of the world I am the Count de Tarnaud, but that to him I am Hercules Renaud d'Est. If he wishes to see me, let him come half way. Let him repair to Fort Royal, in four or five days; I will be there."

The governor, struck with the report made by the officers of the stranger's resemblance to the Duchess of Penthièvre (sister to the hereditary Prince of Modena), began to yield to the general conviction. He set out for Fort Royal, but changed his mind, and returned to St. Pierre. The prince, agreeably to his appointment, repaired to Fort Royal, and not finding the governor there, proceeded to St. Pierre, which he entered in triumph, attended by seventeen or eighteen gentlemen.

He sent word to the Jesuits to prepare for his reception; and on his way passed before the governor's house, who, the moment he saw him, exclaimed, "that he was the very image of his mother and sister;" and, as if panic-struck instantly quitted St. Pierre, and retired to Fort Royal, leaving the field to his antagonist.

The prince, who now fixed his abode at the convent of the Jesuits, appointed his household. The Marquis d'Eragny was his grand equerry; Duval Ferol and Laurent Dufont were his gentlemen; and Rhodez his page. He kept a court, and gave regular audiences, which were attended by all who had memoirs to present against the government, or such officers of the administration who wished to pay their court to him.

The Duke de Penthièvre possessed considerable property in the hands of an agent at Martinico. This man was not one of the last to present himself to his master's brother-in-law. The prince received him very graciously, and had a conversation of half an hour with him, the result of which was, that all the cash and property in his possession, were placed at the disposal of his highness. Had any doubts remained, relative to his right to the title he had assumed, this circumstance would have been sufficient to remove them. Liewain, the agent of the duke, was regarded as an honest and a prudent man; he was perfectly acquainted with the affairs and connexions of the house of Penthièvre, in consequence of which, it was surmised, that he would not have taken such a step without very strong reasons.

The Dominicans were jealous of the honour conferred on the Jesuits, and the prince, to satisfy them, on his return from a short excursion, changed his residence to their convent. He was there entertained with the greatest magnificence. A table of thirty covers was daily laid for him, and those whom he chose to invite; he dined in public, amidst the sound of trumpets; and the people

flocked in such crowds to see him, that had it not been for rails placed in the middle of the hall, he would have run the risk of being suffocated.

Never was such a spectacle exhibited at St. Pierre; never was confusion more complete, and joy more general. The operations of government were entirely suspended, but its absence was perceived only in the cessation of the oppression which it had exercised. Money again made its appearance in abundance; provisions arrived from all quarters; and at length, the news of the peace completed the general intoxication.

Vessels had in the mean time been dispatched to France. The prince had written to his family, and had intrusted the captain of a merchant vessel, sent by Liewain, with his letters. No answer arrived, and the prince seemed very uneasy. The governor, on his part, had sent to the minister, the engineer Des Rivieres, to inform him of what happened, and to request instructions how to act. Six months had elapsed since the departure of Des Rivieres, and he had not returned; his arrival might, however, be hourly expected; but this gave the prince no concern. He amused himself with defying the governor, who had in vain endeavoured to insinuate himself into his good graces. He paid his court to all the women; gave way to every excess in eating and drinking; and indulged all his caprices. Among the rest, he one day took it into his head to assume the blue ribbon, which, had he been the heir to Modena, would have been perfectly ridiculous. This absurd pretension he grounded on a story still more absurd; which, however, did not on that account obtain the less credit. Had he declared himself the son of God, and the Duchess of Modena, he would have been believed.

It cannot, however, be denied that he was an astonishing youth. Amidst the most childish and absurd fancies, his actions always displayed a certain degree of

dignity. Never, either in the company of the women, of whom he was fond to distraction, or in fits of intoxication, or in the unfortunate situations in which he was afterwards placed, did he for a moment relinquish that haughty and dignified character which he at first assumed. He always appeared disinterested and liberal, but without profusion; living at the expense of another, as if at his own cost, without seeking to amass for the future, and without squandering, like a man who has but a short time to enjoy prosperity. His education, which had only been commenced, seemed to have been conducted with extraordinary care. He had confused ideas of various sciences; spoke French, Italian, and German, but not very well, and understood something, though still less of Latin. He wrote very ill, but drew tolerably, and was a capital horseman. His understanding was lively and just; and excepting the ridiculous fables and vague assertions with which he was obliged to support his pretensions, he always answered any thing serious that was said to him, with great dignity, good sense, and precision. But the most inexplicable part of his character was the uniform serenity and tranquillity which he manifested. So far from entertaining apprehensions on account of the arrival of the numerous strangers, who in consequence of the peace repaired to the island, he eagerly sought their company. A new acquaintance was a treat to him; and among these strangers, chance directed that he should not find one who was able to detect him. One of them had seen the prince at Venice, but a considerable time before. He had met with him in a shop, where his highness had unmasked, after breaking for sport, glass to the value of fifteen hundred pounds, which he afterwards paid for. He who was capable of such a frolic, might easily take a fancy to go to Martinico, and a person who had played such tricks, might still be the Prince of Modena.

Des Rivieres had not returned; and the rainy season

approached. The prince began to be apprehensive for his health; and the inhabitants to discover that his residence was rather expensive to them. He wished to leave the island, and they were not less desirous that he should. After a stay of seven months at Martinico, he embarked for France, in the Raphael, of Bourdeaux, taking with him all his household, an almoner, and Garnier, the king's physician at the colony. When he went on board, he hoisted an admiral's flag, and after being saluted by the cannon of the fort, departed.

A fortnight afterwards arrived Des Rivieres with orders to put his highness in confinement, but these orders had been six months in preparing, and the inhabitants surmised that this delay was intended only to give him time to leave the island, his visit to which was probably nothing more than a youthful frolic. Liewain's messenger had likewise returned, and his story had been treated at Paris with as little ceremony as that of Des Rivieres. He brought Liewain a letter from the Duke of Penthièvre, reprimanding him for suffering himself to be duped; but, considering that his conduct was the result of his zeal, and that his credulity might be excused by the example of those who were at the head of the colony, the duke consented to share the loss with him, confirmed him in his situation, and assured him of his protection. The money advanced by Liewain amounted to 50,000 crowns; and this kindness of the duke appeared to be a further confirmation of the reality of the prince's pretensions.

The Raphael meanwhile proceeded towards Europe, and arrived at Faro, in Portugal, where the prince was received with a salute of artillery. He demanded a courier, to send off to Madrid, to the chargè d'affaires of the Duke of Modena, and likewise required the means of repairing, with his retinue, to Seville, where he intended to wait the return of his messenger. All his wishes were complied with; and he set out for Seville as

tranquil and as cheerful as ever, intent only on paying his court to all the handsome women he met with on the way. He arrived, in safety, at Seville, preceded by a great reputation for gallantry.

All the females were at the windows to see him pass, and all the first people of the town went to pay their respects to him. Sumptuous entertainments were prepared in his honour, and he returned them with such magnificence and grace, that he soon turned the heads of the inhabitants of Seville, particularly the females, as he had before done those of the inhabitants of Martinico. During the day, he was almost always in public; but at night he was not so easily to be found; and though he observed but little secrecy in his intrigues, yet his attendants sometimes lost all traces of him, so that the Marquis d'Eragny, who began to be suspicious, was afraid lest he might give them the slip. For his part he manifested no concern except on account of the delay of his courier, whose return he seemed to await with the utmost impatience.

At length an order arrived for his confinement, till the king should decide concerning his fate; which being communicated to him by the governor, the prince appeared much astonished but not disconcerted, and replied, "I was born a sovereign as well as he; he has no control over me; but he is master here, and I shall comply with his desire."

He was then conducted to a small tower occupied by a lieutenant and a few invalids. Here he was left without being locked up and was even permitted to send for such of his retinue as he wished to have with him. After examining his new habitation, he declared he could not remain there, or he should die. The lieutenant represented to him that he was on his parole. "I have promised," said he, "to remain in a habitable place;" to which the lieutenant replied, "he had no orders to use force." The prince then privately sent to

the Dominicans to request a lodging, and permission to wait in their convent for the king's orders. The friar consented to receive him, and he removed without molestation to the convent. In Spain these institutions are privileged places, and whoever takes refuge in them cannot be removed by force. It was therefore necessary to enter into a negociation with the provincial of the order, and the Archbishop of Seville. The Dominicans at length consented to the removal of the prisoner, if it could be effected without the effusion of blood.

The officer charged with this business entered his apartment with his hat in one hand, and his drawn sword in the other, requiring him in the name of the king to surrender. The youth instantly seized his arms, and gaining one of the corners of the room, protested he would kill the first who should venture to touch him. He was surrounded with bayonets, which he parried with his sword, and defended himself with such resolution, that it would have been impossible to take him without violating the condition which had been stipulated. The soldiers therefore retired; but in the mean time the people had collected at the gate, and the report of the affair had spread throughout all Seville. The government was censured for what it had done, and what it had not done; the women, in particular, fired with indignation at the outrages committed on the young stranger, exclaimed against such unworthy treatment of a young man so handsome, noble, generous, and brave. "He is a prince," said they, "or there never was one; perhaps there never was his equal, and yet he is used in this cruel manner!"

This fermentation convinced the government of the necessity of bringing the affair to a speedy issue. They renewed their negociations with the Dominicans, who were willing to deliver up their guest; but it had now become a difficult matter. He never went without a brace of pistols in his pockets; at night he kept them

under his pillow; at dinner he placed one on each side of his plate; and for the greater security he took his repasts only in his own apartment opposite to the door. A method was, however, at last contrived. A young lay-brother, gay, vigorous and active, had been directed to wait upon him. His services were very agreeable to the prisoner, who was likewise much diverted with his gaiety. One day the monk, who always stood behind him when at table, had been relating a very merry story, at which the prince could not forbear laughing very heartily. The monk, seizing the opportunity, laid hold of both his arms behind, and stamped with all his force. Some alguasils instantly appeared, and hurried away the unfortunate prince, into the most gloomy dungeon of the most infamous prison in Seville, where they fastened a chain round his middle, and others round his legs and arms. In about twenty-four hours he was sent for, to be examined, but he refused to answer to the interrogatories of his judges. His irons were taken off, and instead of being sent back to his dungeon, he was allowed the best apartment in the prison, in which a guard, commanded by a captain and a lieutenant, was placed expressly on his account. His retinue were meanwhile examined relative to the supposed design of withdrawing Martinico from its allegiance to France, and without farther ceremony the principal person was condemned to the gallies, or to labour at the king's fortifications in Africa, and his attendants were banished the dominions of Spain.

The time at length arrived when the prince was to set off for Cadiz, where those sentenced to labour at the fortifications at Ceuta in Africa were collected. A carriage drawn by six mules appeared at the gate of the prison, and the whole garrison of Seville was under arms. The prince, supported by the captain and lieutenant, entered the carriage, and proceeded through the city between two files of infantry which lined the streets.

It has been asserted that apprehensions were entertained of a commotion in his favour. It is certain that the imaginations of the people were highly inflamed, and that at this time wagers to the amount of sixty thousand piastres were depending in Spain on the question, whether he was really the Prince of Modena or an impostor. What appeared not a little extraordinary, the court prohibited the laying of wagers. Some of the parties then went in quest of the real Prince of Modena: but it was long before he was discovered. He was neither at Modena nor at Reggio, nor at Massa-Carrara. It was reported that he was gone to Venice; but four notaries attested that he had not made his appearance in that city, so that it might almost have been surmised that he concealed himself for the purpose of keeping alive the doubts and uncertainty of the public.

On the prisoner's arrival at Cadiz, he was conducted to the Fort of la Caragna, which commands the port. The commandant was informed, that he must be answerable for the prisoner; but his orders at the same time directed that the should treat him *con maniera*, with politeness. The commandant a native of France, named Devau, who had raised himself by his merit to the situation he held, after reading his orders, observed: "When I am to be answerable for the safety of any person, I know but one *maniera* of treating him, and that is to put him in irons."

The moment having arrived for the departure of the convoy for Ceuta, the prince was put into a vessel separate from the other galley-slaves. When they were setting sail, the secretary of the governor appeared. He brought what remained from the sale of his effects after deducting all that had been expended on his account. The surplus amounted to seven or eight hundred reals, (about ten guineas.) "Aha!" said he, "the governor takes me for his almoner."—Then raising his voice, he continued: "Sailors, the governor is very

generous, he has sent you some money," and distributed the whole among them in the presence of the secretary.

Nadau, who had been ordered home to France to give an account of his conduct, received on his return to Martinico, a pair of pistols of the finest workmanship, accompanied with a letter from the prince, in which, after some excuses for the uneasiness he must have caused him, he informed that officer that he was at Ceuta in the convent of the Cordeliers, where he was very well treated, and under little restraint. He pretended that he had received a visit from Ali Obaba, the brother of the Emperor of Morocco, who had offered him 40,000 men and artillery to attack the Spaniards; but motives of honour and of religion obliged him to refuse his assistance. After relating the particulars of this interview with Ali Obaba, he informed Nadau that he had received a letter from a mulatto named Louison, one of the two valets de chambre who had attended him to Europe; in which the unfortunate man had stated that he was out of place, and afflicted with a disease, the cure of which was very expensive. In consequence of this intelligence he had caused him to be placed under the hands of an able surgeon at Cadiz, whom he had directed to be paid, and had transmitted to Louison sufficient to enable him to return to Martinico. Thus, both by his actions and his words, he supported the character he had originally assumed; which is certainly not the least remarkable part of his history.

Liewain likewise received a letter, in which he lamented the losses he had suffered on his account, and held out hopes that he should one day make him a compensation for them. These letters were the first and the last. It appears that tired of his prison, however comfortable it might have been made for him, the young man found an opportunity of escaping. About this time a merchantman came to anchor in the road of Gib-

raltar. The captain, who was an Englishman, went on shore, and informed the governor that he had on board his ship the person known by the name of the Prince of Modena, who demanded permission to land. "Let him beware of coming on shore here," replied the governor, "I should treat him *con maniera*, in the English style; he would be apprehended immediately." The captain took him at his word; he set sail, and with him disappeared for ever this extraordinary youth, leaving behind him no trace of his existence except the recollection of a mystery, which in all probability will never be explained.

JOHN COTTINGTON.

THIS notorious character, better known by the name of Mull'd Sack, was born in, or about, the year 1604, in Cheapside, London; where his father, who was much addicted to inebriety, kept a small haberdasher's shop. His propensity for drinking so ruined his affairs, that he became dependant on the relief of the parish, where his son, the subject of the present narrative, was brought up, and placed, at the age of fourteen, as an apprentice to a chimney-sweeper. After five years' servitude, he left his master and set up for himself, when he became notorious for drinking mull'd sack and sugar.* His orgies about Fleet-street and Temple-bar, often disturbed the watch, and he was as often found incarcerated in durance vile for his excesses. Regaling himself one

* Rhenish wine was, at this period, called *Sack*, not from its sweetness, or saccharine flavour, but from the sacks, or *borrachises*, in which it was generally contained. Apothecaries sold it in their shops, and it was most frequently drank in a warm, or mull'd state, sweetened with sugar.

night at the Devil Tavern, in Fleet-street,* a match was made up between him, and one whom he took to be of the fair sex, with whom he shortly after contracted marriage at the Fleet;† he soon after, however, found out his mistake, as his good wife proved to be an hermaphrodite, well known by the name of Anniseed Robin. Thus disappointed in his expectations, Mull'd Sack became a professed debauchee, followed the most evil courses, extorted money from travellers on the road, and squandered his booty upon the five notorious *women barbers*‡ in Drury-lane.

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* This tavern stood between the Temple-gate and Temple-bar, and was formerly the scene of much mirth and revelry; it was here where the facetious Ben Jonson held his Apollo club, and where the celebrated Lord Rochester frequently made one of the party. It had for its sign St. Dunstan taking the Devil by the nose with a pair of tongs. The ground on which it stood was purchased by Messrs. Child's, bankers, and the present erections were, after them, named *Childs-place.*

† On the east side of Fleet-market, beyond the prison, was formerly hung up the sign of a male and female hand conjoined, with "Marriages performed within," written beneath. A dirty fellow accosted most passengers, with, "Sir will you please to walk in and be married," and the parson, a squalled profligate figure, was seen walking before his shop, clad in a tattered plaid night-gown, with a fiery face, ready to couple any who might be disposed to enter into the holy state of wedlock, and, independent of his fee, expected a dram of gin, or a roll of tobacco. Lord Chancellor Hardwicke put these demons to flight, and saved thousands from the misery and disgrace proceeding from such unlawful unions.

‡ These celebrated female shavers were often the exemplary objects of the criminal law; vindictive and cruel in their manners, they were frequently the abettors of many disgusting and atrocious proceedings. A female suspected to be the favourite of the principal shaver's husband, once fell into their hands. They stripped and shaved her all over, and afterwards soused her in suds and water, till she was almost smothered; the law, however, took cognizance of so atrocious an act, but ere it could bring its subjects to condign punishment, three of the five made their escape to Barbadoes; the other two expiated their crime in some measure by standing in the pillory.

His profligacy seems in no way to have hindered his being concerned in an amour with a rich citizen's wife in Mark-lane; this was, on the whole, what suited Mull'd Sack extremely well, for he is said to have dressed genteelly, and to have carried himself with good deportment towards the ladies in conversation. From this lady he did not get more than 120*l.* before she died of a then fashionable disorder, and left a family of twelve children behind her. On her death bed she made a full confession of her incontinency, in which she owned that Mull'd Sack was the father of her youngest child. This confession, though it might ease her conscience at that time, made a considerable impression upon the mind of her husband, for it appears he did not long survive her death. Mull'd Sack having thus lost his benefactress, turned pick-pocket with considerable success, and in a short time became a *top-man* in the profession. Dressed in black, with a *roquelaure* of the same colour, he visited the churches and puritan meeting-houses in different parts of the town, from the congregations of which he obtained watches and money to a considerable amount.

One day Mull'd Sack observed the lady of Sir Thomas Fairfax, general of the parliament forces, go to Dr. Jacomb's lecture, at Ludgate, (now called St. Martin's,) he followed her in, and, in the most devout manner during the lecturer's long prayer, purloined her gold watch set with diamonds, and the gold chain to which it was appended. In a few weeks afterwards, dressed as a cavalier of the army, with rich accoutrements, he robbed her ladyship again. To accomplish this, he watched her carriage, and contrived to get the linchpin of the wheel out, as it came near Ludgate: this caused the carriage to fall, and alarm her ladyship, who, at the intimation of Mull'd Sack, consented to be led by him into the church; by this stratagem, he deprived her of another gold watch and seals, between the church-door and her seat, and decamped off with the greatest ease,

leaving her to measure the length of the parson's sermon without her time-piece.

The notoriety of Mull'd Sack's character became now a common topic of conversation.—He placed himself at the head of a notorious gang of the most depraved and lawless ruffians, who unanimously chose him for their captain. In this dignified station he assumed some little consequence;—organized their proceedings, and was the principal projector of all their schemes of villany: and with so much success did he carry on his depredations, that he scarcely knew the extent of his wealth. He moreover had the audacity publicly to exhibit, in different ale-houses, his expertness in the art of pick-pocketing, and actually had a number of pupils under his tuition, who handsomely paid him for his instructions! His impudence had not yet arrived at its height; and his extravagance was unbounded: his connexions with profligate women constituted the means of squandering away his ill got wealth, as well as a great part of his time; in short, according to Mr. Granger's account, he and his companions got enough by picking of pockets in the city to have rebuilt the cathedral of St. Paul's! From Charing-cross to the Royal Exchange, were limits too confined for his depredations, he consequently visited White-hall, the Parliament-house, and the courts of Law at Westminster, till, at length, detected in picking the pocket of Oliver Cromwell, as he came from the Parliament-house, he was tried and stood a narrow chance of being hanged; for the robbery of his person, roused the anger of the Protector; happily for Mull'd Sack, there was no act of legislature, to fix an exemplary punishment on the offender, and he escaped, though with such rough treatment, that put him so out of conceit of his former course that he took to the dangerous pursuit of robbing on the highway.

Accompanied by one Tom Cherry, an associate, he robbed Colonel Hewson of his purse on Hounslow-

heath Cherry was afterwards taken and hanged, but Mull'd Sack had the good fortune to secrete himself, and thereby saved his neck.

His next companion was one Horne, a pewterer, who had been a colonel in Down's regiment of foot; with this man he robbed Oliver Cromwell, as he was passing alone over Hounslow-heath; they were, however, quickly pursued; Horne was taken and hanged the same afternoon, but Mull'd Sack had the good fortune to escape a second time, of which he frequently made his boast among his *dulcinas* of Drury-lane and its purlieus.

The surprising extent to which he carried on his depredations is incredible, and were not the facts well attested we should be disposed to doubt the veracity of many circumstances which are attributed to him. Resolute and determined in all his actions he ventured, aided by twelve others, to attack a government waggon, laden with money to pay the army, and dispersed twenty horse-roopers that guarded it. Their plunder was great, and was soon distributed amongst the fair damsels above mentioned. Spies were appointed in different parts of London, for the purpose of obtaining the earliest information of all property that was within the compass of Mull'd Sack's ability. The contents of a jeweller's shop, while in its removal from Reading to London, were captured by him, and for a length of time he wore the most valuable articles about his person. Shortly after this he robbed the Receiver's office, at Reading, of 600*l.* sterling, which he conveyed off on horseback, and lodged it, without detection, at his residence; the magnitude of this depredation, and his notorious character, caused him to be taken on suspicion, and tried at the Abingdon assizes, where he so managed the affair, that, notwithstanding Judge Jermin exerted all his powers to hang him, the jury gave him an acquittal.

The circumstance which tended to terminate the career of Mull'd Sack's depredations, arose from an in-

trigue between him and the wife of one John Briges, a royalist. This man, it appears, narrowly watched his wife, and prevented the frequent intercourse which would otherwse have taken place between her and Mull'd Sack. The latter, however, soon found means to quarrel with her husband, caused a fray in the house, and murdered him, for the sake of having a more easy access to her. This murder, and the circumstances respecting it, at length became noised abroad, and fearful of again being apprehended, he fled beyond sea and at Cologne robbed King Charles II., then in his exile, of as much plate as, *at that time*, amounted to 500*l.*; with this booty he returned to London, and to atone, in some measure, for his past offences, he promised Cromwell the disclosure of some secret papers of that prince's correspondence, of which he boasted the possession; unable, however, to perform what he himself had proposed, and the circumstances connected with the plate robbery becoming known, he was sent to Newgate to stand his trial at the Old Bailey, where he was found guilty, and received sentence of death. He was executed in Smithfield-rounds, April 1659, at the age of fifty-five years.

JANE LEWSON.

Mrs. Lewson (commonly called Lady Lewson from her very eccentric manner of dress) was born in the year 1700, during the reign of William and Mary, in Essex-street in the Strand, of reputable parents of the name of Vaughan, and was married at an early age to Mr. Lewson, a wealthy gentleman, then living in the house in which she died. She became a widow at the age of twenty-six, having only one daughter living at

Engraved by R. Cooper.

JANE LEWSON,

Remarkable for her age and peculiarities.

the time. Mrs. Lewson being left by her husband in affluent circumstances, preferred to continue single, and remained so, although she had many suitors. When her daughter married, being left alone, she became fond of retirement, and rarely went out, or permitted the visits of any person. For the last thirty years of her life she kept no servant, except one old female, who died after a servitude of twenty years, and was succeeded by her grand-daughter, who marrying shortly after, was replaced by an old man, who attended the different houses in the square to go of errands, clean shoes, &c. Mrs. Lewson took this man into her house, and he acted as her steward, butler, cook and housemaid; and, with the exception of two old lap dogs and a cat, he was her only companion. The house she occupied was large, and elegantly furnished, but very ancient: the beds were kept constantly made, although they had not been slept in for about thirty years. Her apartment being only occasionally swept out, but never washed, the windows were so crusted with dirt that they hardly admitted a ray of light. She used to tell her acquaintance, that, if the rooms were wetted, it might be the occasion of her catching cold; and as to cleaning the windows, she observed, that many accidents happened through that ridiculous practice: the glass might be broke, the person might be wounded, and the expense would fall upon her to repair them. A large garden in the rear of the house was the only thing she paid attention to; this was always kept in good order; and here, when the weather permitted, she enjoyed the air, or sometimes sat and read, of which she was particularly fond; or else chatted on times past, with any of the few remaining acquaintances whose visits she permitted. She seldom visited, except at a grocer's in the square, with whom she dealt. She had for many years survived every relative within many degrees of kindred. She was so partial to the fashions that prevailed in her youthful days, that

she never changed the manner of her dress from that worn in the time of George I. being always decorated

"With ruffs, and cuffs, and fardingales, and things."

She always wore powder, with a large tache made of horse hair, upon her head, over which the hair was turned up, and a cap over it which knotted under her chin, and three or four curls hanging down her neck; she generally wore silk gowns, and the train long, with a deep flounce all round; a very long waist, and very tightly laced up to her neck, round which was a kind of ruff or frill. The sleeves of her gown came down below the elbow, from each of which four or five large cuffs were attached; a large bonnet quite flat, high heeled shoes, a large black silk cloak, trimmed round with lace, and a gold headed cane, completed her every-day costume for the last eighty years, and in which she walked round the square.

She never washed herself, because those people who did so, she said, were always taking cold, or laying the foundation of some dreadful disorder; her method was, to besmear her face and neck all over with hog's-lard, because that was soft and lubricating; and then, because she wanted a little colour on her cheeks, she used to bedaub them with rose pink!

Her manner of living was so methodical, that she would not drink her tea out of any other than a favorite cup. She was equally particular with respect to her knives, forks, plates, &c. At breakfast she arranged in a particular way the paraphernalia of the tea table; at dinner, she also observed a general rule, and always sat in her favorite chair. She always enjoyed an excellent state of health, assisted in regulating her house, and never had, until a short time previous to her decease, an hour's illness. She entertained the greatest aversion to medicine; and what is remarkable, she cut two new teeth at the age of 87, and was never troubled with the

tooth-ach. She lived in five reigns, and was supposed the most faithful living historian of her time; events of the year 1715 being fresh in her recollection. A few days previous to her death, an old lady, who was her neighbour, died suddenly, which had such an effect upon her, that she frequently said her time was also come, and she should soon follow. She enjoyed all her faculties until that period, when she became weak, took to her bed, and refused medical aid. Her conduct to her few distant relations was exceedingly capricious, and she would never see any of them; and it was not until a few hours before her dissolution, that any alteration was observed in her temper.

She died on Tuesday, May 28, 1816, at her house in Cold Bath Square at the advanced age of 116; and was buried in Bunhill-fields burying ground.

JAMES TAYLOR.

This extraordinary character, better known by the name of Jemmy Taylor, the Southwark miser, was a native of Leicestershire, bred a weaver and afterwards became a stock-broker. At this trade he wove a web worth 200,000*l.* a proof that the shuttle of politics, and the silk of usury, had produced a sum far exceeding the value of the most gorgeous garment worn by any eastern monarch, from a Persian loom. Yet this sum never adorned him or kept him warm. The blanket of a beggar would have served his purpose as well. He fared worse than the meanest mechanic. His raiment was ragged, his food indifferent and scanty, and his bed hard; for he lay upon nothing but rags and straw on the bare floor, and in a house which was hardly habitable.

Two banker's clerks once called upon Jemmy, at his earnest invitation, to take *pot-luck* with him. They

found him boiling a solitary mutton chop, in an ocean of water, to make, what he called, some *comfortable* broth, for himself, and for his old friend Daniel Dancer, whom he hourly expected. After some complimentary solicitation, they prevailed upon him to fetch a pot of porter; and while he was gone, they threw three halfpenny candles and two pieces into his cookery: which, no doubt, improved the culinary mess, and made it more delectable to these old hunks, who, as it appeared, devoured it with keen appetites. But the next time Jemmy Taylor met his visiters upon the Change, he accused them of stealing his candles. Of this charge they cleared themselves, by solemnly declaring, they had only committed them to the pot, at the bottom of which he would find the wicks, if his hunger had not caused him to swallow them unperceived.

Jemmy Taylor always appeared in the streets with a long stick and clouted shoes, and innumerable darns and patches in his clothes. He never went to market for more than a *twopenny steak* at a time, and this he generally chose for its savoriness; an outside piece, grown black by the wind, and mostly fly-blown, was his choice; for he thriftily observed, "that meat was nothing, unless it smelt as well as tasted." His acquaintance used often to represent to him his folly in being so parsimonious and self-denying; and as he was fast growing old, observed to him the propriety of indulging himself a little in comfortable things: but to all idea of expense, Jemmy Taylor was totally deaf. His reply used always to be, "that if his successors had as much pleasure in spending his property, as he had in hoarding it up, they need not complain of their lot in the world."

If parity of years is the first step to friendship, parity of pursuits may be said to be the second. Jemmy Taylor knew all the *miserables* of the metropolis; among the most conspicuous of whom, he ranked two well-

known brothers of *Spitalfields*. These were likewise weavers; and in their time had accumulated, by usury and speculation, the enormous sum of 300,000*l.* which they kept at interest in the funds, and were thus always able to oblige a *friend* with any sum at a moment's warning. Previous to the tax upon legacies, these worthies had made wills; but upon the necessity of using stamps, they made over their property to their nephews and nieces, in order to evade the duty, and thereby saved from government, into their own pockets, upwards of 3000*l.* The eldest of these saving ones ordered a very old shirt to be put on him but a day before he departed the world, in order to disappoint the nurse of a good one. Had Jemmy Taylor lived to hear of the deaths of these friends of his, he, no doubt, would have very much approved of these saving contrivances.

A short time after the conclusion of the American war, the Earl of Northumberland having occasion for 74,000*l.* to make a purchase, applied to his broker, and appointed a certain day to do the transfer. At the time and place of meeting, which was the round room at the Bank, they found Taylor, whose appearance was exactly that of a coachman's watering-man. The broker brought Jemmy forward to his grace; who not knowing him, thought he was a beggar, that wanted alms; but being assured by *Mr. Consols*, that he was a *warm man*, his grace at last shook hands with him, and Jemmy accommodated the peer with the 74,000*l.* out of one stock, in the four per cents. where he usually kept his largest bulk of cash; and whence it appeared by the books, he could have sold out as much more, and yet have had as much left, as would have made him comfortable all the rest of his life.

One day, observing some ladies, near the Bank buying some very fine fruit, he kept his eyes so wistfully fixed upon them, that one of them, thinking him in great want, sent him out sixpence, which he received with a

low bow, and immediately set off, and bought a two-penny steak, which he brought past the ladies, to show them that he had not misapplied their bounty.

That Jemmy was in the habit of practising the virtue of *self-denial*, the following anecdote will evince:—The person appointed to collect the parish-rate having one day called for his assessment at his house, in King-street, and inquiring for Mr. Taylor, he was told by the servant who opened the door, that "there was not a *soul* in the house." The collector, perceiving old Hunks peeping between the banisters, replied, "that she was quite right, as he could only perceive her master, who was well known to have no *soul* at all!"

Though Jemmy had but little religion in his life, yet towards his latter end he discovered some thoughts of an hereafter. Finding himself ill, and fearing his illness might finish his days, he sent for the parish officers, the parson, clerk, and curate, and, after intimating his intention of making a handsome bequest, paid them down *twelve hundred pounds* for their prayers for the rest of his soul; but this bargain was not entirely settled until the gentlemen had returned him twelve months' *interest* by way of *discount*—his usual demand for prompt payment! His enormous fortune devolved to two relatives in the country; whilst his kindred in London were cut off from all participation in it. The name of Mr. Taylor now adorns the donation board of the ancient church of St. Saviour, in the Borough. He died in 1795.

CHRISTIAN DAVIES.

The extraordinary adventures of Christian Davies, who was for a considerable time exposed to all the dangers and hardships incident to a military life, while serving as a private soldier in the English army, would

appear scarcely credible, had we not in our own times instances of female courage, resolution, and intrepidity, equally honourable and surprising.

Christian Davies, of whose maiden name we are not informed, was born at Dublin, in the year 1667. Her father, a maltster and brewer, employed a considerable number of servants in that business, and likewise held a farm at Leixlip, which he left to the management of his wife. They spared no expense in the education of our heroine, who though she learned to read, and became a good needle-woman, yet conceived a violent dislike for sedentary employments, for which reason she was always at the farm to assist her mother. This preference for the country proceeded rather from inclination than duty, as she could there indulge her love of boyish amusements, and the pleasure she took in manly occupations; for she was never more delighted than when following the plough, or handling a rake, flail, or pitch-fork, in the use of which she showed as much strength and dexterity as any of the servants. Another favourite exercise was to get astride upon the horses, and to ride them bare-backed about the fields, leaping hedges and ditches, by which she occasionally met with some severe accidents. In a word, while a girl, she manifested that masculine spirit which enabled her afterwards to sustain so well the character she assumed.

When James II. had abdicated the English throne and applied for assistance to his Irish subjects, the father of our heroine, though a Protestant, embraced his cause with such ardour, that with the sale of his standing crops, and the money he had before in his possession, he raised a troop of horse in favour of the unfortunate monarch. It was not more than a year afterwards that he received a mortal wound at the battle of Aghrim, in which General Ginkle obtained a complete victory over the forces of King James, and all his effects were seized by the government.

Our heroine had now attained the age of maturity, and attracted the notice of her mother's first cousin, named Thomas Howel, fellow of Dublin College, who paid his addresses to her. Her esteem for him caused her for two years to resist his solicitations on account of her poverty. This affection on her part was repaid with the blackest ingratitude; he availed himself of it, when time and opportunity favoured his purpose, to seduce her; after which, notwithstanding all his vows of eternal constancy and marriage, he abandoned her to lament her credulity and imprudence. Her grief on this occasion was such that it had a visible effect on her health, and when her mother inquired the cause, her only reply was a request to leave her house. This was readily complied with, and she was sent to her aunt, who kept a public-house in Dublin. Here she recovered her cheerfulness, and lived upwards of four years with her aunt; who at her death left her sole heiress to her property and business.

It was not long after this accession of fortune that she married a young man named Richard Welsh, who had been waiter to her aunt, and remained with her in the same capacity. With him she passed four happy years, during which she brought him two boys. She was pregnant of her third child, when her husband having one day gone to pay the brewer a sum of money, failed to return. Notwithstanding all her inquiries, the only intelligence she could obtain concerning him was, that a gentleman was seen in his company when he paid the brewer, and that they went away together. The only conclusion she could draw from this extraordinary circumstance was, that he had been privately murdered.

A year had somewhat mollified her grief for his loss when she was surprised with the receipt of a letter from him, in which he related how he had been inveigled and carried, while intoxicated, on board a vessel with recruits, in which he was conveyed to join the army in

Flanders. She now conceived the idea of going to seek him out, and having placed her children with a nurse, dressed herself in a suit of her husband's clothes. Thus equipped, she repaired to an officer who was beating up for recruits, and enlisted with him by the name of Christopher Welsh. It was not long before she embarked with the other recruits, and landing at Williamstadt in Holland, they immediately proceeded to join the grand army, then encamped at Landen, and on the eve of a general engagement. In this battle our heroine received a wound from a musket-ball a little above the ankle, which rendered her incapable of service for two months.

In the course of the following summer she was taken prisoner with a foraging party by the French, and carried to St. Germain en Laye, but very soon exchanged. In the winter of 1684, being in quarters at Gorcum, she made love to the daughter of a burgher of that place, whose affections she contrived to gain, as much by her spirit as by the passion she pretended for her: for a serjeant of the same regiment, having grossly insulted the girl, was challenged and dangerously wounded by our heroine, who was imprisoned as the aggressor. By a representation of the circumstances, the burgher, however, procured her release, but she was discharged from the regiment.

She now entered into Lord John Hayes's dragoons; and, after the taking of Namur, a child was sworn to her, for which, rather than betray the secret of her sex, she agreed to provide; but it died in a month, and thus delivered her from that expense, though it left her the reputation of being a father.

On the conclusion of the peace of Ryswick, in 1697, the army was disbanded, and our heroine repaired to her native land, where she found means to see her mother, children, and friends without being known by them. It was not long before the war of the Spanish succession

commenced; and her martial inclination being awakened, she enlisted once more into Lord John Hayes's regiment, which again repaired to the former scene of operations. She was present at most of the engagements, during the campaigns of 1702 and 1703, under the Duke of Marlborough; and on the 2nd of July, the ensuing year, received a wound at the battle of Donawert, from a ball which penetrated her hip, and lodged between the bones in such a manner that it could never be extracted, and almost deprived her of the use of her leg and thigh. She was carried to the hospital at Schellenberg, where she was put under the care of three surgeons; through which she narrowly escaped being discovered.

After the battle of Hochstett, in which, though often in the hottest fire, our heroine received no injury, she accidentally perceived a man whom she thought she knew, and at length recognised to be her husband, whom she had not seen for twelve years; she procured an interview with him, and satisfied herself, notwithstanding his apparent affection for a Dutch woman with whom he cohabited, of his tenderness for her. At length he discovered that the inquisitive dragoon was no other than his wife, and his astonishment may be more easily conceived than described. After reproaching him for his inconstancy, she told him that notwithstanding the hardships she had experienced, she had such a liking for the service, that she was resolved to continue in it; that she would pass for his brother, and would furnish him with any necessaries he might want while he concealed her sex, but if ever he betrayed her she would forget that he was her husband, and he should find her a dangerous enemy. This resolution he endeavoured to shake off by his solicitations, but in vain; and they at least enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing and conversing with each other every day.

Nothing of consequence occurred to our heroine till

the battle of Ramilies, on the 23d of May 1705, when a shell struck the back part of her head and fractured her skull. She was removed to Meldre, where she was trepanned, but this accident led to a discovery of her sex by the surgeons, who saw her breasts when fixing on the dressing. The pain she received from this circumstance exceeded the torture of her wound, which was upwards of ten weeks in healing. Her dismission from the service was the natural consequence; her officers generously furnishing her with every thing requisite for the dress of her sex.

After the metamorphosis of our heroine, she still remained with the army, engaged sometimes in the occupations of the kitchen, and sometimes in those of plunder. At length at the battle of Taisnieres she had the misfortune to lose her husband, and though she represented herself as having been for some time inconsolable for his loss, it was only eleven weeks after his decease that she married Hugh Jones, a grenadier; who during her husband's life-time had expressed a great esteem for her. She was left a widow a second time on the death of Jones, who received a mortal wound in the attack on St. Venant.

After this our heroine still remained with the army, engaged in the same kind of occupations as before, till the conclusion of the war, when she returned to England; where by the advice of the Duke of Argyle, under whom she had served, she had a petition drawn up, and presented it to the queen, who received her very graciously, and ordered her a considerable gratuity. It was not long before she repaired to Dublin, to inquire after her family and affairs. There she met her mother, then upwards of a hundred years of age, who had long concluded her to be dead. Of her two children, the elder as she was informed had died at the age of eighteen, and the younger was in the work-house. Those to whom she had intrusted the care of her house and property had

converted them to their own use; and not having money to defray the expenses of an attempt to recover them by legal methods, she was obliged to be contented with the loss.

During her residence at Dublin, she chanced to meet the Rev. Mr. Howell, whose name has been mentioned at the commencement of this narrative. He would have spoken to her, but she avoided him. From this time he fell into a settled melancholy, the cause of which he acknowledged to his sister, was the injury he had done her, and the perjury of which he had been guilty. He quitted Dublin the next day and returned to England, having settled in Shropshire, where he had married. A few weeks afterwards his sister received an account that he had destroyed himself, leaving his wife with a family of eleven children to provide for. A short time previous to the commission of this rash action, he wrote to his brother, informing him, that the reflection on his conduct to Mrs. Davies, had robbed him of all peace of mind, and had reduced him to such a state of despair, that he need not be surprised to hear of his laying violent hands on himself.

At Dublin she married, for her third husband, a soldier, named Davies, who had served in the low countries, and with him repaired to London, where she obtained from the queen, in addition to her former bounty of fifty pounds, an order for a shilling a day for life. She now settled at Chelsea, and found means to get her husband into the college, with the rank of serjeant. Here we suppose, as we have no farther account of her, terminated her peregrinations; and as she does not appear to have possessed the virtue, prudence, it is not unlikely that the closing scenes of her life were obscured by the gloomy clouds of penury.

JAMES NAILER.

The avoiding of a bad example may often prove as conducive to happiness as the imitating of a good one. Under this impression we here lay before the reader some particulars of the life of James Nailer, a man notorious in the seventeenth century for his fanaticism, and the singularity of his religious opinions.

James Nailer, or Nayler, was the son of a farmer of some property, and was born in the parish of Ardesley, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire, about the year 1616. His education went no farther than English. At the age of twenty-two he married, and removed into Wakefield parish, where he continued till the commencement of the civil war in 1641. He then entered into the parliamentary army, and served eight years, first under Lord Fairfax, and afterwards as quarter-master, under General Lambert; till, disabled by sickness in Scotland, he returned home, in 1648. Hitherto he had professed himself a Presbyterian and Independent, but in 1651, he became a convert to the doctrines of George Fox, and joined the persons pretending to new lights, who were afterwards known by the appellation of Quakers.

Being a man of good natural parts, and strong imagination, he soon commenced preacher: and, in the opinion of his followers, acquitted himself well, both in word and writing, among his friends. Towards the end of 1654, or beginning of 1655, he removed to London, and there found a meeting which had been gathered by Edward Burrough and Francis Howgil. He soon distinguished himself among them: so that many, admiring his talents, began to esteem him far above his brethren, which occasioned differences and disturbances in the society. These were carried to such a height, that some of Nailer's forward and inconsiderate female

adherents, publicly interrupted Howgil and Burrough in preaching, and disturbed their meetings. Being reproved by them for their indiscretion, the women complained so loudly and passionately to Nailer, that as Sewel, in his "History of the Quakers," observes, "It smote him down into so much sorrow and sadness, that he was much dejected in spirit, and disconsolate. Fear and doubting then entered into him, so that he came to be clouded in his understanding, bewildered and at a loss in his judgment, and estranged from his best friends, because they did not approve his conduct; insomuch that he began to give ear to the flattering praises of some whimsical people, which he ought to have abhorred and reproved them for." It will be seen from the subsequent part of this history, that these "flattering praises," of which Sewel speaks, were too powerful for the poor man's intellects, and produced that mental intoxication or derangement, to which alone his frantic conduct can be attributed.

In 1656, we find him in Devonshire, whither he was undoubtedly carried by a zeal for propagating his opinions. These were of such an extraordinary nature, that he was apprehended and sent to Exeter gaol, where letters, conceived in the most extravagant strain, were sent to him by his female admirers and others. Nay, some women had arrived at such a height of folly, that, in the prison at Exeter, they knelt before him, and kissed his feet.

We find in Nailer a striking proof that circumstances, apparently the most trivial, operate frequently with irresistible and fatal force on the mind of the visionary and enthusiast. As his features bore a near resemblance to the common pictures of Christ, his imagination conceived the wild idea that he was transformed into Christ himself. He assumed the character of the Messiah, was acknowledged as such by his deluded followers, and accordingly affected to heal the sick and raise the dead.

After his release from the prison at Exeter, he intended to return to London; but taking Bristol on his way, as he rode through Glastonbury and Wells, his frantic attendants strewed their garments in his way. Arriving on the 24th of October at Bedminster, about a mile from Bristol, they proceeded in mock procession to that city. One man walked before with his hat on, while another, bareheaded, led Nailer's horse. When they came to the suburbs of Bristol, some women spread scarfs and handkerchiefs in his way; two other women going on each side of his horse. The whole company, knee-deep in dirt, it being very rainy and foul weather, began to sing: "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth! Hosanna in the highest! Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Israel!" In this manner they entered the city, to the amazement of some, and the diversion of others; but the magistrates not thinking it proper to suffer such an indecent mockery of Christ's entrance into Jerusalem to pass unpunished, apprehended Nailer, and committed him to prison, with six of his associates.

Being searched after his apprehension, some letters, which show the fanaticism of his followers, were found upon him. Some of these were as follow:—

"In the pure fear and power of God, my soul salutes thee, thou everlasting son of righteousness, and prince of peace. I beseech thee wait, my soul travelleth to see a pure image brought forth, and the enemy strives to destroy it, that he may keep me always sorrowing and ever seeking, and never satisfied, nor ever rejoicing. But he in whom I have believed will shortly tread Satan under our feet, and then shalt thou and thine return to Zion with everlasting rejoicings and praises. But till then, better is the house of mourning than rejoicing. O let innocency be thy beloved, and righteousness thy spouse, that thy father's lambs may rejoice in thy pure and clear unspotted image of holiness and purity which my soul believeth I shall see, and so in the faith rest,

"HAN. STRANGER."

"*From London, 16th day of the 7th month.*"

"O THOU fairest of ten thousand, thou only begotten son of God,

how my heart panteth after thee. O stay me with flaggons and comfort me with wine. My well beloved, thou art like a roe, or young hart upon the mountains of spices, where thy beloved spouse hath long been calling thee to come away, and I am,

"HANNAH STRANGER."

To this blasphemous rhapsody was subjoined the following by the husband of the writer:

"Postscript. Remember my dear love to thy master. Thy name is no more to be called James, but Jesus.

"JOHN STRANGER."

In another letter, from one Jane Woodcock, we find these equivocal expressions:—"O thou beloved of the Lord, the prophet of the most high God, whom the Lord brought to this great city, for to judge and try the cause of his Israel; faithful and just hast thou carried thyself in it, for thou becamest weak to the weak, and tender to the broken-hearted."

Nor were these raptures confined, as may be imagined, to the weaker sex. From an epistle from one Richard Fairman, it is evident that there were men infected in an equal degree with this ridiculous mania. "Brother in the life which is immortal," says he, "dearly beloved, who art counted worthy to be made partaker of the everlasting riches, I am filled with joy and rejoicing, when I behold thee in the eternal unity, where I do embrace thee in the eternal unity, where I do embrace thee in the everlasting arms of love. O thou dear and precious servant of the Lord, how doth my soul love! I am overcome with that love that is as strong as death. O my soul is melting within me when I behold thy beauty and innocency, dear and precious son of Sion, whose mother is a virgin, and whose birth is immortal."

The particulars of Nailer's examination previous to his commitment are too curious to be omitted. Being asked his name, or whether he was not called James Nailer, he replied—the men of this world call me James Nailer.

Q. Art thou the man that rode on horseback into Bristol, a woman leading thy horse, and others singing before thee, "Holy, holy, holy, Hosanna," &c.?—*A.* I did ride into a town, but what its name was I know not, and by the spirit a woman was commanded to hold my horse's bridle, and some there were that cast down clothes, and sang praises to the Lord, such songs as the Lord put into their hearts; and it is like it might be the song of Holy, holy, holy.

Q. Whether or no didst thou reprove these women?—*A.* Nay, but I bade them take heed that they sang nothing but what they were moved to of the Lord.

Q. Dost thou own this letter which Hannah Stranger sent unto thee?—*A.* Yea, I do own that letter.

Q. Art thou, according to that letter, the fairest of ten thousand?—*A.* As to the visible, I deny any such attribute to be due to me; but if as to that which the father hath begotten in me, I shall own it.

Q. Art thou the only son of God?—*A.* I am the son of God, but I have many brethren.

Q. Have any called thee by the name of Jesus?—*A.* Not as unto the visible, but as Jesus, the Christ that is in me.

Q. Dost thou own the name of the King of Israel?—*A.* Not as a creature, but if they give it Christ within me, I own it, and have a kingdom; but not of this world; my kingdom is of another world, of which thou wast not.

Q. Whether or no art thou the prophet of the Most High?—*A.* Thou hast said I am a prophet.

Q. Dost thou own that attribute, the judge of Israel?—*A.* The judge is but one, and is witnessed in me, and is the Christ; there must not be any joined with him. If they speak of the spirit in me, I own it only as God is manifest in the flesh, according as God dwelleth in me, and judgeth there himself.

Q. By whom were you sent?—*A.* By him who hath

sent the spirit of his son in me to try, not as to carnal matters, but belonging to the kingdom of God, by the indwelling of the father and the son, to be the judge of all spirits, to be guided by none.

Q. Is not the written word of God the guide?—*A.* The written word declares of it, and what is not according to that, is not true.

Q. Whether art thou more sent than others, or whether others be not sent in that measure.—*A.* As to that, I have nothing at present given me of my father to answer.

Q. Was your birth mortal or immortal?—*A.* Not according to the natural birth, but according to the spiritual birth, born of the immortal seed.

Q. Wert thou ever called the Lamb of God?—*A.* I look not back to things behind, but there might be some such thing in the letter; I am a lamb, and have sought it long before I could witness it.

Q. Who is thy mother, or whether or no is she a virgin?—*A.* Nay, according to the natural birth.

Q. Who is thy mother according to the spiritual birth?—*A.* No carnal creature.

Q. Who then? (No answer.)

Q. Is the hope of Israel in thee?—*A.* The hope is in Christ, and as Christ is in me, so far the hope of Israel stands; Christ is in me the hope of glory.

Q. What more hope is there in thee than in others?—*A.* None can know but them of Israel; and Israel must give an account.

Q. Art thou the everlasting son of God?—*A.* Where God is manifest in the flesh, there is the everlasting son, and I do witness God in the flesh: I am the Son of God, and the Son of God is but one.

Q. Art thou the Prince of Peace?—*A.* The prince of everlasting peace is begotten in me.

Q. Why dost thou not reprove those that give thee those attributes?—*A.* I have said nothing to them but such things as are written.

Q. Is thy name Jesus?—For what space of time hast thou been so called?—Is there no other Jesus besides thee?—To these three questions he made no reply.

Q. Art thou the everlasting son of God, the king of righteousness?—*A.* I am; and the everlasting righteousness is wrought in me; if ye were acquainted with the Father, ye would also be acquainted with me.

Q. Did any kiss thy feet?—*A.* It might be they did, but I minded them not.

Q. When thou wast called the King of Israel, didst thou not answer—thou sayest it?—*A.* Yea.

Q. How dost thou provide for a livelihood?—*A.* As do the lilies, without care, being maintained by my Father.

Q. Whom dost thou call thy father?—*A.* Him whom thou callest God.

Q. What business hadst thou in Bristol, or that way?—*A.* I was guided or directed by my Father.

Q. Why wast thou called a judge to try the cause of Israel? (No reply.)

Q. Are any of these sayings blasphemy or not?—*A.* What is received of the Lord is truth.

Q. Whose letter was that which was written to thee signed T. S.?—*A.* It was sent to me to Exeter gaol, by one the world calls Thomas Symonds.

Q. Didst thou not say: if ye had known me, ye had known the Father?—*A.* Yea, for the Father is my life.

Q. Where wert thou born?—*A.* At Ardeslow in Yorkshire.

Q. Where lives thy wife?—*A.* She whom thou callest my wife lives in Wakefield.

Q. Why dost thou not live with her?—*A.* I did till I was called to the army.

Q. Doth God in any manner sustain thee without any corporeal food?—*A.* Man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Father. The same life is mine that is in the Father, but not in the same measure.

Q. How art thou clothed?—*A.* I know not.

Q. Dost thou live without bread?—*A.* As long as my Heavenly Father will. I have tasted of that bread of which he that eateth shall never die.

Q. How long hast thou lived without any corporeal sustenance, having perfect health?—*A.* Some fifteen or sixteen days, sustained without any other food except the word of God.

Q. Was Dorcas Erbury dead in Exeter two days, and didst thou raise her?—*A.* I can do nothing of myself. The scripture beareth witness to the power in me, which is everlasting; it is the same power we read of in the scripture.

Q. Art thou the unspotted Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world?—*A.* Were I not a lamb, wolves would not seek to devour me.

Q. Art thou not guilty of most horrid blasphemy by thy own words?—*A.* Who made thee a judge over them?

Q. Whom meant thy companions by holy, holy, &c.?—*A.* Let them answer for themselves, they are at age.

Q. Did not some spread their clothes on the ground before thee, when thou didst ride through Glastonbury and Wells?—*A.* I think they did.

Q. Wherefore didst thou call Martha Symonds mother, as George Fox affirms?—*A.* George Fox is a liar and a fire-brand of hell; for neither I nor any with me called her so.

Q. Hast thou a wife at this time?—*A.* A woman I have, who by the world is called my wife; and some children I have, which, according to the flesh, are mine.

Q. Those books which thou hast written, wilt thou maintain them and affirm what is therein?—*A.* Yea, with my dearest blood.

The frantic adherents of Nailer were likewise examined. They uniformly attested their conviction that he was Jesus, the Son of God, the Prince of Peace, the everlasting Son of Righteousness, and King of Israel,

and that in their conduct towards him they had only complied with the injunctions of the Lord. But the testimony of Dorcas Erbury, mentioned above, and who was the widow of William Erbury, once a minister, is an astonishing compound of blasphemy and delusion.

Being asked, Dost thou own him that rode on horseback to be the Holy One of Israel?—She replied, Yea, I do, and with my blood will seal it.

Q. And dost thou own him for the Son of God?—*A.* He is the only begotten Son of God.

Q. Wherefore didst thou pull off his stockings, and lay thy clothes beneath his feet?—*A.* He is worthy of it, for he is the Holy Lord of Israel.

Q. Knowest thou no other Jesus, the only begotten Son of God?—*A.* I know no other Saviour.

Q. Dost thou believe in James Nailer?—*A.* Yea, in him whom thou callest so I do.

Q. By what name dost thou use to call him?—*A.* The Son of God; but I am to serve him, and to call him Lord and Master.

Q. Jesus was crucified; but this man you call the Son of God is alive.—*A.* He hath shaken off his carnal body.

Q. Why what body hath he then?—*A.* Say not the scriptures, thy natural body I will change, and it shall be spiritual.

Q. Hath a spirit flesh and bones?—*A.* His flesh and bones are new.

Q. Christ raised those that had been dead; so did not he.—*A.* He raised me.

Q. In what manner?—*A.* He laid his hand on my head, after I had been dead two days, and said, "Dorcas arise!" and I arose and live as thou seest.

Q. Where did he this?—*A.* In the gaol at Exeter.

Q. What witness hast thou for this?—*A.* My mother, who was present.

Q. His power being so great, wherefore opened he

not the prison-doors, and escaped?—*A.* The doors shall open when the Lord's work is done.

Q. What apostles hath he?—*A.* They are scattered; but some are here.

Q. Jesus Christ doth sit on the right-hand of the father, where the world shall be judged by him.—*A.* He whom thou callest Nailer shall sit at the right-hand of the Father, and shall judge the world in equity.

Soon after this examination, Nailer and his followers were sent to London, to be dealt with as parliament should think proper. Having been examined by a committee of the house, which made their report on the 5th of December, he was next day summoned to appear, and heard at the bar. On the 8th the house came to this resolution: "That James Nailer is guilty of horrid blasphemy, and that he is a grand impostor and a great seducer of the people." The subject was resumed from that time both forenoon and afternoon, not without some warm debates, and was proposed the twelfth time on the 16th of December. How much time it took up in the house appears from two letters of Secretary Thurloe, dated December the 9th and 16th. In the first he says, "These four or five last days have been wholly taken up about James Nailer, the quaker, who hath had a charge of blasphemy exhibited against him; and upon hearing matter of fact, he is voted guilty of blasphemy; and the consideration now is, (which I believe may be determined this evening) what punishment shall be inflicted. Many are of opinion that he ought to be put to death." This point, however, was not so soon settled as the secretary imagined, for in the second letter he writes: "The parliament hath done nothing these ten days but dispute whether James Nailer, the quaker, shall be put to death for blasphemy. They are much divided in their opinions. It is possible that they may come to a resolution this day. It is probable that his life may be spared." In the postscript he adds: "The parliament came this day

to a vote on Nailer's business, viz. that he should have his tongue bored, a brand set on his forehead, be set in the pillory, and whipped, and imprisoned for life. The question for his life was lost by fourteen voices."

On the 17th, after another long debate, the parliament, pursuant to their vote, came to the following resolution: —"That James Nailer be set in the pillory, in the Palace-yard, Westminster, during the space of two hours, on Thursday next, and be whipped by the hangman through the streets from Westminster to the Old Exchange, and there likewise be set in the pillory, with his head in the pillory, for the space of two hours, between the hours of eleven and one on Saturday next; in each place wearing a paper containing an inscription of his crimes: and that at the Old Exchange his tongue be bored through with a hot iron, and that he be there also stigmatized in the forehead with the letter B for blasphemer. And that he afterward be sent to Bristol, and be conveyed into and through the said city on horseback, with his face backward; and there also publicly whipped the next market-day after he comes thither. And that from thence he be committed to prison in Bridewell, London, and there restrained from the society of all people, and there to labour hard till he shall be released by parliament; and during that time be debarred the use of pen, ink, and paper; and shall have no relief but what he earns by his daily labour."

Cromwell was at this time protector of the kingdom, and several petitions in behalf of Nailer were presented to him by persons of different persuasions, but he resolved not to read them until sentence had been passed. On the 18th of December he suffered the first part of his punishment, which was inflicted with such rigour, that some judged his sentence would have been more mild if it had been present death. The other part, namely, boring his tongue and branding his forehead, should have been executed two days afterwards, but he was

reduced so low by the cruel whipping, that his further punishment was respited for a week. During that interval many persons, looking upon him rather as a madman, than guilty of wilful blasphemy, petitioned the parliament and Cromwell to remit the remainder of his sentence. On this some of the protector's chaplains went and conversed with the culprit, and their report frustrated the design of these applications. The rest of his sentence was executed on the 27th of December, after which, being sent to Bristol, he was conducted through that city on horseback, with his face backward, and publicly whipped. Then being remanded to London, he was committed to Bridewell.

Nailer's sufferings brought him to his senses, and to some degree of humility. He wrote a letter to the magistrates of Bristol, expressive of his repentance of his former behaviour in that city. During the time of his confinement in Bridewell, which was about two years, he manifested unfeigned contrition for his follies and offences. Having also, notwithstanding his sentence, obtained pen, ink, and paper, he wrote several small books, in which he retracted his past errors. In one of them he says: "Condemned for ever be all false worships, with which any have idolized my person, in the night of my temptation, when the power of darkness was above all; their castings of their clothes in the way, their bowing and singings, and all the rest of those wild actions which did any ways tend to dishonour the Lord, or draw the minds of any from the measures of Christ Jesus in themselves to look at flesh which is as grass, or to ascribe that to the visible which belongs to Christ Jesus. All that I condemn, by which the pure name of the Lord, has been any ways blasphemed through me, in the time of temptation, or the spirits of any people grieved. And also that letter which was sent me to Exeter by H. Stranger, when I was in prison, with these words:—'Thy name shall be no more James Nailer, but

Jesus.'—This I judge to be written from the imagination; and a fear struck me when I first saw it, and so I put it in my pocket close, not intending any should see it; which they finding on me, spread it abroad, which the simplicity of my heart never owned. So this I deny also, that the name of Christ Jesus was received instead of James Nailer, or ascribed to him.—And all these ranting wild spirits which then gathered about me in that time of darkness, and all their wild actions and wicked words against the honour of God and his pure spirit and people; and deny that bad spirit, the power and the works thereof; and as far as I gave advantage, through want of judgment for that evil spirit in any to arise, I take shame to myself justly. And that report, as though I had raised Dorcas Erbury from the dead carnally, this I deny also, and condemn that testimony to be out of the truth; though that power that quickens the dead I deny not, which is the word of eternal life."

He likewise composed some other pieces, which may be seen in Sewel's History of the Quakers. These people had disowned him during his extravagant flights, but after his repentance, they re-admitted the lost sheep into their society.

About the latter end of October, 1660, Nailer set out from London towards the north, with an intention of going home to his wife and children, who still lived at Wakefield. Some miles beyond Huntingdon he was taken ill, having, as it was reported, been robbed by the way, and left bound. Whether he received any personal injury is not recorded, but being found in a field by a countryman, towards evening, he was carried to a friend's house, at Holm, near King's Ripton, where he expired in November, 1660.

Such was the end of this enthusiast, who rendered himself as miserable as possible, without doing any service to mankind. From him we learn that a most abundant source of error and delusion, and a principle the

most mischievous of any in its consequences, is a spirit of enthusiasm, spurred on by ambition and pride. This blind and ungovernable guide has, at different times, led an incredible number of persons of weak judgment and strong imagination, through a maze of such strange and unaccountable follies, as one would imagine, could never have entered into the thoughts of a being endowed with reason—such follies as have rendered the persons possessed with them a plague to the world, as well as to themselves; while their actions have been a disgrace to human nature, and a scandal to the Christian name. It therefore behoves every rational person to take particular care to preclude the access of so disagreeable a guest into his bosom, not only for his own sake, but for that of the society of which he is a member.

MARGARET M'AVOY.

The peculiar faculties which this astonishing young lady, who although quite blind, possessed, in telling the various colours, and reading every word with her finger's end,* excited universal attention, as she was supposed by many to be an impostor, like Johanna Southcott or Ann Moore. Several learned statements and narratives have been written, particularly one by Dr. Renwick, who was her physician. She was born at Liverpool, June 28, 1800, and from her birth to nine months old, was a healthy girl, and able then to walk alone; but during the following nine months was often indisposed.

* Cardinal Albani, although quite blind, had acquired, by the exquisite delicacy of his touch, and the combining powers of his mind, such a sense of ancient beauty, that he excelled all the virtuosi of his time, in Rome, in the correctness of his knowledge of the verity and peculiarities of the smallest medals and intaglios.—*Galt's Life of West.*

Engraved by E. Cooper.

MARGARET Mc AVOY.

An extraordinary Blind Girl.

Published by J. Robins & Co. Albion Press London Nov.1.1820.

Her complaint increased till June 7th, 1816, when she became totally blind.

The first public notice of this extraordinary lady, was thus communicated by Mr. Egerton Smith to the editor of the Liverpool Mercury :—

"At my first interview, I learnt from herself, what I had indeed previously been told by others, that she had recently acquired the faculty of distinguishing not only the colours of cloth and stained glass, but that she could actually decypher the forms of words of a printed book; and, indeed, could read, if the phrase may be permitted, with tolerable facility.* To put these pretensions to

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* A case, somewhat similar to Miss M'Avoy's, occurred in France, of a young lady, Mademoiselle de Salignac, of Xaintonge: her extraordinary powers are thus related in a letter from Mons. de la Sauvagere, to Mons. Freron :—

"Mademoiselle Salignac, now in her 18th year, lost her sight when only two years old, her mother having been advised to lay some pigeon's blood on her eyes, to preserve them in the small-pox, whereas, so far from answering the end, it eat into them; nature, however, may be said to have compensated for that unhappy mistake, by beauty of person, sweetness of temper, vivacity of genius, quickness of conception, and many talents which certainly much soften her misfortune.

"She plays at revertis without any direction, and often faster than others of the party; she first prepares the two packs allotted to her, pricking them in several parts, yet so imperceptibly that the closest inspection can scarce discern her indexes; every party she alters them, and they are known only to her: she sorts the suits and arranges the cards in their proper sequence, with the same precision, and nearly the same facility, as they who have their sight. All she requires of those who play with her is to name every card as it is played; and these she retains so exactly, that I have seen her perform some notable strokes at revertis, such as shewed a great combination and strong memory.

"A very wonderful circumstance is, that Mademoiselle de Salignac should even have learnt to read and write; for when I had the pleasure of seeing her, she regularly corresponded with her elder brother, whom some mercantile affairs had called to Bourdeaux; from her hand he received an exact account of every thing that concerned them.

the test, she permitted a shawl to be passed across the eyes in double folds, in such a way that all present were convinced that they could not, under similar circumstances, discern day from night. In this state a

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She has favoured me with a letter, and has herself read my answer. The possibility of this is readily conceived, on knowing their method; yet is the wonder not less surprising. In writing to her, no ink is used, but the letters are pricked down on the paper, and by the delicay of her touch feeling each letter, she follows them successively, and reads every word with her finger's end. I saw a person with a scissars point scratch a card, on which was written *Mademoiselle de Salignac est fort amiable;* she fluently read it, yet was the writing small, and letters very ill shaped: she herself, in writing, makes use of a pencil, as she could not know when her pen was dry; her guide on the paper is a small thin ruler, and of the breadth of her writing. On finishing a letter she wets it, which fixes the traces of the pencil that they are not obscured or effaced; then proceeds to fold and seal it, and write the direction; all by her own address, and without the assistance of any other person. I must add, that her writing is very straight, well cut, and the spelling no less correct. To reach this singular mechanism required such a subject and the indefatigable cares of her affectionate mother, who accustoming her daughter to feel letters cut out on cards or pasteboard, brought her to distinguish an A from a B, and thus the whole alphabet, and afterwards to spell words; then by the remembrance of the shape of the letters to delineate them on paper, and, lastly, to arrange them so as to form words and sentences.

"She has learnt and almost by herself, to play on the guitar sufficiently for her little companions to dance by, and had even contrived a way of pricking down her tunes, as an assistance to her memory; but at present, being at Paris with her father and mother, a music-master teaches her in the common method, observing the way used in writing to the young lady by pricking; and to distinguish the whites, they are made larger. She learnt to sing, and I have, with much pleasure, heard her sing in concert; so delicate are her organs, that in singing a tune, though new to her, she is able to name the notes, for them to be pricked down, whilst singing. She even tells the movement of them.

"In figured dances she acquits herself extremely well, and in a minuet with inimitable ease and gracefulness. As for the works of her sex, she has a masterly hand, and I cannot forbear the indiscretion of telling you, that she made me a present of a silk and silver purse, wrought in knotted points on a wooden mould. She has even begun

book was placed before her, and opened indiscriminately; when, to our extreme surprise, she began to trace the words with her finger and repeat them correctly. She appeared to recognise a short monosyllable by the simple

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one of five colours, of which several rows are already finished. She sews and hems perfectly well, and is no less skilful in making *marly*. At present her dexterity is chiefly employed on a sack with bead-work. In all her works she threads the needles for herself however small.

"As the young lady is now at Paris, you may yourself see her. She has a watch at her side, a repeating watch, to be sure, say you; no, only a plain one, and her touch never fails telling her exactly the hour and minute. Your's &c."

As a supplement to this letter, we shall give a postscript of the late Bishop (then Dr.) Burnet, to the second letter of his travels.

"In the account that I gave you of Geneva, I forgot to mention a very extraordinary person that is there, Mrs. Walkier; she lost her sight when she was but a year old, by being too near a stove that was very hot. There rests in the upper part of her eyes so much sight, that she distinguishes day from night: and when any person stands between her and the light, she will distinguish by the head and its dress a man from a woman, but when she turns down her eyes she sees nothing: she not only sings well, but she plays rarely on the organ; and I was told she played on the violin, but her violin was out of order. But that which is most of all, she writes legibly; in order to her learning to write, her father who is a worthy man, and hath such tenderness for her, that he furnished her with masters of all sorts, ordered letters to be carved in wood, and she by feeling the characters formed such an idea of them, that she writes with a crayon so distinctly, that her writing can be well read, of which I have several essays. I saw her write, she doth it more nimbly than can be imagined; she hath a machine that holds the paper, and keeps her always in line."

The following Memoir presents us with another proof of the wonderful powers possessed by blind people:—

"Mademoiselle Theresa Paradis, of Vienna, (a young lady who lost her sight by a paralytick stroke, when two years old) displayed her astonishing musical powers before their majesties, in London, January 1785. Besides her musical acquirements, she was able, with printing types, to express her thoughts on paper, almost as quick as if she could write. She understood geography, by means of maps prepared for her

contact of one finger, but in ascertaining a long word, she placed the fore finger of her left hand on the beginning whilst with that of her right hand she proceeded from the other extremity of the word; and when the two fingers, by having traversed over all the letters, came in contact with each other, she invariably and precisely ascertained the word. By my watch I found that she read about thirty words in half a minute; and it very naturally occurred to us, that if notwithstanding her supposed blindness and the double bandage over her eyes, she could still see, she would have read much more rapidly, if her motive had been to excite our astonishment. And here it may not be amiss to state, that there does not appear to be any adequate motive for practising a delusion upon the public. Her situation in life is respectable; and her mother disavows any intention of ever exhibiting her daughter as a means of pecuniary remuneration.

"According to her own statement, her powers of touch, vary very materially with circumstances; when her hands are cold, she declares that the faculty is altogether lost; and that it is exhausted also by long and unremitted efforts; that she considers the hours of from ten until twelve, of each alternate day, the most favourable for her performance. Her pulse during the experiments have varied from 110 to 130 degrees.

"One circumstance, which has created much doubt and suspicion, must not be concealed; which is, that if

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use, in which she could find and point out any province, or remarkable city in the world: and was likewise able, by means of tables formed in the manner of draught boards, to calculate, with ease and rapidity, any sums or numbers in the first five rules in arithmetic. She could likewise distinguish many colours by the touch; play at cards when prepared for her by private marks unknown by the company; and in her musical studies, her memory and quickness were wonderful, as she learnt in general, the most difficult pieces for keyed instruments, however full and complicated the parts, by hearing them played on a violin."

any substance, for instance, a book and a shawl, be interposed between her hands, and the object she is investigating, she is much embarrassed, and frequently entirely baffled. She explains this by saying, that it is necessary there should be an uninterrupted communication between her fingers and her breath.

"I took from my pocket-book an engraved French assignat,* which was hotpressed and smooth as glass; she read the smallest lines contained in this with the same facility as the printed book. A letter received by that day's post was produced, the direction and postmark of which she immediately and correctly decyphered.

"She also named the colour of the separate parts of the dresses of the persons in company, as well as various shades of stained glass which were purposely brought.

"Not the slightest objection was offered to my proposal of the candle being extinguished; her mother stationed herself before the fire, which was extremely low, and afforded so little light, that I could not have

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* Sir Kenelm Digby mentions a blind man who lived in his house, and was preceptor to his sons, the loss of whose sight seemed to be over paid by his other abilities. He would play at cards and tables as well as most men, and likewise at bowls, shovel-board, and other games, wherein one would imagine a clear sight to be absolutely requisite. When he taught his scholars to declaim, to represent a tragedy, or the like, he knew by their voice whether they stood or sat down, and all the different gestures and situations of their bodies; so that they behaved themselves before him with the same decency as if he had seen them perfectly. Our author adds another strange particular concerning him, *viz.* that he could feel in his body, and chiefly in his brain, (as he himself affirmed) a certain effect whereby he knew when the sun was up, and could discern a clear from a cloudy day. This he has frequently told without being mistaken, when for trial's sake he has been lodged in a close chamber, into which the sun-shine had no admission, nor any body could come to him to give him notice of the state of the weather.—*Digby's Treatise of Bodies.*

read one word of moderate sized print, if it had been brought almost in contact with the bars of the grate. I then took from my pocket a small book, the tpye of which was very little larger than that of an ordinary newspaper; observing at the time, that I was afraid the print was too minute; to which she replied, that her fingers were in excellent order, and that she had no doubt but she should be able to make it out. Miss M'Avoy sat in the furthest part of the room with her back towards the grate, in such a situation that I could barely discern even the leaves of the book which lay open before her; the title of which she proceeded to read with complete success, with the exception of one very minute word.

"I then presented to her a small piece of smooth writing paper, which was ruled with horizontal faint blue lines, between each of which were traced lines with a pen and black ink; there were also perpendicular red lines, between which were scored black lines; all these, with their direction and order, she determined without any apparent difficulty.

"Gogglers were next tried, in this manner:—

They are intended to be worn by travellers to guard the eyes against the wind or the dust, and consist of two glasses, sometimes green, fitted into a bandage of leather, which is passed horizontally across the face, and is tied with ribbons round the back of the head. The gogglers provided for Miss M. instead of glasses were fitted up with opake pasteboard, lined with paper, and not an aperture was left through which a single ray of light could penetrate. One part of the performance was so truly astonishing, that I should almost hesitate to relate it, if two gentlemen had not been present to vouch for the truth. I had furnished myself with a set of stained landscape glasses, usually termed Claud Lorrain glasses. They were seven in number, contained in a frame. She ascertained the precise shade of each correctly; one glass, however, appeared to embarrass her, and after considerable scrutiny, she said it was not black, nor dark blue, nor dark brown; but she thought it was of a very deep crimson. We did not know whether the conjecture was correct or not, as we could not ourselves ascertain the shade. By reflected light it appeared to us to be perfectly black; nor was the flame of the fire, which was stirred for the occasion, visible through it in the faintest degree. We had abandoned all expectation of determining this point, when the sun suddenly emerged from behind the clouds: and by that test, and that alone, were we enabled to discover that she was correct, as we could just discern the solar image of a very deep crimson.

"Miss M'Avoy, it appears, had recently found out that this extraordinary faculty was not confined to fingers; and that she could also distinguish the colour of an object which was brought into contact with the back of her hands. This was immediately made the subject of experiment, and she was completely successful upon this occasion.

"I have now given a faithful narrative of what I have

actually witnessed, and what has been the subject of notoriety and astonishment probably of thousands in this town.

"She had also begun to tell the hour and minute through the watch glass, without opening the case! But the most wonderful thing of all, and which forms an appropriate climax to the other mysteries, was the newly acquired power of ascertaining objects at a distance, with her back towards them, and by simply stretching out the fingers in the direction of such objects."

Shortly after the publication of Mr. E. Smith's statement, Dr. Renwick favoured the public with a very interesting and erudite narrative of Miss M'Avoy's case; from which we copy the following extraordinary facts: On the 7th June, 1816, Miss M'Avoy became totally blind; her health declined; and the immediate termination of her life was daily looked for by her friends. In this distressing state, she continued till the middle of the following month, when she begun to recover her health and spirits; and in a short time, was able to amuse herself by knitting and sewing:* and it was at that period, she gave evidence of her extraordinary powers of reading; as mentioned by Mr. Smith. She also endeavoured to amuse herself in making small baskets of coloured paper:† It was curious to observe

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* Miss M'Avoy sewing or knitting is not at all extraordinary. In the blind asylums at Paris, London, and Liverpool, the blind people are not only taught to sew, knit and spin, but also to work at the letter-press printing business; to weave, and make mats, carpets, rugs, twine, &c.

In 1813, Nathaniel Price, a blind man, formerly a bookseller at Norwich, exhibited himself in the Strand, London; the clothes he was dressed in were all of his own make: he likewise bound several bibles, one of which is in the possession of the Duke of Marlborough. He used also to work at the copper-plate printing business.

† William Kennedy presents a singular instance of mechanical genius.—This ingenious man was born in Wisborn, near Banbridge, in

her passing the paper through the instices of the basket-work. She was often foiled by the point of the paper being turned inward or outward. If she found she did not succeed, after two or three attempts, she used her

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the county of Down, in the year 1768, and lost his sight at the age of four years. Having no other amusement (being deprived of such as children generally have) his mind turned itself to mechanical pursuits, and he shortly became projector and workman for all the children in the neighbourhood. As he increased in years, his desire for some kind of profession or employment that might render him not burthensome, though blind, induced him to think of music. At the age of 13, he was sent to Armagh to learn to play the fiddle, his lodging happened to be at the house of a cabinet maker; this was a fortunate circumstance for him, as he there got a knowledge of the tools and manner of working, as was useful to him ever after: though these things engaged his mind and occupied a great part of his time, yet he made as great a progress in music, as any other of his master's, Mr. Moorhead's, scholars, except one. After living a year and a quarter there, he returned home, where he made and got tools so as to enable him to construct different pieces of household furniture. Not being satisfied with the occupation of a cabinet maker, he purchased an old set of Irish bagpipes, and without instruction it was with difficulty he put them into playing order. He soon however became so well acquainted with the mechanical part of them, that instruments were brought from every part of the neighbourhood to be repaired. He found so many defects in this instrument, that he began to consider whether there might not be a better plan for it, than any he had yet met with, and from his early instructions in music, and continued study of the instruments (for indeed he slept but little) in about nine months time, having his tools to make, he produced the first new set. He then began clock and watch making, and soon found out a clock maker in Banbridge, who had a desire to play on the pipes, and they mutually instructed each other. From this time, he increased in musical and mechanical knowledge, but made no pipes, though he repaired many, till the year 1793, when he married, and his necessities induced him to use all his industry for the maintenance of his wife and family; his employment, for twelve years, was making and repairing wind and stringed instruments of music. He also constructed clocks, both common and musical, and sometimes recurred to his first employment of a cabinet-maker. He also made linen looms with their different tackling. His principal employment, however, was as the constructor of the Irish bag pipes, of which he made 30 sets in the town he lived in, within eight years—He was un-

fingers to straighten it, and then passed it through. A basket thus made by Miss M'Avoy, is in the possession of the Countess of Derby.

In the presence of Dr. Brandreth and Mr. Shaw, she

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equalled for elegance of workmanship, of the bag pipe. From a rude block of ebony, a fragment of an elephant's tooth, and a piece of silver, having first formed his lathe and his tools, he shaped and bored the complicated tubes, graduated the ventages, adapted the keys, and formed an instrument of perfect external finish and beauty "that discoursed most eloquent music," incapable of expressing the finest movements of melody, but by no means deficient, in harmony; and all this by the exquisite sensibility of the touch, for he was stone blind, and quite incapable of distinguishing the black colour of ebony from the white of ivory!

A boy that was blind from the seventh year of his age made organs of great value with his own hands. Platerus saw an organ of this artist's making, and heard him play on it; and he was informed, as a convincing proof of his blindness, that he often worked in the dark, and could distinguish the several sorts of wood by the touch only.

Bartholin tells us of a blind sculptor in Denmark, who distinguished perfectly well, by mere touch, not only all kinds of wood, but all the colours; and Grimaldi gives us an instance of the same kind.

Stergel relates, that in 1602, a blind cabinet maker, at Ingoldstadt. made, without any other instrument than a coarse knife, two pepper mills, with wheels and teeth, and every thing necessary for grinding.

De Piles saw in Italy, a blind man, about fifty years old, full of genius and intelligence, and an excellent draftsman. He met him in the Justiniani Palace, modelling in wax a statue of Minerva. This man, could, by the touch, discover the forms and proportions of the originals. The Duke of Bracciano, who saw him at work, had some doubts of his being completely blind; and to be certain of it, he made the blind man take his picture in a dark cave; but it was a perfect resemblance. It being objected to him, that the duke's beard helped him to know him, he offered to take the portrait of one of his daughters, which he drew also perfectly like. "I saw," says De Piles, "by this famous blind man, the portraits of the late King of England, Charles I. and of Pope Urban VIII.; and in France, that of M. Hesselin, all perfectly well executed." He found some difficulty in representing hair, because it is moveable; and all his art was in drawing.

John Gambasius, of Volterra; who after being 10 years in a state of blindness, all at once felt a desire of trying to make a statue, and

read the maker's name in Dr. Brandreth's hat, "Capon, Hat-maker, London," with her hands behind her. The eyes were covered with black velvet and gold beater's skin, with a silk handkerchief tied over the whole. She traced with her fingers, a landscape which consisted, among other objects, of two cocks fighting; she said they were like two peacocks: the tails of the cocks were very full.

A few days after, several gentlemen who had heard of Miss M'Avoy's very extraordinary powers, wished to be introduced to her. Dr. Renwick accordingly proceeded with them to her residence. He covered her eyes with sticking plaister and black silk, in so complete a manner to all appearance, that it was agreed by the gentlemen present, it could not be more secure. A silk handkerchief was then tied over the whole, crossed at the eyes, and pinned over the ears. Several pieces of silk were given her, all of whom she named correctly. Twelve square pieces of glass were provided, between each piece a small portion of silk was enclosed; they were sealed together by sealing wax, and were given in the following order:—

1. Light blue.....	*answered*	Light blue.
2. Straw colour.....	...	Light yellow, or straw colour.
3. Two pieces of glass, without silk	...	Nothing. The glasses of a greenish colour.
4. Scarlet.....	...	Scarlet.

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having felt all over a marble statue of Cosmo de Medicis, he made one of clay so like it as to astonish every body who saw it. His talent for statuary so improved, that Prince Ferdinand, Grand Duke of Tuscany, sent him to Rome to model the statue of Pope Urban VIII. which was also very like. He afterwards made many others with equal success.

Among the objects of curiosity in the Museum at Copenhagen, are models struck by the blind, and a superb sideboard of ivory and ebony, made by a Norwegian artist, who was blind.

5. Dark ruby, poppy, or mulberry.....	...	Ruby, or dark poppy.
6. Pink, with white spots on one side, and white with pink spots on the other.	...	Whitish.

She told the colour of two seals belonging to the watch of one of the gentlemen, also the colour of the metal of his watch, and of the riband attached to it, which was red, with a black border: she told the time of the day exactly to half a minute, in two different watches. A piece of paper was given her, cut out from the covering of Ormerod's History of Cheshire, and she read with her fingers, "Ormerod's History of Cheshire, Part III. subscriber's copy, No. 200, collated and perfect, Dr. Renwick, Liverpool." A copy of one of the laws of the Athenæum, printed in a very small type, was given to her; which, with the help of a magnifying glass, she read part of correctly.

On July 30, 1817, Dr. Renwick having blindfolded Miss M'Avoy, made the following, among many other experiments:—

With her hands upon the window, she perceived two newly-cut stones, of a yellow colour, lying one on the other against the wall on the other side of the street; distance about 12 yards: also, a heap of cast-iron railing, piled one upon each other. One of the company being dispatched to place himself on the ground, stones, rails, &c. she mentioned whenever he moved his position; perceived him jump off the railing; mentioned the colours of his dress correctly, only said that a plum-coloured coat was black; mentioned two children accidentally passing by at the time. She said, they appeared very small indeed; the person who was thus sent, appeared about two feet high, when at the distance of twelve yards; as he came nearer, she observed, that she

felt him grow bigger. All the objects appeared to her, as if painted on the glass.

With her fingers on the window, she described a workman in the street, distance ten yards; a cart loaded with barrels of American flour; another with two loaves of sugar; a third, empty; a girl with a small child in her arms, &c. all exactly true, except that there were three loaves of sugar in the second cart.

With her hand placed behind her upon the window, opposite to the communion end of the church, she told the figures of different people passing, and sometimes mentioned the colour of the clothes, or of any thing that might be on the head, or in the hand, or upon the shoulder or back of the person. She told also, the positions of four different workmen in the church-yard, one by one, as they sat down; she stated one to be reading a paper or book; the second to have his hands in his breeches pocket; and the third to have his hands folded across his breast, and her description of the position of the fourth is not recollected.

She traced the outline of a very irregular figure, formed by squeezing the portions of two wafers, one black, the other red, between two plates of glass.

Read common print easily by touching a piece of window glass, held 12 inches from the book: at a greater distance she could not read, but could read much easier when the glass was brought nearer to the book. In like manner, and at the same distance, she discovered a sixpence, half guinea, three shilling piece, &c. She mentioned which had the head, which the reverse upwards, read the dates; pointed out on the sixpence, the position of the harp, lions, crown, &c. She observed, unasked, that one half guinea was crooked; said it did not lie flat on the paper; that the crown was downward; that it was not a brass counter: did not think it was the shadow of the half guinea which made her know it to be crooked.

Could not discover the colour by the tongue; but closing between her lips,* the red, yellow, blue and white petals of flowers, she told each distinctly.

On October 24th, 1817, with the goggles on, covering the face, she named the colour of several silks, the time of the day in two watches, the colour of a green, and of a whitish seal. She felt the reflected image of Dr. Freckelton, who had just come into the room with Dr. Brandreth, when feeling through plain glass, and named him. She described in a similar manner, the face and colour of Lady Mary Stanley, and of Mrs. Hesketh, and the colour of the hair of each, but she did not describe Miss Hornby, who afterwards looked into the glass. She traced the figure of an old man upon Dr. Brandreth's snuff box. She read, through a magnifying-glass, a word or two only in a book. It was observed, that both the box and the book, as held in her hands at the time, were totally out of the line of vision, if even she had the most perfect command of sight, and could have seen, as it had been asserted, down the sides of the nose.

The red and orange rays of the solar spectrum being thrown by a prism upon her hand, she said it appeared as gold. All the colours being thrown on the back of

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* Dr. Guillie, in his "Essai sur l'instruction des Aveugles," says, "if the blind distinguish some colours, it is not the colour, properly speaking, but the colouring matter; and the best proof of this assertion is, that when they cannot guess the colour by the touch, they *taste* it. If in touching they confound blue with black, they are no longer mistaken when they taste it: indigo and nutgalls do not appear the same to them, as our eyes, so apt to deceive us, often make us believe. The distinction of colours, analogous, not by their shade, but by the dye: yellow and green, for example, appear difficult to them, while deep pink and light red, which appear to us almost identical, are to them much more striking colours than yellow and green. Respectable writers have declared, they knew blind men who could tell, by the touch, the colour of the hair of certain animals."

her hand, she distinctly described the different parts of her hand. She marked the moments when the colours became faint, and again vivid, by the occasional passage of a cloud, without being desired to do so. The prismatic colours afforded her the greatest pleasure that she had experienced since her blindness. Never saw a prism in her life. She felt the spectrum warm. The violet rays were the least pleasant. She observed that the red rays appeared warmer and more pleasant than the violet; which opinion coincides with that of Dr. Herschell, who proved the great difference of heat between the different prismatic rays.

These questions were put to Miss M'Avoy, which she answered in the following manner :—

Q. Did you ever knit a stocking before you were deprived of sight?—*A.* Yes.

Q. When your mother gave you the knitting, did you find it difficult to execute?—*A.* I found it very difficult at first, and did not know well how to begin; but I soon learnt it, and felt gratified that I had succeeded.

Q. Were you more expert in sewing?—*A.* I experienced much the same feeling as in knitting.

Q. What sensation did you feel when you first were asked and told the colour of my coat?—*A.* At first it was a sensation of astonishment, and then of pleasure.

Q. Do you prefer any colour?—*A.* I prefer the brightest colours, as they give a pleasurable feeling: a sort of glow to my fingers, and indeed all through me. Black gives me rather a shuddering feel.

Q. Is the feeling similar when they are enclosed in a phial bottle, or when you feel through the plain glass?—*A.* Yes: it is similar: but not exactly so, if the bottle be cold.

Q. Do you feel the colour equally well as if two glasses are placed before the object?—*A.* If the glasses are very close to each other, as if there were only one glass, I feel the colour, but it appears more faint; but

if they are placed at a distance from each other, I do not feel the object.

Q. If coloured glasses are given to you, what sensation do you feel?—*A.* Much the same as when silks are put into my hand.

Q. How do you tell glass from stones?—*A.* The stones feel harder and more solid, and the glass softer.

Q. Did you not lately feel a seal which you declared was neither stone nor glass?—*A.* Yes: I did say so, and it felt softer than glass.

Q. In what way was the impression made upon the fingers, when you felt the figures reflected from the mirror through the plain glass?—*A.* I feel the figures as an image upon each finger.

Q. How do figures, or letters feel through the glass?—*A.* As if they were raised up to the finger.

Q. How do they feel through the magnifying glass?—*A.* In a similar way, but larger.

Q. How do they feel through the short sighted, or concave glass, similar to that which the Rev. George Hornby gave you?—*A.* The object is smaller in proportion, as it is held at a distance; but placed upon the paper, the letters feel the same as through common glass.

Q. What is the feeling you have of different metals?—*A.* I feel gold and silver to be more pleasant than brass, copper, or steel.

Q. What is the feeling you have of different fluids?—*A.* Similar to my feelings of silks.

Q. How do you know the difference between water and spirits of wine?—By the spirits of wine feeling warmer than water.

Q. How do you know that a person is putting out his hand, or when they nod to you?—*A.* If any one puts out his hand upon entering, or going out of the room, I feel as if air, or wind, was wafted towards me, and I put out mine. If a nod is made pretty near to my face, a

similar sensation is felt; but if a finger be pointed at me, or a hand held before me in a gentle manner, I do not feel it, unless I am about to read or tell colours, and then I very soon tell if there be any obstruction between the mouth, the nostrils, and the object.

Q. How do you calculate the height of persons entering the room?—*A.* By a feeling, as if less or more wind was wafted towards me, according to the height of the person.

Q. Can you distinguish persons who have visited you since your blindness, or whom you have known before?—*A.* Generally speaking, I can by the tread of the foot; but almost certainly by the voice, and sometimes by the breathing.

Q. If a person passes you quickly, do you feel any additional sensation?—*A.* Yes, I feel a greater sense of heat, according to the quickness with which a person passes me, or comes into the room.

Q. Is your sense of feeling as strong upon any other part of the body as in the fingers, upon the hand, or upon the cheek?—*A.* Upon the foot, elbow and leg, and upon the lip; but it is not so sensible upon the foot, or leg or elbow, as it is upon the lip; nor upon the lip, hand, or cheek, as in the fingers.

Q. Is your sense of hearing more acute than before your illness?—*A.* Much more acute.

Q. Is your sense of smell increased also?—*A.* It is very much increased.

Q. Can you distinguish colours by smelling them?—*A.* No.

Q. Is your taste also more acute?—*A.* Very much more acute.

Q. Have you preference to any sort of food?—*A.* I prefer those which are sweetest.

Q. Do you prefer any particular kind of meat?—Yes; I prefer lamb to any other sort of meat: but I never was fond of it before my illness.

These extraordinary and unheard-of powers of Miss M'Avoy,* were not credited by many people, among whom was a Mr. Joseph Saunders, who published a pamphlet, entitled "Hints to Credulity," which was

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* The following interesting Memoir, so illustrative of the case of Miss M'Avoy, will be read with pleasure; and must entirely remove the doubts of those persons who thought Miss M'Avoy an impostor, because, it was generally believed a similar case was not before known: this most extraordinary paper appeared in *Lloyd's Evening Post, September 6th*, 1757.

"This young lady, was attacked with a confluent kind of the small pox, and was attended by the celebrated Sir Hans Sloane, several threatening symptoms appeared, which, however, were at length overcome, and the patient, being thought out of danger, took several doses of purgative medicines, as are usually administered in the decline of the disease, without any bad consequences.

"But in the evening of the day on which she had taken the last dose that was intended to be given her on that occasion, she was suddenly seized with pain and convulsions in the bowels; the pain and other symptoms became gradually less violent, as the force of the medicine abated, and by such remedies as were thought best adapted to the case, they seemed at length entirely subdued.

"They were, however, subdued only in appearance; for at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of the next day they returned with great violence, and continued some hours: when they went off, they left the muscles of the lower jaw so much relaxed, that it fell down, and the chin was supported on the breast. The strength of the patient was so much exhausted during this paroxysm, that she lay near two hours with no other sign of life than a very feeble respiration, which was often so difficult to be discerned, that those about her concluded she was dead.

"From this time the fits returned periodically every day at about the same hour. At first they seemed to affect her nearly in the same degree, but at length all the symptoms were aggravated, the convulsions became more general, and her arms were sometimes convulsed alternately; it also frequently happened, that the arm which was last convulsed, remained extended and inflexible some hours after the struggles were over. Her neck was often twisted with such violence, that the face looked directly backwards, and the back part of the head was over the breast; the muscles of the countenance were also so contracted and writhed by the spasms, that the features were totally changed, and

ably answered by Dr. Renwick, in his "Continuation of the Narrative of Miss M'Avoy's Case, &c. 8vo. 1820." From this edition, we extract the following interesting additional matter.

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it was impossible to find any resemblance of her natural aspect by which she could be known. Her feet were not less distorted than her head, for they were twisted almost to dislocation at the instep, so that she could not walk but upon her ancles.

"To remove or mitigate these deplorable symptoms many remedies were tried, and, among others, the cold bath; but either by the natural effects of the bath, or by some mismanagement in the bathing, the unhappy patient first became blind, and soon afterwards deaf and dumb. It is not easy to conceive, what would increase the misery of deafness, dumbness, blindness, and frequent paroxysms of excruciating pain; yet a very considerable aggravation was added, for the loss of her sight, her hearing and her speech was followed by such a stricture of the muscles of her throat, that she could not swallow any kind of aliment, either solid or liquid. It might reasonably be supposed, that this circumstance, though it added to the degree of her misery, would have shortened its duration; yet in this condition she continued near three quarters of a year, and during that time was supported in a very uncommon manner, by chewing her food only, which having turned often, and kept long in her mouth, she was obliged at last to spit out. Liquors were likewise gargled about in her mouth for some time, and then returned in the same manner, no part of them having passed the throat by an act of deglutition; so that whatever was conveyed into the stomach, either of the juices, of the solid food, or of the liquids, was either gradually imbibed by the sponginess of the parts, which they moistened, or trickled down in a very small quantity along the sides of the vessels.

"But there were other peculiarities in the case of this lady, yet more extraordinary. During the privation of her sight and hearing, her touch and smell became so exquisite, that she could distinguish the different colours of silk and flowers, and was sensible when any stranger was in the room with her.

"After she became blind, and deaf, and dumb, it was not easy to contrive any method by which a question could be asked her, and an answer received. This, however, was at last effected, by talking with the fingers, at which she was uncommonly ready. But those who conversed with her in this manner, were obliged to express themselves by touching her hand and fingers instead of their own.

"On August 2, 1816, I was induced to call upon Miss M'Avoy with Mr. Thomas, who had told me, she had become very expert in sewing. I found her in the act of sewing, which she appeared to execute with

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"A lady, who was nearly related to her, having an apron on that was embroidered with silk of different colours, asked her, in the manner which has been just described, if she could tell what colour it was? And after applying her fingers attentively to the flowers of the embroidery, she replied, that it was red, and blue and green, which was true; but whether there were any other colours in the apron, the writer of this account does not remember. The same lady having a pink coloured ribbon on her head, and being willing still farther to satisfy her curiosity and her doubts, asked what colour that was? Her cousin, after feeling it some time, answered, that it was a pink colour; this answer was yet more astonishing, because it shewed not only a power of distinguishing different colours, but different kinds of the same colour; the ribbon was not only discovered to be red, but the red was discovered to be of the pale kind, called a pink.

"This unhappy lady, conscious of her own uncommon infirmities, was extremely unwilling to be seen by strangers, and therefore, generally retired to her chamber, where none but those of the family were likely to come. The same relation, who had by the experiment of the apron and ribbon discovered the exquisite sensibility of her touch, was soon after convinced by an accident, that her power of smelling was acute and refined in the same astonishing degree.

"Being one day visiting the family, she went up to her cousin's chamber, and after making herself known, she intreated her to go down, and sit with her among the rest of the family, assuring her, that there was no other person present; to this she at length consented, and went down to the parlour door, but the moment the door was opened, she turned back, and retired again to her chamber much displeased, alledging, that there were strangers in the room, and that an attempt had been made to deceive her. It happened, indeed, that there were strangers in the room, but they had come in while the lady was above stairs; so that she did not know they were there. When she had satisfied her cousin of this particular, she was pacified; and being afterwards asked how she knew there were strangers in the room? she answered by the smell.

"But though she could by this sense distinguish in general between persons with whom she was well acquainted, and strangers, yet she

considerable neatness. She put into my hands a stole, which she had assisted in finishing for the Rev. Edward Glover, her confessor, to whom she was under considerable obligation for his kindness and attention during her

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could not so easily distinguish one of her acquaintance from another, without other assistance. She generally distinguished her friends by feeling their hands; and when they came in, they used to present their hands to her, as a means of making themselves known; the make and warmth of the hand produced in general the differences that she distinguished; but sometimes she used to span the wrist, and measure the fingers. A lady, with whom she was well acquainted, coming in one very hot day, after having walked a mile, presented her hand, as usual; she felt it longer than ordinary, and seemed to doubt whose it was; but after spanning the wrist, and measuring the finger, she said, "It is Mrs. M. but she is warmer to day than ever I felt her before."

"To amuse herself in the mournful and perpetual solitude and darkness to which her disorder had reduced her, she used to work much at her needle; and it is remarkable, that her needle-work was uncommonly neat and exact: among many other pieces of her work that are preserved in the family, is a pincushion, which perhaps can scarce be equalled. She used also sometimes to write, and her writing was yet more extraordinary than her needle-work. It was executed with the same regularity and exactness; the character was very pretty, the lines were all even, and the letters placed at equal distances from each other; but the most astonishing particular of all, with respect to her writing, is, that she could by some means discover when a letter had by mistake been omitted, and would place it over that part of the word where it should have been inserted, with a caret under it. It was her custom to sit up in bed at any hour of the night, either to write or to work, when her pain or any other cause kept her awake.

"These circumstances were so very extraordinary, that it was long doubted whether she had not some faint remains both of hearing and sight, and many experiments were made to ascertain the matter; some of these experiments she accidentally discovered, and the discovery always threw her into violent convulsions. The thought of being suspected of insincerity, or supposed capable of acting so wicked a part as to feign infirmities that were not inflicted, was an addition to her misery which she could not bear, and which never failed to produce an agony of mind not less visible than those of her body. A clergyman, who found her one evening at work by a table with a candle upon it, put his hat between her eyes and the candle, in such a manner that it

illness. She also made several neckerchiefs, and a frock for her little sister, and darned a pair of black silk gloves with great neatness. It appeared from the account of her mother, Mrs. Hughes, that before Miss M'Avoy was able to leave her bed after the first attack, she complained of weariness and anxiety, particularly in the night, which, from not sleeping well, appeared long and dull. Miss M'Avoy requested her mother to give her a needle, that she might try to thread it. The first time she made four attempts before she succeeded in threading it, and the second time she threaded the needle after two trials. She then asked for sewing, and her mother gave her a coarse towel. She was aukward at first, and this aukwardness was much increased by not

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was impossible she could receive any benefit from the light of it if she had not been blind. She continued still at her work, with great tranquillity, till putting up her hand suddenly to rub her forehead, she struck it against the hat, and discovered what was doing; upon which she was thrown into violent convulsions, and was not without difficulty recovered. The family were, by these experiments, and by several accidental circumstances, fully convinced that she was totally deaf and blind, particularly by her sitting unconcerned at her work, during a dreadful storm of thunder and lightning, though she was then facing the window, and always used to be much terrified in such circumstances: But Sir Hans Sloane, her physician, being still doubtful of the truth of facts, which were scarce less than miraculous, he was permitted to satisfy himself by such experiments and observations as he thought proper; the issue of which was, that he pronounced her to be absolutely deaf and dumb.

"She was at length sent to Bath, where she was in some measure relieved, her convulsions being less frequent, and her pains less acute; but she never recovered her speech, her sight, or her hearing in the least degree.

"Many of her letters, dated at Bath, in some of which there are instances of interlineations with a caret, the writer of this narrative hath seen, and they are now in the custody of the widow of one of her brothers, who, with many other persons, can support the facts here related, however wonderful, with such evidence, as it would not only be injustice, but folly to disbelieve."

looking at her work, and her eyes seemed to be wandering in every direction, about the room, but where they ought to be. Her mother desired her to fix her eyes as if she were looking intently at her work. Miss M'Avoy endeavoured to follow this advice, and applied with so much perseverance, that she succeeded not only in this point, but sewed much better than ever she had done before her deprivation of sight. Mr. Thomas and I particularly examined her eyes, exposed to the light of a candle, as near to the eye as possible, without burning her, but without observing the slightest contraction or dilatation of the pupil, or the least sensibility in the eye. I have frequently since this period, thrown my hand suddenly towards her face; have pretended to dash a pointed penknife at the eye; and have often applied the point of the finger in a quiet and steady manner, as near as possible to the pupil, without observing the slightest sensation in the eye. Mr. Thomas assured me he has more than once put his finger upon the cornea itself, which then appeared insensible; but when he touched the eye-lid or eye-lash, she was instantly sensible of it. I have sat a considerable time attending to her sewing, but apparently indifferent about it; and during these visits, I have examined her every action as minutely as possible, and I have been satisfied she could not see. In threading her needle, it sometimes required only one effort, but often three or four, before she was successful. It was curious to observe her when, by accident, the point of the thread was bent: she would try to thread the needle three or four times, and if she did not succeed, would put it into her mouth, and bite off a part, or take her finger and feel whether the thread were straight or not. More than once I have given her the needle with the point upwards, when she accidentally dropped it: she attempted, but finding, after a few trials, that she could not thread it, she would put her finger upon the needle, and feeling the

point, would turn and thread it: once, also, I broke the eye of a needle in drawing the thread hastily out; but was not aware of the circumstance until Miss M'Avoy had made several attempts to thread it; but failing, she felt the eye with her finger, and told me it was broken, which, upon examination, I found to be the case.

"In the general business of the house, she was more active than ever she had been, assisting in making the beds, attending upon her half brothers and sisters, and was cheerful and agreeable in her manners to every body about her, and more particularly to those who visited at the house.

"I shall now give an account of the manner in which it is stated Miss M'Avoy found herself possessed of certain powers of an extraordinary nature, and the relation of which excited the curiosity as well as the criticism of many individuals. It was very early in September 1816, that her stepfather, Mr. Hughes, was reading a few pages in a small book belonging to one of his children, in which a history was given of the life of St. Thomas a Becket, not very favourable to his general character. He mentioned it to his wife and daughter, and said he recollected having read once a very different account in another book. Miss M'Avoy told him she had, before she was taken ill, seen an account of his life in a book entitled the Lives of the Saints, and, if she had the book could point out the place where it was. The book was put into her hands, and, in turning over the leaves, she pointed out the place, passed her fingers over it, and read a few words. In a jocular manner Mrs. Hughes asked her if she could feel the letters with her fingers. She said she felt the words she had read, and would try again if her father would give her a book. A number of a folio bible, of tolerably large print, was given, and she read several verses to the great astonishment of her father and mother. Upon hearing this account, I was induced to visit her again with Mr. Thomas,

and took considerable pains in examining the eyes; but we found little or no alteration in their general appearance, except that the pupil was not quite so dilated as before; but the light of a candle appeared to have no influence upon it. We found her father's account very accurate, and that she really could read by the application of the fingers to the letters, with considerable fluency. As it was probable any other person, who had not the same opportunity of judging of her blindness with Mr. Thomas and me, might think it possible she could see, I thought it right to bind something over the eyes, and I made use of a Manchester cotton shawl, which went twice round the head, crossed the eyes, and was tied at the back of the head, as firmly as she could bear it. I placed in her hand a number of the Bible above mentioned, and she read very correctly one verse of a chapter in Genesis. I then requested to have another book, which happened to be a volume of the Annals of the Church. I opened it, and she read to me several lines, with the alteration in a proper name of only one letter, which, upon being desired to read over again, she corrected. I then turned to a few lines of errata, and she read them correctly, only reading the letter I. as an I and a dot. The mode she follows is to place her fingers upon the letters, to proceed from the beginning to the extremity of the word, and back again until she names it, and so on to the next word. She often makes use of the fingers of both hands, particularly the fore fingers; and when they are in good order, she will read from twenty-five to thirty words in half a minute.

"On the following day I mentioned the circumstance to a friend, who was anxious to see a phenomenon of this kind, and he met me in St. Paul's-square. Miss M'Avoy again read over to us a verse in the Bible, a few lines in the Annals of the Church, and the title-page, mottos, and several lines in a 12mo. edition of Grahame's Sabbath. I placed her fingers upon a blank

leaf and desired her to read. The attempt was made, but she said she could not feel any letters. Her fingers were then placed upon another leaf which she declared was also blank. I then desired her to feel the upper part of the leaf; she did so, and said she felt something, but it was so confused she could not make out what it was. The fact was, a lady's name had been written in the book, and when I took it from my library, I scratched the name out with a pen, so that it was not distinguishable to the eye.

"The persons who have visited her once, are generally known to her again by their manner of walking or breathing, or by the voice. She tells the difference in the size of one person from another who enters the room, if asked to do so. She has read with her hands behind her and under the bed-clothes, or under a sheet of paper, but seldom for any length of time."

Within a few days of her death, she wrote a letter to her executor. She made no stops. She ruled her paper with a knife, and wrote upon the line thus formed, by which means the words were sufficiently separated from each other. It seemed before her illness, she could hardly write at all, and although the writing was not good, it was sufficiently distinguishable to be easily read. Previous to her blindness, it is said, she could scarcely join the letters.

After a long and sad tormenting illness of five years duration, Death put an end to all her miseries, on August 9th, 1820; and on the same day, her body was dissected by Mr. Harrison, one of the demonstrators of Anatomy, &c. to the School of Surgery in Dublin; before Drs. Renwick and Jeffreys, and several surgeons.

Little information was, however, gained by this dissection, so as to enable the medical gentlemen to account for her extraordinary faculties.

JAMES CRICHTON.

This gentleman, was a native of Scotland, who in the course of a short life acquired an uncommon degree of celebrity, and on account of his extraordinary endowments both of mind and body, obtained the appellation of "the admirable Crichton," by which title he has continued to be distinguished to the present day. The time of his birth is said, by the generality of writers, to have been in 1551; but the Earl of Buchan, in a memoir, read to the Society of Antiquaries at Edinburgh, asserts that he was born in the month of August, 1560. His father was Lord Advocate of Scotland in Queen Mary's reign from 1561 to 1573; and his mother, the daughter of Sir James Stuart, was allied to the family which then filled the Scottish throne.

James Crichton is said to have received his grammatical education at Perth, and to have studied philosophy at the university of St. Andrews. His tutor at that university was Mr. John Rutherford, a professor, at that time famous for his learning, and who distinguished himself by writing four books on Aristotle's logic, and a commentary on his poetics. According to Aldus Manutius, who calls Crichton first cousin to the king, he was also instructed, with his majesty, by Buchanan, Hepburn, and Robertson, as well as by Rutherford; and he had scarcely arrived at the twentieth year of his age, when he had gone through the whole circle of the sciences, and could speak and write to perfection in ten different languages. Nor had he neglected the ornamental branches of education; for he had likewise improved himself, to the highest degree, in riding, dancing, and singing, and was a skilful performer on all sorts of instruments.

Possessing these numerous accomplishments, Crichton

went abroad upon his travels, and is said to have first visited Paris. Of his transactions at that place, the following account is given. He caused six placards to be fixed on all the gates of the schools, halls, and colleges of the university, and on all the pillars and posts before the houses belonging to the most renowned literary characters in that city, inviting all those who were well versed in any art or science, to dispute with him in the college of Navarre, that day six weeks, by nine o'clock in the morning, when he would attend them and be ready to answer to whatever should be proposed to him in any art or science, and in any of these twelve languages, Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, Greek, Latin, Spanish, French, Italian, English, Dutch, Flemish, and Sclavonian; and this either in verse or prose, at the discretion of the disputant.

During the whole intermediate time, instead of closely applying to his studies, as might have been expected, he attended to nothing but hunting, hawking, tilting, vaulting, riding, tossing the pike, handling the musket, and other military feats; or else he employed himself in domestic games, such as balls, concerts of music, vocal and instrumental, cards, dice, tennis, and the like diversions of youth. This conduct so provoked the students of the university, that beneath the placard which was fixed on the Navarre gate, they wrote the following words:—"If you would meet with this monster of perfection, the readiest way to find him is to inquire for him at the tavern, or the houses of ill fame."

Nevertheless, when the day appointed arrived, Crichton appeared in the college of Navarre, and acquitted himself beyond expression in the disputation, which lasted from nine o'clock in the morning till six at night. At length the president, after extolling him highly for the many rare and excellent endowments which God and nature had bestowed upon him, rose from his chair, and accompanied by four of the most eminent professors of

the university, gave him a diamond ring and a purse full of gold, as a testimony of their respect and admiration. The whole ended with the repeated acclamations and huzzas of the spectators, and henceforward our young disputant was called "the admirable Crichton." It is added, that so little was he fatigued with his exertions on this occasion, that he went the very next day to the Louvre, where he had a match of tilting, an exercise then in great vogue, and in the presence of a great number of ladies, and of some of the princes of the French court, carried away the rising fifteen times successively.

We find him, about two years after this display of his talents, at Rome, where he affixed a placard in all the conspicuous places of the city, in the following terms: "We, James Crichton, of Scotland, will answer extempore any question that may be proposed." In a city which abounded in wit, this bold challenge could not escape the ridicule of a pasquinade. It is said, however, that being nowise discouraged, he appeared at the time and place appointed; and that, in the presence of the pope, many cardinals, bishops, doctors of divinity, and professors in all the sciences, he exhibited such wonderful proofs of his universal knowledge, that he excited no less surprise than he had done at Paris. Boccalini, however, who was then at Rome, gives a somewhat different account of the matter. According to that writer the pasquinade made such an impression upon him, that he left a place where he had been so grossly affronted, as to be put upon a level with jugglers and mountebanks.

Frome Rome, Crichton proceeded to Venice, where he contracted an intimate friendship with Aldus Manutius, Laurentius Massa, Speron Speronius, Johannes Donatus, and various other learned persons, to whom he presented several poems in commendation of the city and university. At length he was introduced to the doge

and senate, in whose presence he made a speech, which was accompanied with such beauty of eloquence, and such grace of person and manner, that he received the thanks of that illustrious body, and nothing but this prodigy of nature was talked of through the whole city. He likewise held disputations on the subjects of theology, philosophy, and mathematics, before the most eminent professors and large multitudes of people. His reputation was so great, that the desire of seeing and hearing him, brought together a vast concourse of persons from different quarters to Venice. It may be collected from Manutius, that the time in which Crichton gave these demonstrations of his abilities was in the year 1580.

During his residence at Venice he fell into a bad state of health, which continued for the space of four months. Before he was perfectly recovered, he went, by the advice of his friends, to Padua, the university of which was, at that time, in great reputation. The day after his arrival, there was an assembly of all the learned men of the place at the house of Jacobus Aloysius Cornelius, when Crichton opened the meeting with an extempore poem in praise of the city, the university, and the company who had honoured him with their presence. After this, he disputed for six hours with the most celebrated professors on various subjects of learning; and he exposed, in particular, the errors of Aristotle and his commentators, with so much solidity and acuteness, and at the same time with so much modesty, that he excited universal admiration. In conclusion he delivered extempore an oration in praise of ignorance, which was conducted with such ingenuity and elegance, that his hearers were astonished. This exhibition of Crichton's talents was on the 14th of March, 1581.

He soon afterwards appointed a day for another disputation, to be held at the palace of the Bishop of Padua, not for the purpose of affording higher proofs of his abi-

lities, but in compliance with the earnest solicitations of some persons who were not present at the former assembly. According to the account of Manutius, various circumstances occurred which prevented this meeting from taking place; but Imperialis relates that he was informed by his father, who was present on the occasion, that Crichton was opposed by Archangelus Mercenarius, a famous philosopher, and that he acquitted himself so well as to obtain the approbation of a very honourable company, and even of his antagonist himself.

Amidst the high applauses that were bestowed upon the genius and attainments of the young Scotchman, still there were some who endeavoured to detract from his merit. For ever, therefore, to confound these invidious cavillers, he caused a paper to be fixed on the gate of St. John and St. Paul's church, in which he offered to prove before the university, that the errors of Aristotle, and of all his followers, were almost innumerable; and that the latter had failed both in explaining their master's meaning, and in treating on theological subjects. He promised likewise to refute the dreams of certain mathematical professors, to dispute in all the sciences, and to answer to whatever should be proposed to him, or objected against him. All this he engaged to do, either in the common logical way, or by numbers and mathematical figures, or in one hundred sorts of figures, or in one hundred sorts of verses, at the pleasure of his opponents. According to Manutius, Crichton sustained this contest without fatigue for three days; during which time he supported his credit and maintained his propositions with such spirit and energy, that he obtained, from an unusual concourse of people, unbounded praises and acclamations.

From Padua Crichton set out for Mantua, where there happened to be at that time a gladiator who had foiled in his travels the most skilful fencers in Europe, and had lately killed three who had entered the lists with him in

that city. The Duke of Mantua was much grieved at having granted this man his protection, as he found it to be attended with such fatal consequences. Crichton being informed of his concern offered his service to drive the murderer not only from Mantua, but from Italy, and to fight him for 1500 pistoles. Though the duke was unwilling to expose such an accomplished person to so great a hazard; yet relying on the report he had heard of his martial feats, he agreed to the proposal, and the time and place being appointed, the whole court attended to behold the performance. At the beginning of the combat, Crichton stood only upon his defence; while the Italian made his attack with such eagerness and fury, that he began to be fatigued. Crichton now seized the opportunity of attacking his antagonist in return, which he did with so much dexterity and vigour, that he ran him through the body in three different places, so that he immediately died of the wounds. On this occasion the acclamations of the spectators were loud and extraordinary; and it was acknowledged by all of them, that they had never seen art grace nature, or nature second the precepts of art, in so striking a manner as on that day. To crown the glory of the action, Crichton bestowed the prize of his victory on the widows of the three persons who had lost their lives in fighting with his antagonist.

It is asserted, that in consequence of this and his other wonderful performances, the Duke of Mantua made choice of him as preceptor to his son Vincentio de Gonzaga, who is represented as being of a riotous temper and a dissolute life. The appointment was highly pleasing to the court. We are told that Crichton, to testify his gratitude to his friends and benefactors, and to contribute to their diversion, composed a comedy, in which he exposed and ridiculed all the weak and faulty sides of the various employments in which men are engaged. This was regarded as one of the most ingenious satires

that ever was made upon mankind. But the most astonishing part of the story is, that Crichton sustained fifteen characters in the representation of his own play. Among the rest, he acted the divine, the lawyer, the mathematician, the soldier, and the physician, with such inimitable grace, that every time he appeared upon the theatre he seemed to be a different person.

From being the principal actor in a comedy, Crichton soon became the subject of a dreadful tragedy. One night, during the carnival, as he was walking through the streets of Mantua, and playing upon his guitar, he was attacked by half a dozen of people in masks. The assailants found that they had no ordinary person to deal with, for they were not able to maintain their ground against him. Having at length disarmed the leader of the company, the latter pulled off his mask, and begged his life, telling him that he was the prince, his pupil. Crichton immediately fell upon his knees, and expressed his concern for his mistake; alledging that what he had done was only in his own defence, and that if Gonzaga had any design upon his life, he might always be master of it. Then taking his sword by the point, he presented it to the prince, who was so irritated at being foiled with all his attendants, that he instantly ran Crichton through the heart.

Various have been the conjectures concerning the motives which could induce Vincentio de Gonzaga to be guilty of so brutal and ungenerous an action. Some have ascribed it to jealousy, asserting that he suspected Crichton to be more in favour than himself with a lady whom he passionately loved; while others, with greater probability, represent the whole transaction as the result of a drunken frolic: and it is uncertain, according to Imperialis, whether the meeting of the prince and Crichton was by accident or design. It is, however, agreed by all, that Crichton lost his life in this rencounter. The time of his decease is said by the

generality of his biographers to have been in the beginning of July 1583, but Lord Buchan fixes it in the same month of the preceding year. The common accounts declare that he was killed in the 32d year of his age, but Imperialis asserts that he was only in his 22d year, at the period of that tragical event, and this fact is confirmed by the nobleman just mentioned.

Crichton's tragical end excited a very great and general lamentation. If Sir Thomas Urquhart is to be credited, the whole court of Mantua went into mourning for him three quarters of a year; the epitaphs and elegies composed upon his death, would exceed, if collected, the bulk of Homer's works; and for a long time afterwards, his picture was to be seen in most of the bed-chambers and galleries of the Italian nobility, representing him on horseback with a lance in one hand and a book in the other. The same author tells us that Crichton gained the esteem of kings and princes by his magnanimity and knowledge; of noblemen and gentlemen by his courtliness, breeding and wit; of the rich by his affability and good company; of the poor by his munificence and liberality; of the old by his constancy and wisdom; of the young by his mirth and gallantry; of the learned by his universal knowledge; of the soldiers by his undaunted valour and courage; of the merchants and dealers, by his upright dealing and honesty; and of the fair sex by his beauty, in which respect he was a master-piece of nature.

Such are the accounts of the admirable Crichton which have been given by a succession of writers. They are indeed so wonderful that many have been disposed to consider them in a great measure, if not altogether fabulous; and the arguments to this effect adduced by Dr. Kippis in the Biographia Britannica seem to have considerable weight. That writer questions, and apparently on very just grounds, the authority of those by whom those accounts were first circulated, and redu-

ces the pretensions of Crichton within a much narrower compass. "What then," he asks, "is the opinion which on the whole we are to form of the admirable Crichton? It is evident that he was a youth of such lively parts as excited great present admiration and high expectations with regard to his future attainments. He appears to have had a fine person, to have been adroit in his bodily exercises, to have possessed a peculiar facility in learning languages, to have enjoyed a remarkably quick and retentive memory, and to have excelled in a power of declamation, a fluency of speech, and a readiness of reply. His knowledge, likewise, was probably, very uncommon for his years; and this, in conjunction with his other qualities, enabled him to shine in public disputation. But whether his knowledge and learning were accurate, or profound, may justly be questioned, and it may equally be doubted whether he would have risen to any extraordinary degree of eminence in the literary world. It will always be reflected upon with regret, that his early and untimely death prevented this matter from being brought to the test of experiment."

DIOGENES.

DIOGENES, a celebrated cynic philosopher, born at Sinope, a city of Pantus, in the third year of the ninety-first Olympiad, or 414 years before Christ. His father, who was a banker, having been guilty of coining false money, was either exiled or obliged to fly from his native place, and was accompanied by his son, who was involved in his disgrace, if not in his criminality. Arriving at Athens, Diogenes determined to devote himself to the study of philosophy, and wished to place himself under the tuition of Antisthenes, the founder of the cynic sect. When he applied to that philosoper to be

received into the number of his disciples, his appearance was so forbidding, that he was repulsed with harshness, and even threatened to be driven away from his school by blows. "Beat me," said he, "as you please, I will submit to the strokes of the hardest cudgel, if I may be allowed to benefit by your instructions." Antisthenes was prevailed upon to admit him among his pupils, and afterwards entered into the strictest friendship with him. Diogenes entered thoroughly into the views, and imitated the manners, of his master, but with a still greater degree of rigour and austerity. He practised the most hardy self-control, and most rigid abstinence; exposed himself to the utmost extremes of heat and cold, and lived upon the simplest diet; and exhibited a degree of contempt not only for the luxuries, but also for the conveniences, of life, that subjected him to ridicule and indignity, and justifies the remark of Bayle, that he "was one of those extraordinary men who are upon the extremes in every thing, not excepting reason, and who verify this maxim, that there is no great wit without a mixture of folly." He wore a coarse cloak, carried a wallet and a staff, frequently made the porticoes, and other public places, his habitation, and often depended for subsistence on charitable donations.

It is reported by some of his biographers, that having once desired a friend to prepare a small apartment for him, and not finding it ready as speedily as he wished, he took up his abode in a tub that was in the temple of the mother of the gods. And they add, that he afterwards affected, in the different places wherein he resided, to attract public notice by confining himself to such a kind of dwelling. Several circumstances in his life, however, and the total omission of that anecdote by some of the most respectable ancient writers, leave us reason to suspect that it deserves to be classed among the tales which have been invented to expose the sect of the cynics to ridicule. To such an origin are we dis-

posed to ascribe some other stories preserved in Athenæus and Diogenes Laertius, which accuse this philosopher of practising, in an open and scandalous manner, the most filthy actions, and some of the grossest indecencies. The truth of such stories is utterly irreconcileable with the high respect in which he was unquestionably held by his contemporaries, and the honours which, after his death, they vied with each other in conferring on his memory. The great object of his profession was to expose the prevalent vices and follies of the times, and to inculcate pure morals, and honourable sentiments. In his discourses, for these purposes, at the public assemblies, or on particular occasions, and in his addresses to, or conversation with, individuals, Diogenes discovered a bold and independent spirit, an intimate knowledge of mankind, an ardent zeal for the true interests of virtue, and a degree of learning, ingenuity, and wit, that commanded the admiration even of those who were the subjects of his censure. But he distinguished himself by such a ruggedness of manners, such an avowed contempt of other philosophers, and such a neglect of civility and decorum towards magistrates and other public men, as lay him open to the charge of indulging an unworthy spirit of philosophical pride.

When Diogenes was far advanced in life, he had occasion to visit the island of Ægina. On his passage thither he was captured by pirates, who carried him into Crete, and exposed him to sale in the public market. He was purchased by a wealthy Corinthian citizen, called Xeniades, who was struck with the singularity of the reply which he made to the public crier when he asked him what he could do: "I can govern men," said he, "therefore sell me to one who wants a master." By Xeniades he was taken to Corinth, where he soon acquired his esteem and confidence, and was intrusted with the education of his sons, and the management of his domestic affairs. During this period of his life,

Diogenes frequently attended at the Craneum, a place of exercise at Corinth, and at other assemblies of the people, where he appeared in the character of a public censor, and still acquired celebrity by his bold and spirited reproofs of vice and folly, and the lessons of moderation and virtue which he inculcated. It was probably at the Craneum that the celebrated interview between him and Alexander the Great took place. Surrounded by attendants, the prince approached him and said, "I am Alexander the king." "And I," replied the uncourteous philosopher, "am Diogenes the cynic." Alexander, desirous to convince him of the respect which he entertained for his character, asked him if there was any service which he could render him. "Yes," said Diogenes, "not to stand between me and the sun." While the attendants of the king were ridiculing the cynic for the rudeness of his answer, Alexander was pleased with the independence of mind which it breathed, and remarked to them, "If I were not Alexander, I would be Diogenes;" intimating, that next to the spirit which prompted the soul to the acquisition of wealth, power, and glory, he admired the philosophical magnanimity which could despise them. Of the time and manner of the death of Diogenes, the accounts transmitted to us are various and uncertain. Most probably he died at Corinth, of a decay of nature, when advanced to at least the ninety-second year of his age.

Some say, he died of an overflowing of the gall, occasioned by his eating a neat's foot raw; others, that he suffocated himself by holding his breath; others, that he died of the bite of a dog; others, that he threw himself down a precipice; others, that he strangled himself. The last opinion is reported by Jerom as the true one: and it is curious to observe what Jerom has observed upon it: "His death," says the father, "is a testimony of his temperance and virtue: for, as he was going to the Olympic games, a fever seized him in the way;

upon which he lay down under a tree, and refused the assistance of those who accompanied him, and who offered him either a horse or a chariot. 'Go you to the games,' says he, 'and leave me to contend with my illness. If I conquer, I will follow you: if I am conquered, I shall go to the shades below.' He dispatched himself that very night, saying, that he did not so properly die, as get rid of his fever." As to the time of his death, some have said, that he died in the 113th Olympiad, upon the same day with Alexander the Great: but it must have been somewhat later, otherwise he could not, as Laertius relates, have been sent for by Perdiccas, and threatened with death, if he did not come; nor could Craterus have desired a visit from him. He showed a strange indifference about being buried; and Tully has given us, in his Tusculan Questions, part of a conversation he was supposed to have had with his friends upon this subject. Upon his ordering himself to be thrown out unburied, "what!" said his friends, "to the birds and beasts?" "No," replied he, "lay my stick by me, that I may drive them off." "How will you be able?" said they, "for you will have no sense." "Why then," returned he, "what signifies the being torn by beasts, to a man who perceives nothing of the matter?" No regard however was had to this indifference of Diogenes; for he had an honourable funeral. He was interred near the gate of the Isthmus; and his tomb was adorned with a column, on which was placed a dog of marble. The inhabitants of Sinope erected also statues of brass to the honour of this philosopher, their countryman.

Diogenes had some illustrious disciples, and wrote several books. What his religion was, or whether or no he had any, may well be disputed: but it is allowed, that his moral precepts were, many of them, very good. He preached against luxury, avarice, ambition, and the spirit of revenge, with all possible strength. He showed

the vanity of human occupations, from this reason principally, that we neglect to regulate our internal faculties and passions, while we spend all our time upon things external.

Seneca is never tired with praising him; and, having called him a man of a great soul, he says, that, "if any one doubts of the happiness of Diogenes, he may call in question the state and blessedness of the immortal Gods." St. Chrysostom proposes him as a pattern of many religious virtues, against those who despised a monastic life: and St. Jerom, in the place above referred to, speaks very honourably of him, and terms him greater and more powerful than Alexander.

His manner, for it was his, of confuting the philosopher who denied the existence of motion, has been much admired: it was by rising from his seat and walking.

Some persons have charged this philosopher with drunkenness; but certainly most injuriously. Far from being a drinker, he thought it strange, that they who are thirsty do not drink at the first spring they meet with, instead of hunting after choice wines: he thought them more unreasonable than brutes: and for his own part, he desired no other liquors to quench his thirst, than what nature provided for him in a river. Diogenes had a great presence of mind, as appears from his smart sayings, and quick repartees; and Plato is thought to have passed no ill judgment upon him, when he called him a mad Socrates.

Of the principal of his moral doctrines the following is a summary:—Virtue of mind, as well as strength of body, is chiefly to be acquired by exercise and habit. Nothing can be accomplished without labour, and every thing may be accomplished with it. Even the contempt of pleasure may, by the force of habit, become pleasant. All things belong to wise men, to whom the gods are friends. The ranks of society originate in the vices

and follies of mankind, and are therefore to be despised. Laws are necessary in a civilized state; but the happiest condition of human life is that which approaches the nearest to a state of nature, in which all are equal, and virtue the only ground of distinction. It is the height of folly to teach virtue and to commend it, and yet to neglect the practice of it. The end of philosophy is to subdue the passions, and prepare men for every condition of life. From among the numerous anecdotes which are related concerning Diogenes, and the apophthegms which are attributed to him, we shall select the following. Being deserted by a slave whom he had brought from Sinope, and advised by his friend to make inquiry after him, he said, "Would it not be truly ridiculous if Menades could live without Diogenes, and if Diogenes could not live without Menades?" Perceiving one day a boy drinking water out of the hollow of his hand, he threw away a wooden cup, which he had been accustomed to carry in his wallet, saying, that he would have no superfluities about him. To some friends who advised him, in his old age, to take his ease, and indulge himself, he said "What! would you have me quit the race, when I have almost reached the goal?" In the presence of some of Plato's friends, Diogenes trod on his robe, saying, "I trample under foot the pride of Plato." "Yes" said Plato, "with greater pride of your own." Plato having defined man to be a two-legged animal without feathers, Diogenes plucked a cock entirely bare, and, turning him into the academy, said, "Behold Plato's man!" Being asked in what part of Greece he had seen good men, he answered, "No-where; at Sparta I have seen good boys." A profligate fellow having written over the door of his house, Let nothing evil enter here: "Which way, then," said he, "must the master go in?" Observing a young man blush: "Take courage," said he, "that is the colour of virtue." In reply to one who asked him at what time he ought to

dine, he said, "If you are a rich man, when you will; if you are poor, when you can." "How happy," said some one, "is Calisthenes in living with Alexander?" "No," said Diogenes, "he is not happy; for he must dine and sup when Alexander pleases." To one who reviled him he said, "No one will believe you when you speak ill of me, any more than they would me, if I were to speak well of you." Seeing the son of a common prostitute throwing stones amongst a crowd, "Take care," said he, "that you do not hurt your father." Hearing one of his friends lament that he should not die in his own country, he said, "Be not uneasy; from every place there is a passage to the regions below." To one who asked him how he might take the greatest revenge upon his enemy, he answered, "By being good and virtuous yourself, that he may have nothing to say against you!"

THOMAS PARR.

In the year 1635, John Taylor, commonly called the Water Poet, published a pamphlet, intituled, "The Olde, Olde, Very Olde Man: or, The Age, and Long Life of Thomas Parr, the Sonne of John Parr, of Winnington, in the Parish of Alderbury, in the County of Salopp (or Shropshire) who was born in the reign of King Edward the IVth. and is now living in the Strand, being aged 152 years and odd monthes. His manner of life and conversation in so long a pilgrimage; his marriages, and his bringing up to London about the end of September last, 1635."

From this scarce book, which is almost the only work of authenticity that contains any particulars concerning the venerable subject of this article, we shall present the reader with a few extracts.

Engraved by R. Page.

THOMAS PARR.

Who died at the Age of 152 Years.

Published by J. Robins & Co. Albion Press London, May 1, 1821.

" The Right Hon. Thomas Earl of Arundell and Surrey, Earl Marshall of England, &c. being lately in Shropshire to visit some lands and manors, which his lordship holds in that county; or, for some other occasions of importance, the report of this aged man was certified to his honour; who hearing of so remarkable a piece of antiquity, his lordship was pleased to see him, and in his innate noble and Christian piety, he took him into his charitable tuition and protection; commanding a litter and two horses, (for the more easy carriage of a man so enfeebled and worn with age) to be provided for him; also, that a daughter-in-law of his (named Lucye) should likewise attend him, and have a horse for her owne riding with him; and to cheere up the olde man, and make him merry; there was an antique faced fellow, called Jacke, or John the Foole, with a high and mighty no beard, that had also a horse for his carriage. These all were to be brought out of the country to London, by easie journeys, the charges being allowed by his lordship: and likewise one of his honour's own servants, named Brian Kelly, to ride on horseback with them, and to attend and defray all manner of reckonings and expenses; all which was done accordingly as followeth.

" Winnington is a hamlet in the parish of Alderbury, near a place called the Welsh Poole, eight miles from Shrewsbury; from whence he was carried to Wim, a towne of the earle's aforesaid; and the next day to Sheffnal, a (mannour house of his lordship's) where they likewise staied one night; from Sheffnal they came to Woolverhampton, and the next day to Brimicham, from thence to Coventry, and although Master Kelley had much to do, to keepe the people off they pressed upon him, in all places where he came, yet at Coventry he was most opprest: for they came in such multitudes to see the olde man, that those who defended him were almost quite tyred and spent, and the aged man in

danger to have been stifeled; and in a word, the rabble were so unruly, that Bryan was in doubt he should bring his charge no further; (so greedy are the vulgar to hearken to, or gaze after novelties.)

"The trouble being over, the next day they passed to Daventry, to Stony-stratford, to Redburn, and so to London, where he is well entertained and accommodated with all things, having all the aforesaid attendants at the sole charge and cost of his lordship."

The above-mentioned writer then proceeds to inform us, in verse, that "John Parr, (a man that lived by husbandry)

> "Begot this Thomas Parr, and born was hee
> The yeare of fourteen hundred, eighty three.
> And as his father's living and his trade,
> Was plough and cart, scithe, sickle, bill, and spade;
> The harrow, mattock, flayle, rake, fork, and goad.
> And whip, and how to load and to unload:
> Old Tom hath shew'd himself the son of John,
> And from his father's function has not gone."

He then continues:—

> "Tom Parr hath liv'd, as by record appeares,
> Nine monthes, one hundred fifty and two yeares.
> For by records, and true certificate,
> From Shropshire late, relations doth relate,
> That hee lived seventeen yeares with John his father,
> And eighteen with a master, which I gather
> To be full thirty-five; his sire's decease
> Left him four yeares possession of a lease;
> Which past, Lewis Porter gentleman, did then
> For twenty-one yeares grant his lease agen;
> That lease expir'd, the son of Lewis, called John,
> Let him the like lease, and that time being gone,
> Then Hugh, the son of John, (last nam'd before)
> For one and twenty years, sold one lease more.
> And lastly, he hath held from John, Hugh's son,
> A lease for's life these fifty years outrun;
> And till olde Thomas Parr, to earth againe
> Returnè, the last lease must his own remaine."

John Taylor then relates the following curious anecdote of Olde Parr's craft in endeavouring to over-reach his landlord.

"His three leases of sixty-three yeares being expired, he took his last lease of his landlord, (one Master John Porter) for his life, with which lease hee hath lived more than fifty yeares; but this olde man would (for his wife's sake) renew his lease for yeares, which his landlord would not consent unto; wherefore old Parr, (having beene long blind) sitting in his chair by the fire, his wife look'd out of the window, and perceiv'd Master Edward Porter, son of his landlord, to come towards their house, which she told her husband; saying, "husband, our young landlord is coming hither." "Is he so?" said old Parr, "I prithee wife lay a pin on the ground neere my foot, or at my right toe," which she did, and when Master Porter, (yet forty yeares old) was come into the house, after salutations between them, the olde man said, "wife, is not that a pin which lyes at my foot?" "Truly husband," quoth she, "it is a pin indeede," so she took up the pin, and Master Porter was half in a maze that the olde man had recovered his sight again; but it was quickly found to be a witty conceit, thereby to have them suppose him to be more lively than hee was, because he hop'd to have his lease renew'd for his wife's sake, as aforesaid."

With respect to his matrimonial connexions, Taylor says:

"A tedious time a batchelour he tarried,
Full eightie years of age before he married:
His continence to question I'll not call,
Man's fraitie's weak, and oft to slip and fall.
No doubt but hee in fourscore years doth find,
In Salop's countie, females fair and kind:
But what have I to do with that; let passe,
At the age aforesaid he first married was
To Jane, John Taylor's daughter; and 'tis said,
The shee, (before hee had her) was a mayd.

With her hee liv'd yeares three times ten and two,
An then she dy'd (as all good wives will doe.)
Shee dead, hee ten yeares did a widower stay,
Then once more ventured in the wedlock way:
And in affection to his first wife Jane,
He tooke another of that name againe:
(With whom he now doth live) she was a widow
To one nam'd Anthony (and surnam'd Adda)
She was (as by report it doth appeare)
Of Gillsett's parish, in Montgom'ry-shiere,
The daughter of John Floyde (corruptly Flood)
Of ancient house, and gentle Cambrian blood."

Of Thomas Par's issue, the same writer says, in plain prose, "Hee hath had two children by his first wife, a son, and a daughter; the boyes name was John, and lived but ten weekes, the girle was named Joan, and she lived but three weekes."

A story of an intrigue for which Old Thomas was chastised by the church, is thus versified by Taylor:—

" ——————————In's first wife's time,
Hee frayly, foully, fell into a crime,
Which richer, poorer, older men, and younger,
More base, more noble, weaker men, and stronger
Have falne into,——————————
For from the emp'rour to the russet clown,
All states, each sex, from cottage to the crowne,
Have in all ages since the first creation,
Bin foyl'd, and overthrown with love's temptation:
So was Old Thomas, for he chanc'd to spy
A beauty, and love enter'd at his eye;
Whose pow'rfull motion drew on sweet consent,
Consent drew action; action drew content;
But when the period of those joys were past,
Those sweet delights were sourly sauc'd at last.
Faire Katharin Milton was this beauty bright,
(Faire like an angell, but in weight too light)
Whose fervent feature did inflame so far,
The ardent fervor of old Thomas Parr,
That for lawes satisfaction, 'was thought meet,
He should be purg'd, by standing in a sheet;

Which aged (he) one hundred and five yeare,
In Alberbury's parish church did weare.
Should all that so offend such pennaunce doe,
Oh, what a price would linen rise unto:
All would be turn'd to sheets; our shirts and smocks,
Our table linen, very porters frocks
Would hardly scape transforming."

The Reverend Mr. Granger, in his Biographical History of England, says, that "At an hundred and twenty he married Catharine Milton, his second wife, whom he got with child; and was, after that æra of his life, employed in threshing, and other husbandry work. When he was about an hundred and fifty two years of age, he was brought up to London, by Thomas, Earl of Arundel, and carried to court. The king (Charles I.) said to him, 'you have lived longer than other men, what have you done more than other men?' He replied, 'I did penance when I was an hundred years old.'"

The concluding scene of Old Parr's life is thus described by Taylor:—

"————His limbs their strength have left,
His teeth all gone (but one) his sight bereft.
His sinews shrunk, his blood most chill and cold,
Small solace, imperfections manifold:
Yet still his spirits possesse his mortall trunk,
Nor are his senses in his ruines shrunk;
But that his hearing's quicke, his stomacke good,
Hee'll feed well, sleep well, well digest his food.
Hee will speak heartily, laugh and be merry;
Drink ale, and now and then a cup of cherry;
Loves company, and understanding talke,
And on both sides held up, will sometimes walk,
And, though old age his face with wrinkles fill,
Hee hath ben handsome, and is comely still;
Well fac'd; and though his beard not oft corrected,
Yet neate it grows, not like a beard neglected."

According to Taylor he appears to have laboured hard, and to have lived on coarse fare, for the water poet says:

" Good wholesome labour was his exercise,
Down with the lamb, and with the lark would rise;
In mire and toiling sweat he spent the day,
And to his team he whistled time away:
The cock his night-clock, and till day was done,
His watch and chief sun-dial was the sun.
He was of old Pythagoras' opinion,
That green cheese was most wholesome with an onion;
Coarse meslin bred, and for his daily swig,
Milk, butter-milk, and water, whey and whig:
Sometimes metheglin, and by fortune happy,
He sometimes sipp'd a cup of ale most nappy,
Cyder or perry, when he did repair
T' a Whitson ale, wake, wedding, or a fair;
Or when in Christmas-time he was a guest
At his good landlord's house amongst the rest:
Else he had little leisure-time to waste,
Or at the ale-house huff-cap ale to taste;
His physic was good butter, which the soil
Of Salop yields, more sweet than candy oil;
And garlick he esteem'd above the rate
Of Venice treacle, or best mithridate.
He entertain'd no gout, no ache he felt,
The air was good and temperate where he dwelt;
While mavisses and sweet-tongued nightingales
Did chant him roundelays and madrigals.
Thus living within bounds of nature's laws,
Of his long lasting life may be some cause."

Thomas Parr seems to have been a man of very different constitution from the rest of mankind, for the same writer thus describes him :—

" From head to heel, his body hath all over
A quick-set, thick-set, nat'rall hairy cover."

John Taylor concludes his account of this wonderful old man, by saying, " that it appeares hee hath out-lived the most part of the people near there (meaning Alderbury) three times over."

Old Parr did not long survive his removal to the metropolis, where he died on the 15th of November, 1635,

and was buried in Westminster-abbey. It is conceived that the change of air and diet, together with the trouble of numerous visiters, must have accelerated his death.

His body was dissected by Dr. Harvey, and proved to be very fleshy; his heart and kidneys were remarkably stout and fat, as was his body altogether.

The portrait which accompanies this account is from a likeness taken by the celebrated Rubens, who saw Parr when he was above 140 years of age, and painted him.

CHARLES PRICE.

The depredations of artful and designing men upon the credulity of the honest and industrious, have sometimes been carried to such a pitch, as almost to exceed the conceptions of the most acute and discerning; and few men can have practised with more success for a time, the grossest impositions on society than the subject of our present memoir; selected as it is, with a view to exhibit man under the several forms in which he actually presents himself to public notice, varying and accommodating himself to the circumstances in which he may be placed; he is scarcely ever the same for any long period of duration. Characters, however, there are to be found in the community who add to these traits of variation by their dissimulation and hypocrisy. Such an one was Charles Price, who on account of this circumstance attained to a singular celebrity.

In selecting the life of this extraordinary impostor, we may learn the progress of iniquity, teach the rising generation to guard against its first approaches, and warn our readers against those depredations which are daily infesting society. Such examples of depravity are indeed humiliating to our natures, but at the same time

they hold forth instructive lessons, and consequently are well deserving of our serious contemplation.

Charles Price was born about the year 1730; his father lived in Monmouth-street, and carried on the business of a dealer in old clothes; here he died in the year 1750, of a broken heart, occasioned (as it is said) by the bad conduct of his children.

Charles began early to manifest those traits of duplicity for which he afterwards became so greatly distinguished; one remarkable instance deserves to be mentioned as an example of juvenile hypocrisy scarcely to be paralleled. He ripped off some gold lace from a suit of old clothes which his father had bought, and putting on his elder brother's coat, went to sell it to a Jew. The Jew became a purchaser, and in the way of trade most unfortunately afterwards offered it to the father for sale. He instantly knew it, and insisted on the Jew's informing him from whom he received it. The boys coming in at the time, and the Jew recollecting the coat of the elder, immediately declared he was the person from whom he purchased it; in consequence of which he was directly seized and severely flogged, notwithstanding his protestations of innocence; the father was inflexible, while the conscious depredator, with an abominable relish for hypocrisy, witnessed the suffering of his brother, and inwardly rejoiced in the castigation.

By a continued series of tricks and knaveries, practised under the eye of the father, he at length grew tired of his son, and placed him with a hosier in St. James's-street. Here he continued but for a short time, indulging in all the vagaries of his prolific imagination, and exercising himself in all the arts and deceptions of which he eventually made himself master. He robbed his father of an elegant suit of clothes, in which having dressed himself he went in that disguise to the hosier, and bought about ten pounds worth of the most fashion-

able and expensive silk stockings, desiring them to be sent home for him in an hour, and assuming the name of Henry Bolingbroke, Esq. The cheat was successful, for his master did not know him; but this was not enough, for in about half an hour after he appeared in the shop in his usual dress, and was desired to take the goods home, which he actually pretended to do; thus both his father and master were robbed. He was, however, soon discovered and dismissed. From this period we shall have to consider him at large in society, where he continued to practice the most outrageous acts of duplicity for many years.

Soon after this he set off for Holland, under the name of Johnson. Forging a recommendation to a Dutch merchant he became his clerk, debauched his daughter, and was offered her hand in marriage;—robbed his master, and returned to England. Upon his arrival, he contrived to get himself engaged in his Majesty's small beer brewery near Gosport. In this situation he conducted himself so well as to gain the confidence of his employer; and was upon the point of forming a matrimonial connexion with his daughter. This match, however, was prevented by an accidental discovery: the Jew, to whom he had formerly sold the gold lace, happened to reside at Portsmouth, and by his means the character of Price was soon disclosed; his schemes frustrated, and he was again thrown upon the world.

His wits, however, were not exhausted, nor did they ever slumber long, though always employed for some deceptive end. He determined upon a trial to establish a new brewery, by obtaining a partner with money, and as a first step towards it, in the year 1775, he issued the following curious advertisement:—

Wanted.

"A partner of character, probity, and extensive acquaintance, upon a plan permanent and productive. Fifty per cent. without risk, may be obtained. It is not necessary he should have any knowledge of

the business, which the advertiser possesses in its fullest extent; but he must possess a capital of between five hundred and one thousand pounds to purchase materials, with which, to the knowledge of the advertiser, a large fortune must be made in a very short time. Address to P. C., Cardigan-head, Charing-cross.

"P. S. None but principals, and those of liberal ideas, will be treated with."

By means of this advertisement, the famous Comedian Samuel Foote, was brought into the sphere of our hero's depredation. Eager to seize what he conceived to be a golden opportunity, he was induced to advance 500*l.* for a brewery. This sum did not last long; and instead of the rapid fortune which the advertiser appeared so certain of, Foote was glad to disengage himself from the concern with the loss of his capital, and retired wrung with the anguish of disappointment. Notwithstanding which, Price had the impudence not long afterwards to apply to him again, under the idea of getting him to embark in the baking trade; the witty comedian, however, by this time knew his *Price*, and archly replied, "As you have *brewed*, so you may bake; but I'll be cursed if ever you *bake* as you have *brewed*."

Price, after this unfortunate business, assumed a new character and appeared as a methodist preacher, in which disguise he defrauded several persons of large sums of money. He issued advertisements, offering to procure gentlemen wives, and swindled a person of the name of Wigmore of fifty guineas; this turned out more serious than he expected, for Mr. Wigmore brought an indictment against him, but he found means to refund a part of the money, and effected his escape. These and other fraudulent means were long the objects of his ambition, though they were all the certain roads to infamy.

Still undismayed in his career, he had the astonishing impudence to set up again as a brewer, in Gray's Inn-lane; here, however, after committing a variety of

frauds, he became a bankrupt in the year 1776. With ingenuity ever fruitful, he now set out for Germany, and engaged in a smuggling scheme, for which he was thrown into a prison in Holland, after realizing 300*l.* From this confinement he had address enough, by an artful defence, to extricate himself, and immediately returned to his native country. Here he again engaged himself in a sham brewery at Lambeth, were he was married; still continuing his depredations, till at length he found it necessary to decamp;—he actually went to Copenhagen. After some time he came back to England, where he was doomed to close his days.

His brewing attempts having all failed, he was obliged to study some new mode of plundering society, and under the pretence of charity he obtained money, for which he was imprisoned, and having obtained liberation, he, in the character of a clergyman, succeeded in various depredations which eventually brought him to the King's Bench, from the walls of which he had dexterity enough to extricate himself.

His next scheme was to try his success among the schemers in the Lottery, and made his efforts answer his purpose for a time; but absconding with a ticket of very considerable value, his attempts in this way were brought to a termination; indeed, his arts and his tricks were so various, that to recount them all, would extend our memoir of him beyond the limits of a publication of this kind: Alas! for human depravity.

We are now arrived at that period of our hero's life, when, by connecting himself with the Bank of England, he immortalized himself, by recording his name on the lists of notoriety, as one of the most artful, and for a time the most successful of impostors; but the result was as might be expected, the loss of his life, after practising a series of the most iniquitous devices that were ever brought to play upon mankind.

In the year 1780, memorable for the riots in London,

he assumed the name of Brant, and engaged a plain, simple, honest fellow as a servant, whom he converted into the instrument of passing his forged notes, without detection. He advertised for this servant, and conducted himself in a manner truly curious towards him. Of the advertisement he heard nothing for about a week. One evening, however, just about dusk, a coachman was heard inquiring for the man who had answered the advertisement, saying, there was a gentleman over the way in a coach who wanted to speak to him. On this, the young fellow was called and went to the coach, where he was desired to step in ; there he found an apparently old man affecting the foreigner, seemingly very much afflicted with the gout, as he was completely wrapped up in flannel about the legs, and wore a camblet surtout, buttoned over his chin close up to his mouth; a large black patch over his left eye, and almost every part of his face so hid, that the young fellow could scarcely discover a feature, except his nose, his right eye, and a part of that cheek. The better to carry on this deception, Price took care to place the young man on his left side, on which the patch was, so that the old gentleman could take a look askaunce at the young fellow with his right eye, and by that means discover only a portion of his face. In this disguise he appeared to be between sixty and seventy years of age, and when this man whom he engaged saw him afterwards not much under six feet high, his surprise and astonishment were so great, that he could scarcely believe his own senses; and in addition to the deceptive dress in which he has been described, he sometimes wore boots or shoes with heels very little less than three inches high, and appeared so buttoned up and straitened, as to look quite lank. While we are thus remarking upon the expedients to which he resorted, the better to effect his diabolical purposes, it may not be ill-timed, to those who did not know him, to give a true description of his per-

son: he was in reality about five feet six inches high, a compact neat made man, square shouldered, inclined to corpulency, his legs were firm and well set, but by nature his features gave him a look of more age than really belonged to him, which, at the time we are describing him, was near upon fifty; his nose was aquiline, and his eyes small and grey, his mouth stood very much inward, with very thin lips, his chin pointed and prominent, with a pale complexion; but what favoured in the greatest degree his disguise of speech, was the loss of his teeth. His walk was exceedingly upright, and his manner active; in a word, he was something above what the world in general would term a *dapper made man*.

The honest simplicity of the young man whom he had thus duped into his service was such, that Price found no difficulty whatever, in negociating through his hands his forged bills, which were principally disposed of in the purchasing of lottery tickets and shares, at the same time taking care never fully to disclose to poor Samuel his real name, person, or history; and it must be confessed his plan was devised and executed with the utmost skill and ability. Samuel, who continued for some time the innocent and unsuspecting instrument of these nefarious practices, after passing bills to the amount of 1400*l.* was detected and taken into custody. Upon learning this, Price retired with his booty into the shades of the deepest obscurity, leaving poor Sam, who was terrified out of his wits at a contemplation of the consequences that might ensue from being an accomplice in such complicated villany, to suffer near a twelve month's imprisonment.

Price with a purse well lined, having sought refuge in some lone place of retirement, was heard nothing of, till the year 1782, when, having, in all probability, exhausted his former acquisitions, he again sallied forth in search of new game with the most unparalleled audacity;

and as a first step to the accomplishment of his purpose, he engaged a smart active lad of the name of Power, from a Register Office. The father of this lad was a Scots Presbyterian, and to ingratiate himself with the old man, Price professed high pretensions of religion, talked of virtue and morality, expressing a hope that the boy was well acquainted with the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments. Having thus far succeeded, he now commenced his ravages on the well-known Mr. Spilsbury of Soho-square, ordering large quantities of his drops in the name of Wilmot, and introduced himself to that gentleman as possessing all the symptoms of age and infirmity. He was wrapped up in a large camblet great coat, with a slouched hat on, the brim of which was large, and bent downward on each side of his head; a piece of red flannel covered his chin, and came up on each side of his face as high as his cheek bones; he wore a large bush wig, and a pair of green spectacles on his nose; his legs and feet were completely enveloped in large wraps of flannel, and a green shade hung down from his hat; but upon this occasion he abandoned the black patch upon his eye, considering his features sufficiently disguised and obscured; and also, that it would not be safe to resort to an old expedient. It is not a little remarkable that Mr. Spilsbury, who knew Price well, was not able to detect his villany in the character of Wilmot; and it is a fact, that sitting together, side by side, in a coffee-house, Mr. S. was complaining to his coffee-house acquaintance, of the notes which Wilmot had so artfully and successfully imposed upon him; Price actually favoured his own deceptions by pretending commiseration, frequently crying out, "Lack-a-day, good God!—is it possible!—who could conceive such knavery to exist!—but it is a wicked world, sir. What, and did the Bank refuse payment, sir?" staring through his spectacles with as much seeming surprise as an honest man would have

done. "O yes," said Mr. S., with some degree of acrimony; "for you must know it was upon the faith of the Bank of England that I and a great many others have been induced to take them, and they were so inimitably well done, that the nicest judges could not have distinguished them; but the old scoundrel will certainly be detected." "Good God!—lack-a-day!" continued Price, "he must have been an ingenious villain; what a complete old rascal!"

Price had frequently been at the shop of a Mr. Roberts, grocer in Oxford-street, where he now and then bought a few articles, and took many opportunities of showing his importance. Upon one occasion he called in a hackney-coach, disguised as an old man, and bought some few articles; a day or two afterwards he repeated his visit; and on a third day, when he knew Mr. Roberts was not in the way, went again, with his face so painted that he appeared to be diseased with the yellow jaundice. The shopman, to whom he enumerated his complaints, kindly informed him of a prescription for that disorder, by which his father had been cured of it. Price gladly accepted of the receipt, promising that if it succeeded he would call again and handsomely reward him for his civility. In conformity with which, he entered the shop a few days afterwards, apparently perfectly free from the complaint, and acknowledged his great obligations to the shopman; after which, he expatiated freely of his affluent circumstances, the short time he had to live, and the few relations he had to leave his property to; he made him a present of a ten pound bank-note. It will naturally be conceived this was a forgery, but it had the desired effect with Price; for at the same time he said he wanted cash for another, which was a fifty pound note. This the obliging and unsuspecting shopman got change for at an opposite neighbour's. The next day, during Mr. Roberts's absence, he called again, and entreated the lad to get

small notes for five other notes of fifty pounds each; the lad however, telling him his master was not at home, Price begged he would take them to his master's bankers, and there get them changed; this request was immediately complied with. The bankers, Messrs. Burchall and Co. complied with Mr. Roberts's supposed request, immediately changed them, and small notes were that day given to Price for them.

Having found out a fit object to practise his deceptions upon, in the person of Mr. E——, who was an eminent merchant in the city, and having traced his connexions to Amsterdam, even to the obtaining a letter which was directed to him from a merchant there, he commenced his attack on that gentleman in the following manner:—He accosted him on 'Change in another disguised character, and told him that he had received a letter from a correspondent of theirs at Amsterdam, whose name he mentioned, informing him that a Mr. Trevors, who frequented the 'Change, had defranded the Dutch merchant of 1000*l.*; that the latter requested Mr. E.'s assistance in the recovery of the whole or any part of it he could obtain. With this prelude he opened the letter and presented it to Mr. E. who having read it, entertained no doubt of its being the hand-writing of his Amsterdam correspondent; he therefore readily offered his assistance in any plan that might be pursued to favour his Dutch friend. After thus paving the way, he began to advise Mr. E. how to act. "Trevors," said he, "will most likely be upon 'Change to-morrow; he always frequents the Dutch walk, and is dressed in a red surtout, with a white wig; he has also square-toed shoes, and very small buckles. Your best way will be to accost him, draw him into a conversation upon the mercantile affairs of Amsterdam, and by pretending he can be of service to you, invite him home to dinner with you. You will then have a good opportunity to mention the business; show him the letter, and inform him that unless he re-

funds the whole or part of the money immediately, you will expose the affair to the merchants. By such a proceedure you may probably procure the greater part of the property, as he is rich, and always has cash about him, and will rather comply with your demand, than run the risk of exposure." Mr. E. highly approved of this proposal, and was much pleased with the prospect he appeared to have, of rendering such essential service to his Dutch friend. The next day appeared our hero on the Dutch walk, in the dress he had so minutely described. Mr. E. followed the advice which had been given him, and after a little conversation invited the supposed Trevors to dine with him, which was immediately accepted by Price. After the cloth was removed, and the family had retired from table, Mr. E. began to open to Mr. Trevors, with as much delicacy as he could, the purpose of his invitation. Our hero affected surprise at this application, but acknowledged the charge in part; assured him of his intention to settle the whole account shortly, begged it might not be mentioned on 'Change, and as a proof of his intention he was willing to pay 500*l.* down, if Mr. E. would bury the matter in oblivion. This being readily promised on Mr. E.'s part, Mr. Trevors produced a 1000*l.* bank-note from his pocket-book, which he said he would leave with Mr. E. if he would give him the difference. Not having sufficient cash and notes in the house, Mr. E. gave him a check on his banker for the remaining 500*l.* with which our hero very soon after took his leave. The next morning Mr. E. discovered that the 1000*l.* note was a forgery, and ran to the bankers to stop the payment of his draft, but unfortunately too late; for a porter, who appeared to have been followed by a tall old woman into the banking-house, had obtained notes for the check, four hours before Mr. E.'s application to stop payment.

Upon a variety of others in a similar way did Price exercise his deceptions; among the rest Mr. Watt,

hosier, and Mr. Reeves, a colourman, were sufferers; and such was his success that in one day he negociated sixty ten pound notes, changed fourteen fifty pound notes for seven one hundred pound notes; indeed, such were his tricks at this period, that it is scarcely possible to recount them.

The practices of evil-minded persons, who forget that useful and comprehensive commandment—"Do unto others as you would be done by,"—seldom lead to happy or truly fortunate results, nor could it be expected to be the case with our present subject; he had assumed the character of an Irish Linen factor, under the name of Palton, and employed two young men to circulate his notes, whilst he still kept himself greatly disguised, and in obscurity. The notes were detected, and by means of a pawnbroker, Price was with great difficulty at length discovered; upon being taken, however, he most solemnly declared he was innocent, and when taken before the magistrate, conducted himself with great insolence. This took place on the 14th of January 1786, and notwithstanding his disguises he was soon sworn to by more persons than one; in consequence of which, and finding there was no means of escape from his present situation, he pretended to his wife in particular, great and serious penitence; for which, however, there did not appear the least ground. The Bank were fully determined on prosecuting him, and there was little chance of his escaping an ignominious death by the hands of the public executioner; but even this he managed to avoid, for one evening he was found hanging against the post of his door, in the apartment allotted him in Tothill-fields Bridewell. Thus ridding the world of as great a monster as ever disgraced a civilized society.

In this situation he was discovered by the keeper of the prison, who cut him down quite dead, and found in his bosom three letters; in one of which, addressed to the directors of the Bank, he confessed every thing re-

lative to the forgery, and the manner of circulating the notes; another addressed to his wife, was written in a most affecting style; and in the third, directed to the keeper, he thanked him for the very humane treatment he had experienced during his confinement.

A coroner's jury was summoned as usual in such cases, and returned a verdict of self-murder: in consequence of which his body was thrown into the ground in Tothill-fields, and a stake driven through it.

In a box belonging to Price, were found after his death, two artificial noses, very curiously executed in imitation of nature. These it is obvious he occasionally wore as a part of the various disguise by which he had been enabled so long to elude the hand of justice. The counterfeit plates were found buried in a field near Tottenham-court-road, the turf being replaced on the spot. His wife who had been confined with him as a supposed accomplice, was discharged, after making full confession of all she knew concerning his affairs; and the rolling press, plates, and other materials were destroyed by order of Sir Sampson Wright, the then presiding magistrate.

It has been calculated that the depredations of this artful villain on society, amounted to upwards of 100,000*l.*! and yet, after his apprehension, he had the audacity to write a letter to a gentleman whom he had defrauded of more than 2000*l.* recommending his wife and eight children to his protection.

Price's expenditure must have been great, or the imprudence of his female coadjutor excessive; for at her lodgings were fixed all the apparatus for manufacturing the paper, and printing the bank-notes; the plates for which were also engraved by this ingenious culprit. Being thus paper-maker, engraver, printer, and circulator, it is not altogether surprising that he contrived to prolong his existence to the age of fifty-five; six years of which were passed in hostilities against the Bank di-

rectors, whose emoluments by fire, shipwreck, and other casualties, Price conceived were much too enormous.

It must appear extraordinary to the reader, that this depraved impostor was so long able to escape discovery. But it should be added, such was the inventive ingenuity of his mind, that in order to avoid detection, he took especial care, as well as by the multifarious disguises of his person and voice, to study the art of prevention, by combining the whole of the proceedings necessary for the accomplishment of his designs, within his own power; seeing clearly that if he had permitted a partner in his concerns, he could not have expected to remain so wholly unsuspected, at least if not detected. He therefore became his own engraver, made his own paper with the water marks, and never suffered his negociator to know him; nay, such was the secrecy with which he carried on his business, that Mrs. Price, his wife, had not the least knowledge or suspicion of his proceedings. Having by practice made himself master of engraving, he made his own ink to prove his own works; he then purchased implements and manufactured the water-marks; he then set about to counterfeit hand-writings, and in this he so far succeeded as to puzzle a part of the first body of men in the world; thus proving himself a most accomplished and wary adept in the art of deception. The abilities of the unhappy Ryland were exerted in his profession, and therefore the imposition was less to be wondered at; but in Price we find a novice in the art, capable of equal ingenuity in every department of the dangerous undertaking, from the engraving down to the publication.

An attentive perusal of this narrative must awaken in the breast of the reader a series of important and useful reflections, calculated to leave impressions that should excite a determination to resist every temptation that chance or opportunity may afford; to indulge in a vice that eventually led to the destruction of this depraved

man, who from his youth upwards appears to have had no object in view, but that of preying upon the credulity of his fellow-men, and an assurance that

> "Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
> As to be hated needs but to be seen."

That such talents should be appropriated to such a use must be deeply regretted, but that any individual should thus throughout life, act the part of a wolf among his fellow-creatures, deserves the utmost detestation. Society in general may also learn lessons of caution and vigilance, from the contemplation of the extraordinary character here described. Vice appears in its most odious features, that of meditated imposition upon the honest and industrious part of the community; mark, however, its serpentine progress, and its wretched termination. Price has emphatically been termed the social monster, and it is sincerely hoped, that a recital of his atrocities will have the effect of guarding the younger classes of our readers against the first inroads of deception.—The Spartans used to teach young persons sobriety, by placing before them a drunken man; and it is scarcely possible to point out an example that more strongly verifies the assertion of a celebrated poet than that

> "An honest man's the noblest work of God."

PAUL JONES.

THE following history of this extraordinary man is chiefly taken from his own manuscript account, which he left after his residence in France, and from relations of persons who were intimately acquainted with his family, some of whom having had the misfortune of witnessing many of the most remarkable incidents that occurred to

him during a long series of years. The father of this wonderful man was an industrious gardener, a native of Dunbar, in Scotland, and was many years in the service of James Taylor, Esq. of Whitehaven, in Cumberland. Our hero was born in the year 1748 at Dumfries, and was christened by the name of John, Paul being his father's surname; but there was a general report that John Paul was only his reputed father, and that his real father was Captain M. who was Governor of the Bahama islands in 1780.

Young Paul was educated in a manner suitable to his station, at Whitehaven, and at fourteen years of age, was apprenticed to a Captain Johnstone in the coal trade at this place. During his apprenticeship he showed many instances of a rebellious disposition. Soon after he was out of his time, he went a few voyages to the coast of Guinea, in a vessel belonging to Captain Baynes, of Kilkowbry, on board of which he disgraced himself by his wanton cruelty in attempting to sink the ship. On his return, he was tried for this offence, and although he was acquitted, his character suffered so much, that being long out of employment, he was necessitated to return to his father, who was then head gardener to the Earl of Selkirk.

Through the attachment the earl had for his father, he was prevailed upon to take Paul into his service; he had not long been in this situation, before he debauched three young women servants in the neighbourhood, and two of them became pregnant. He then took a pride in boasting that he had the address to persuade the women to swear the children to an opulent farmer, who he was firmly of opinion had never had any connexion with them: thus he aggravated the guilt of seduction, by urging the unhappy girls to the commission of perjury.

Though the earl was acquainted with many of his misdemeanours, yet, from a long regard for his father,

he wished to retain him in his service, and even condescended so far as to expostulate with him on the impropriety of his conduct; this friendly advice he treated with ridicule and contempt. To indulge the cruelty of his disposition, he would wantonly whip the horses in the stable till they were almost irritated to madness. Being engaged one morning in this barbarous practice, he received a slight kick on the thigh from the young favourite gelding of the earl; in consequence of this, he stabbed the noble animal in several parts of his body, and the creature soon after died. On this occasion he was dismissed. He then engaged with an innkeeper, near Whitehaven, as a post-chaise driver; but, on account of his disobliging temper, and his cruelty to the horses under his care, he was soon discharged.

His father now prevailed upon him to write a penitentiary letter to the earl, which had the desired effect, being seconded by the persuasions of a naval officer, nearly related to the earl, who engaged to answer for Paul's future good behaviour; but with what gratitude he returned such kindness, the reader will soon observe.

He put into practice various artifices to seduce a young girl, one of the earl's servants; but not succeeding, he actually attempted to violate her chastity by force, and had nearly accomplished his purpose, when the earl (who had been walking in the garden), alarmed with the cries of a person in distress, went into the dairy-house, and rescued the young woman from the villain.

He was severely reprimanded by the earl, who threatened him with a prosecution; but, at length listening to his entreaties, granted him a pardon, on condition of his most solemly promising to amend his life.

Soon after the above circumstance, great and repeated complaints being made by the household respecting Paul, the steward sent him a written discharge from the earl's service: he took no notice of the order for dis-

mission, and at length was ordered into the presence of the earl, to whom his answers were so insulting, that the earl, forgetting for the moment the dignity of his character, actually struck this unworthy servant, who departed, declaring the most violent denunciations of vengeance. It will be observed in the course of this account, that, although many years had elapsed, his revenge suffered no abatement.

Some time after Paul left the earl's service, he engaged with a party of smugglers, who soon discovering him to be of a desperate resolution, and finding him so remarkably acute in improving a proposed scheme of peculation, that they admitted him into their association, not as a servant, but as a sharer in whatever booty they should meet with. Continuing for several months with this gang of desperadoes, he saved upwards of two hundred pounds; but, being deserted by his companions, on account of his violent and revengeful spirit, he lived at Whitehaven, Sunderland, Shields, &c. until his money was exhausted. After this, he committed several highway robberies, for one of which he was indicted and tried at Lancaster, but for want of evidence was acquitted.

Paul now was engaged as a foremast man, on board of a Sunderland vessel, and being afterwards in the same capacity with various traders of Shields and Whitby, he became an expert seaman, and acquired an accurate knowledge of the northern coast. Being impressed on board a man of war, the first opportunity he made his escape, and commenced a second time a smuggler; being unsuccessful in this undertaking, he and his companions landed on the coast of Sussex, and Paul took up his residence near Brighthelmstone, where he became acquainted with a farmer's daughter, whom he married, and had with her about three hundred pounds. His wife was a very amiable young woman, but Paul abandoned her in a few weeks, and resumed his old practice

of smuggling: he purchased a vessel, and assumed the command of her himself, appointing such of his companions officers, as he knew from experience to be expert.

This gang of the most desperate adventurers was a most formidable annoyance to the trade of England, Scotland, and Ireland, committing the most capital depredations. They seized the most valuable part of a cargo of one of our homeward-bound Baltic ships, and was soon after overtaken by a violent storm, in consequence of which the vessel received great injury. During the violence of the storm, Paul behaved in the most outrageous and blasphemous manner; and for some trifling offence, threw a man overboard, who was heard no more of.

It was with great difficulty they navigated the vessel to Boulogne, in France, where the cargo was disposed of at a very low price, the greatest part of which being damaged. Paul took up his abode at an hotel in this place, kept by a widow, to whom he made an offer of marriage, and assured her that he was intitled to immense property in England. He remained at this place three months, but not being able yet to gain his point with the fair hostess, he embarked for England; but previously deposited two hundred guineas in the hostess's hands, as a security for his return. He now resolved to renew his illicit practices, and continuing them till he should obtain a fortune, in order to insure himself a favourable reception from the widow. With this view he first took a house at Dover, and assumed the character of a merchant, and his dealings were considerable among the smugglers. Having employed a deputy to transact his business, he proceeded to Sunderland, where he was in a short time joined by ten of his former accomplices, whom he had left in France, and they contrived a scheme for running away with an armed vessel,

which had been fitted out by a company of merchants to act against the Barbary corsairs.

Bold and dangerous as the above undertaking was, they actually succeeded ; and it was supposed that the vessel was lost, as when she was seized there were only two men and a boy on board, whom it is supposed the robbers murdered. Their first expedition was to the coast of Ireland, on different parts of which they landed, and plundered several gentlemen's houses of plate, jewels, money, and other valuable effects.

They now steered towards the Sussex coast, and while they were attempting to effect a landing, they observed one of the king's armed cutters within a league and a half of shore. By taking advantage of a thick fog that rose about the close of the day, they proceeded further along the coast, and disembarked with some of their most valuable effects; soon after which they were surprised by a party of Custom-house officers, and a desperate contest ensued, which lasted near an hour, when victory was declared in favour of the smugglers.

Apprehending the country would be alarmed, and that they should be pursued, they put to sea with all possible expedition, and directed their course towards the Isle of Man, where they procured a supply of ammunition and provisions, and then sailed again with a view of plundering some merchant ships bound for England, on board of which, they had received intelligence, was gold and silver to a considerable amount. They met with only one of these ships, and that not one of the most richly laden. In a few weeks they committed depredations upon several vessels, particularly two belonging to Bristol ; and Paul finding himself entitled to a share amounting to upwards of five hundred pounds, determined now to pursue his amour at Boulogne.

On the point of disembarking at Port l'Orient, he resigned all claim to the vessel and her appurtenances to

his companions; binding them, however, in a solemn oath, that they should deal with him only in such articles as were proper for sale at Boulogne and the Isle of Man.

Paul having spent the greatest part of the night in a joyous manner on board the vessel, took leave of his friends; he slept that night on shore, and the next morning, after sending his comrades a present of twelve dozen of wine, and a liberal supply of fresh provisions, set out for Boulogne. On his arrival he was heartily welcomed by the widow, with whom he had held a correspondence by letter during the several months of his absence. In about four days they were married; and having assumed the character of landlord, he gave the customers of the house an elegant entertainment upon the occasion.

During several weeks his behaviour was so affable and condescending, and the articles in which he dealt so good of their respective kinds, and so moderate in price, that the custom of the house surprisingly increased. But nature had not formed him to keep within the bounds of moderation. The idea of being possessed of property sufficient to render him independent of business, and the prospect of greater riches, elated him to that degree, that he was no longer able to act under the mask of humility that had for some time disguised the natural turbulence of his temper.

He often abruptly interfered in the conversation in which the frequenters of the house was engaged; obtruded his own dogmatical observations, and at length became so brutal in his conduct, that his customers sought other places of entertainment, where they could be treated with civility and respect. The decay of his business inflamed him to a pitch of the utmost extravagance; and in all probability, his wife would have fallen a sacrifice to the impetuosity of his temper, had not the amiable tenderness of her disposition been

capable of giving some degree of moderation to his restless, violent, and impatient spirit.

About this period he received information that the Earl of Derby was about to sell the Isle of Man, to be annexed to the crown of Great Britain; and judging it a fine opportunity to traffic in that island on an eligible footing, before the proposed regulation could take place, he repaired thither, leaving his wife to conduct the business of the public house.

A few hours after he had embarked, the vessel was accosted by the gang of smugglers with whom he had parted at Port l'Orient; but, upon his appearing on deck, and waving his hand, they immediately altered their course. As soon as he arrived, he made the first entry of licensed goods transported from England into the Isle of Man, and his name stands first in the Custom-house books at Douglas.

He then returned back to Boulogne, and for some time carried on an extensive trade with different parties of smugglers. Upon the decease of his wife, he again went to the Isle of Man, and transacted some business in the legal way, the better to elude the suspicion of his being engaged in contraband dealings.

When any capital enterprise was resolved on, he frequently took the command of a smuggling vessel; and on these occasions it was seldom that he did not prove successful.

Paul was not yet an absolute pirate, but a desperate smuggler; and his crew consisted of some of the boldest and hardiest fellows he could pick up, or who sought refuge from their crimes under his colours. Blacks, Swedes, Americans, Irish, Whitehaven and Liverpool men, were particularly welcome to him; and in the north of England he was called the *English Corsair*.

Paul having amassed upwards of two thousand pounds by the most iniquitous practices, considered that his situation was very precarious, as his avaricious turn of

mind had led him to take great advantages of several of the smugglers with whom he dealt, some of whom he apprehended might, at length, be provoked to lodge information against him on account of the illegal traffic he had so long pursued. He therefore determined to sell off what effects he had in the Isle of Man, and repair to London: but before he put his scheme in execution, he borrowed several sums of money, and obtained goods from different people to a large amount, after which he secretly decamped.

Fearing that if he came immediately to England, his place of residence would be discovered and measures pursued to punish him for his fraudulent practices, he went to Dunkirk in France, and there opened a coffee-house for the entertainment of English travellers. Here he renewed his practice of dealing in contraband goods; but in a few months he, in several instances, experienced a reverse of fortune.

Several capital seizures being made of goods that he had sent to England, he was driven nearly to a state of distraction, and vowed destruction to the person with whom he had intrusted so considerable a part of his property; as through his want of precaution the goods had fallen into the hands of the king's officers.

Paul now shut up his house at Dunkirk, and prepared to embark for England, having previously remitted a small sum to each of the persons he had defrauded in the Isle of Man; and as they accepted of payment in part, they destroyed every legal idea of felony, and constituted their respective claims into mere matters of debt; he was therefore no longer under apprehension of prosecutions under the criminal laws.

On his arrival in England, he went to Rochester, in Kent, in order to solicit payment for some smuggled goods which a tradesman of that town had bought of him about nine months before. Having succeeded in that business, he came to London, and hired a lodging

in Mercer's street, Long-acre, where he had not resided many weeks before he debauched his landlady's daughter, who removed with him to Tottenham-court-road: but in about three months he deserted her, and she became a common prostitute.

He soon after fell in with the noted Miss Roach, of meretricious memory. He attended her to several places; and at last became greatly enamoured; but after many protestations of love and honour, he had the prevalence to seduce her, and then deserted her.

Paul now engaged in a criminal intercourse with the mistress of a notorious brothel in the neighbourhood of Covent-garden, who assumed his name, and passed under the character of his wife. This woman one day being seized with a fit of apoplexy, expired; she died while he was examining some accounts in a small parlour adjoining to her bed-room. He no sooner discovered her situation, than he searched her pockets, and taking her keys, secreted all her ready money, and some other valuable effects, amounting in the whole to about two hundred pounds, and absconded with his booty.

About this time he made a conspicuous appearance in the city of London, where he lodged at Jaques and Thornthwaite's, in Paternoster-row. These gentlemen were drapers and tailors, and equipped him in such a manner, that he made a respectable appearance at the Royal as well as the Coal Exchange, and was frequently seen at Billingsgate and Wapping. He then conceived a violent attachment to gambling: but being by no means an expert artist in this science, he, in about six months, found that his whole stock of wealth amounted to no more than 107*l.* Still he continued to frequent billiard tables, and other places of gaming; but his unfair practices involved him in frequent contentions and disputes.

Finding his money nearly exhausted, he engaged again with a party of smugglers; with these robbers he

obtained but little advantage. He then found means to procure the command of a small vessel; and after some depredations committed on the trading ships of these kingdoms, he went to the coast of Spain, and made capture of a rich vessel bound to the port of Ferrol. Paul intended to carry this prize to Genoa, but two days after her capture she struck on a rock, and sunk with all her cargo; four of the men were drowned, but the rest were taken up by a Danish vessel.

Soon after this exploit he returned to his old practice of annoying the coasting trade of our northern parts, and in a short time engaged the John and Mary, near Leith, which, after an obstinate resistance, he drove right upon the Bell rock in the harbour, where the ship sunk, and he lost his prize once more. He picked up all the hands but four, who were wounded, and unable to swim. In retiring from this action, he fell in with his old master, Captain Johnstone of Whitehaven, in his own ship, the Anne. He gave a salute as he passed; for he fired into his ship, and kept up the fight with his stern chace till he got into Whitehaven; but the Lynx, and another king's sloop, heaving in sight, he retired, without doing any farther mischief. He now only kept hovering near the Humber, where he picked up but little; for the coasters cautiously kept in shore, and he was forced to sheer off without accomplishing his purpose.

Upon his return to Whitehaven, which he had soon the audacity to do, he stole a young woman, one Mary Young, a maid-servant, as she was standing on the Quay. At the same time he had a fisherman, that kept a liquor-shop in the town, brought on board his vessel by force. How he disposed of the girl is quite unknown; but the man returned about seven years afterwards, and found his wife married to another man, and several children born in his absence. This was upon the event of the first open rupture between England and

America. He found the notoriety of his character to be so great a bar to his getting into any reputable trade, that, after refitting and victualling in France, he made the best of his way to America. This was in 1774, when it became evident that hostilities would soon ensue. As soon as he arrived, he wrote to Silas Deane, and others, afterwards leaders of congress, and offering very valuable communications and intelligence, he obtained from time to time several remittances, and crossed the Atlantic to Europe twice, to pick up further particulars of the situation of our coasts. Upon this account he is generally said to have changed his name, and assumed that of Captain Paul Jones. Government not being apprized of the sort of spy that had arrived in the country, he was at liberty to go about the capital, and dwelt for a short time in Wapping, daily buying maps, charts, soundings, and every thing relating to the navigation of the home seas, abundance of which he found upon Tower-hill, as well as upon the disposition of our naval force. At his return, he was examined by several persons of science respecting the coasts of England, and parts adjacent. His information was considered of so much importance, that great distinction was paid to him by the leaders of the American opposition, and he was soon appointed to the command of one of the privateers fitted out against this country. His success greatly exalted him in the opinion of the great men there, who were so entirely satisfied with his conduct, that they imposed no commands on him, but left him to act according to his own discretion; and in this their policy was very conspicuous, for he proved a far greater annoyance to our trade in those parts, than any other commander in the American service; his repeated successes, about the early part of 1775, being so highly thought of by the principal leading men of America, that he was soon employed to fit out the little squadron which the congress had placed under Commodore Hopkins, who

had then the command of all the armed vessels belonging to America; and accordingly it is a fact, that he then hoisted with his own hands the first American flag on board the Alfred, which was then the first display of the *thirteen stripes*.

The vexatious conduct at that time exercised by Lord Dunmore in Virginia, determined the congress to detach the squadron against him; but Mr. Hopkins, the commander, who was secretly in the interest of Great Britain displayed neither zeal nor talents for such an enterprise, and on this occasion lost so much time, that the squadron was froze up in the Delaware river.

The frost continued for more than two months; and after that delay the squadron was disengaged, when it set sail for New Providence, the principal of the Bahama islands, where they found a large quantity of military stores and artillery, of which the Americans then stood greatly in need; with particularly large quantities of slops and shoes, sufficient to supply 10,000 men. Here he had the good fortune to recommend himself to the commodore, by his diligence and tactical knowledge. This officer was entirely indebted to Paul Jones for the plan he adopted when his squadron arrived in sight of New Providence, where he moored the ships in a proper manner to execute the purposes of the expedition.

On their return from this service, they took two armed vessels, one of which was loaded with bombs; and fell in, near Rhode island, with the Glasgow, an English man of war of twenty-four guns; but this ship made her escape.

After this, the squadron entered the port of New London, in Connecticut; when Commodore Hopkins, on receiving intelligence that the English frigates had been driven from Newport, and were out at sea, took advantage of the darkness of the night to repair to Rhode island. At this place a council of war having dismissed

the captain of the Providence, one of the ships of the squadron, the commodore gave Paul Jones orders, in writing, to take the command of her, and to escort some troops that were proceeding from Rhode island to New York, and who were destined for General Washington's camp. After this he received instructions to escort a convoy of artillery and ammunition from Rhode-island, to New York, for the defence of which it was destined. On this occasion he had two different engagements with the Cerberus frigate; the first for the protection of the vessels under his command; and the second for the preservation of a vessel from St. Domingo, laden with naval stores for the congress. In the course of this service, between Boston and New York, he had also many actions with ships of war under the command of Lord Howe; but on these, as on former occasions, he was enabled to preserve his convoy; and at length he arrived safe in the Delaware, August 1, 1776.

On the eighth of the same month, the President of the congress presented Paul Jones in person with the commission of Captain in the Marine of the United States; this was the first granted by congress after the declaration of independence, which took place on the 4th of July of that same year 1776.

The prudence of congress was visible in the choice they had made, and Captain Paul Jones yet looked up with ambition upon future elevation in the American marine; in short, he seemed made for the time and measures he pursued.

The orders of congress had been given, and the necessary preparations begun for the construction of thirteen frigates; but, as none of them were yet ready, he proceeded to sea alone, on board the Providence, which was a vessel of but small force, as she carried no more than seventy men, and twelve small cannon. When in the neighbourhood of Bermudas, they fell in with the Solebay, and her convoy, from Charlestown;

she was a thirty-two gun frigate, and formed part of the squadron under Admiral Parker. Captain Jones was of course desirous of avoiding an engagement with such superior force; but as his officers and men insisted that it was the Jamaica fleet, and as it was necessary to command by means of persuasion at this epoch of the war, the result was a serious engagement during six hours, which, towards the close, was carried on within pistol shot. A desperate manœuvre was the sole resource left him; he attempted this, it succeeded, and he was fortunate enough to disengage himself.

A short time after this, he took several prizes, and sailed towards the coast of Nova Scotia, on purpose to destroy the whale and cod fisheries in that neighbourhood. When near Sable island, they fell in with the Milford frigate, carrying thirty-two guns, with which it was impossible to avoid an engagement. A cannonade accordingly took place, from ten o'clock in the morning until sun-set; but the engagement was neither so close nor so hot as that with the Solebay, and Paul at length escaped by passing through the flats, and entered a little harbour next day, where he destroyed the fishery and vessels.

After this he set sail for *Ile Madame*, where he made two descents, at the same time destroying the fisheries, and burning all the vessels he could not carry away with him. Having accomplished this service, he returned to Rhode island, after an absence of six weeks and five days from the Delaware; during which interval he had taken sixteen prizes, without including those destroyed.

The Americans were at this period so unprovided with able commanders at sea, that every adventurer that boldly stepped forward was sure of employ.

At this period Paul Jones's vigilance was indefatigable, he seemed now to live quite another life from what he had done before, and his success enabled him to procure consideration and attention. He now proposed to the Commander in Chief, Hopkins, who had remained a

long while inactive in harbour, the following scheme, and which consisted in the destruction of the enemy's fisheries at *Ile Royale;* and of restoring to liberty more than 300 American prisoners detained there in the coal mines. Three vessels were destined for this service, the Alfred, the Hampden, and the Providence; but the Hampden, having received considerable damage in consequence of running on a rock, could not accompany him. He, however, embarked on board the Alfred, and taking the Providence by way of consort, he set sail, on the 2d of November, 1776. The first he made prize of a vessel from Liverpool, and soon after the Mellish, a large armed vessel, having two British naval officers on board, and a captain belonging to the land service, with a company of soldiers. This ship was carrying ten thousand complete suits of uniform to Canada, for the army posted there under the orders of Generals Carleton and Burgoyne. Nothing could be more seasonable or welcome to the American service than this capture; and they were so sensible of it that the congress ordered their secretary to transmit the public thanks of the country to him, his officers, and the men serving under his command.

The Providence having now left the Alfred during the night, without the least pretext whatever, he remained alone, and that too during the stormy season, on the enemy's coast; but, notwithstanding this, and that he was also greatly embarrassed with many prisoners, he resolved not to renounce his project. He accordingly effected a descent, destroyed a transport of great value, and also burned the magazines and buildings destined for the whale and cod fishery.

In addition to this, he took three transports and a vessel laden with ling and furs, near *Ile Royale;* these prizes were escorted by the Flora frigate, which happened to be at a small distance, but which was concealed from him by a fog. Having taken a privateer from

Liverpool, mounting sixteen guns, in the course of next day, he instantly returned with his prizes towards the United States; but, when in the latitude of Boston, fell in with the Milford frigate, which he unwillingly engaged. Towards night, however, he placed the Alfred between the enemy and his prizes, and having given the necessary instructions to the latter, to make for the nearest port, he changed his course, set up lights, and by this stratagem saved the vessels he had captured, as the frigate continued in chase of him. Next day he was fortunate enough to escape, after a very serious action, which was not terminated until dark, and even then in consequence of a hard gale of wind.

Having returned to Boston, December 1, 1776, the intelligence of the uniforms he had taken on board the Mellish reanimated the courage of the army under General Washington, which at that period happened to be almost destitute of clothing. Besides, it may be said, that this unexpected succour contributed not a little to the success of the affair at Trentown against the Hessians, which took place immediately after his arrival.

He now paid out of his own purse the wages due to the crews of the Alfred and the Providence, and lent the rest of his money to the congress. That assembly transmitted him orders from Philadelphia, on the 5th of February, to undertake a secret expedition of great importance, the design of which was, to lay the island of St. Christopher, and the north side of Jamaica, under contribution; after which they were to attack Pensacola. This project was first conceived by himself, and then communicated to Mr. Morris, afterwards minister of finance; but such was the jealousy of Hopkins, the commander in chief, that it was never carried into execution. Hopkins was suspended for this, and dismissed from the service.

The season being too far advanced for the execution of

the scheme in the West Indies, Paul Jones received orders to take the command of the Amphytrite, a French vessel, destined to sail from Portsmouth, in New Hampshire, to France, and make for Halifax harbour, where its entrance, called Partridge island, afforded shelter to two British frigates, which he was directed to cut out, or destroy, as he might find most convenient to his strength.

It was now the depth of winter, and when he arrived off the coast, the British vessels, he found, were withdrawn. He determined not to lay long here; but, before he departed, he sent his cutter and long-boat into the harbour, to discover, if possible, the situation of any considerable British settlement on the coast.

Returned from this expedition he was ordered to France, whence they were to pass into Holland, and take possession of the Indienne, a large frigate, constructing there for the congress. Some difficulties, however, ensued, and he was ordered to prepare the Ranger, a vessel mounting eighteen guns.

After his first sailing from America on this expedition, a scheme was formed by a number of the seamen to take the ship from him, and pilot her to England, when an Irishman on board discovered the plot. The men were all called over, and charged with it, but denied any concern in, or knowledge of it. The informer was then put in irons; but Jones relied so much on the man's assertion, that he returned, and had all the people ordered on shore, and, on a more strict examination, upwards of ninety were dismissed for refusing to swear allegiance to the congress.

When General Burgoyne and his army were obliged to surrender at Saratoga, it was Paul Jones who was the first to carry this interesting intelligence to Nantz, whither he arrived on the 2nd of December, 1777. In the course of his voyage he took two prizes, forming

part of a convoy from the Mediterranean, under the protection of the Invincible, a seventy-four gun ship, under the guns of which one of them was taken.

In the month of January, 1778, he repaired to Paris, to make the necessary arrangements with the American ministers relative to the equipment of the Indienne; but, as the recent intelligence relative to the capture of Burgoyne had determined the court of France to recognise the independence of America by means of a treaty of alliance, and as the English ambassador at the Hague, in consequence of obtaining possession of the papers of an American agent, found that the Indienne was the property of congress, he acquiesced in the opinion of the American ministers; and it was determined to cede the property to his Most Christian Majesty, this being the most likely method of preserving the ship.

He then returned on board the Ranger, and, as he had received information from America, relative to the force and stations of the English fleet in that quarter, he immediately transmitted a letter to Mr. Deane, one of the American ministers at Paris, communicating the plan of an expedition with a squadron of ten sail of the line, a few frigates, and a small body of land forces, with a view of completely destroying the enemy's naval power acting against the United States. This scheme was not adopted until it was too late, and then of course became impracticable.

In the mean time he took several American vessels under his convoy, from Nantz to the Bay of Quiberon, where M. la Motte Piquet was lying at anchor with six sail of the line, a few frigates, and several merchantmen, which he was to take under his protection to the westward of Cape Finisterre. M. de la Fayette was on board this fleet, which was provided with clothing, ammunition, and military stores for America.

He reached the bay, February 13, 1778, and sent to

demand of the admiral, *if he would return his salute;* and this compliment was immediately agreed to, although neither the admiral nor Jones knew at that period, that a treaty of alliance had been signed between France and America seven days before. This was the first salute received by the American flag from any power, and occasioned considerable dispute in the English parliament.

He now set sail from the bay of Quiberon to Brest, but did not enter the road; on the contrary, he anchored at Cammeret, where he was detained by contrary winds until the French ambassador at the Court of St. James's had announced the treaty lately concluded between his Most Christian Majesty and the United States.

On this, he immediately sailed into Brest-water, and saluted the Count D'Orvilliers, who returned the salute, and received him with all the honours due to an admiral, on board his flag ship, La Bretagne.

Jones was now acting a very conspicuous part on the theatre of the world, and in the midst of the greatest revolution that ever agitated the political justice of two great countries. Admiral D'Orvilliers, to whom he communicated a project of making a descent on some part of England, with a view of destroying the shipping; and it was also his intention to make some person of distinction prisoner to detain as a hostage, in order to effect an exchange with the American prisoners in England, offered him on this occasion a captain's commission in the French marine, that, in case he met with any disaster, he might claim the protection of his Most Christian Majesty; but, however advantageous this was, he determined to decline the acceptance, because, in the first place, he was not authorized by congress to change his flag; and, in the second, such a conduct might have rendered his attachment to America suspected.

He accordingly sailed from Brest, and advanced towards Ireland, neglecting the capture of a number of

vessels within his reach, as he did not wish to diminish the strength of his crew. Near to the entrance into Carrickfergus, he, however, seized on a fishing-boat, manned with six persons, who proved to be pilots. The Drake, a twenty gun ship, happened to be then in the road, and even within sight, and he imagined it possible to obtain possession of her by surprise during the night. With this view, he immediately gave orders for making the necessary preparations; but the mate, who had drank too much brandy, did not let go the anchor according to orders, which prevented the Ranger from *running foul of* the Drake, according to his intentions. As he had reason to believe that his appearance had not hitherto given any alarm, he deemed it prudent to cut his cable, and return into St. George's Channel. Here he remained buffetted about by the winds during three days, until the weather having become more favourable, he determined a second time to attempt a descent; this project, however, greatly alarmed his lieutenants; they were poor, they said, and their object was gain, not honour; they accordingly excited disobedience among the ship's company, by persuading them that they had a right to determine whether the measures adopted by the commodore were well concerted or not.

In this place it must be recollected, that, in consequence of his behaviour towards the peace of the Earl of Selkirk's family, he had received a severe reproof for his insolence, and, as has been before related in this narrative, was finally discharged. His return to this place was probably for the purpose of retaliation, which shows his revengeful spirit.

He happened to be at this period within sight of Whitehaven, in Cumberland, at the mouth of the Solway Frith. This is a considerable harbour, in which there then were about 400 sail, some of them vessels of 250 tons burden; and he had determined to take advantage of the ebb-tide, when the shipping was dry, to

destroy them. To effect this, it was necessary to land about midnight, with a party of resolute men, and seize on the fort and battery which defended the port. His two lieutenants, being averse to the enterprise, and yet being unwilling to discover their true motives, feigned illness. On this he determined to take the command in person, and with much difficulty prevailed on thirty volunteers to follow him.

With this handful of men, and two small boats, he quitted the Ranger, at eleven o'clock at night, and rowed towards the harbour; but, it being farther off than they imagined, and the tide against them, day broke before they had effected a landing.

He now sent the smallest of the boats towards the northern side of the harbour to set fire to the vessels, while himself advanced with the other to the south, to take possession of the fort and battery, the first of which was taken by assault, he himself being the first to enter it through one of the embrasures. They then nailed up the thirty-six cannon mounted on the batteries, and advanced towards the south, with a view of burning all the vessels, when, to his infinite astonishment, he beheld the other boat returning without having done any thing.

On this, he thought it best to unite his forces, with a view of effecting, at least, some part of his enterprise. In short, they set fire to some of the vessels, and they soon burned with great fierceness, and began to communicate; but, as it was now eight o'clock in the morning, and the inhabitants began to approach near the invaders in crowds, he could no longer defer his retreat, which was made in good order. On his return on board the Ranger, the wind being favourable, he set sail for the coast of Scotland. It was now his intention to take the Earl of Selkirk prisoner, and detain his lordship as a hostage, in conformity to the project already mentioned. It was with this view, that about noon of the same day, he landed on that nobleman's estate, with two

officers and a few men. In the course of their progress, he fell in with some of the inhabitants, who, taking him for an Englishman, observed, that Lord Selkirk was then in London, but that her ladyship and several ladies were at the castle.

On this, he determined to return; but this conduct was not conformable to the wishes of his people, who were disposed to pillage, burn, and destroy every thing they could. Although he was not disposed in this instance to such horrid proceedings, it was yet necessary to recur to such means as should satisfy their cupidity, and, at the same time, provide for Lady Selkirk's safety. It immediately appeared to him to be the most proper mode to give orders to the two officers to repair to the castle with the men, who were to remain on the outside under arms, while they themselves entered alone. They were then instructed to enter, and demand the family plate, in a polite manner, accepting whatever was offered to them, and then to return, without making any farther inquiries, or attempting to search for more. In this he was punctually obeyed, and the plate was delivered to them.

Next day, April 24, 1778, he prepared to return to Carrickfergus, to attack the Drake in open day; but the lieutenants were averse to the project; and the crew of the Ranger became so mutinous, that he ran no small risk of being either killed or thrown into the sea; and but two days before, he was on the point of being abandoned, and left ashore at Whitehaven.

In the mean time, the captain of the Drake sloop of war, having been informed of their descent at Whitehaven, prepared to attack him; and, while every thing was getting ready, he dispatched an officer on board his boat, with a spy-glass, in order to reconnoitre the Ranger. On this, Jones immediately masked his guns, kept his men out of sight, and disguised the vessel in such a manner as to resemble a merchantman; in con-

sequence of this the crew of the boat were deceived and taken. This trifling success produced the effects of enchantment on his sailors, who were no longer averse from giving her battle.

The Drake, having fired a gun to recal her boat, hoisted her anchor, and came out, attended by a number of yachts and pleasure-boats, with ladies and gentlemen on board: but, when the engagement became serious, they thought proper to withdraw to a respectful distance. No sooner did the enemy make his appearance, than he *lay to*, determined not to engage until she came within pistol-shot. The engagement was accordingly sustained with great vivacity on both sides during an hour and five minutes, when, the English captain and lieutenant being both mortally wounded, the English flag was lowered, and Paul took possession of her.

The Drake was greatly damaged in her masts and tackling, and lost forty-two men either killed or wounded during the action. He had before also taken several other prizes: but, as his compliment of men had only amounted to 123, he retained no more than two of them, which arrived in safety at Brest, where he himself anchored with the Ranger and Drake on the 7th of May, after an absence of twenty-eight days, during which he had taken upwards of 200 prisoners. This expedition was of great detriment to Great Britain, as she was not only obliged to fortify her ports, but also to permit the arming of the Irish volunteers, as Lord Mountmorris demonstrated in a speech in parliament that year.

At the time he had been obliged to permit his people to take Lady Selkirk's plate, he determined to redeem it out of his own funds the moment it should be sold, and restore it to the family. Accordingly, on his arrival at Brest, he instantly dispatched a most pathetic letter to her ladyship, in which he detailed the motives of his expedition, and the cruel necessity he was under, in consequence of the conduct of the English in America,

to inflict the punishment of retaliation. This was sent open to the postmaster-general, that it might be shown to the government of England and its ministers; and the Court of St. James's was at length induced to renounce the sanguinary acts of its parliament, and exchange those very Americans whom they called traitors, pirates, and felons, against the prisoners of war, whom Jones had taken and carried to France.

During the course of the war, he found it impossible to restore the plate belonging to the Selkirk family: he, however, purchased it at a great price, and at length found means to send it by land from L'Orient to Calais, by means of M. de Calonne, who transmitted him a very flattering letter on the occasion: in short, he at length received a very obliging letter from the Earl of Selkirk, acknowledging the receipt of the plate.

He had no sooner arrived at Brest, than Admiral the Count D'Orvilliers transmitted an account of his expedition to the minister of the marine, in consequence of which it was intimated to Dr. Franklin, that his Majesty was desirous he should repair to Versailles, as he was resolved to employ him on a secret expedition, for which purpose he would give him the Indienne, with some other frigates, with troops, &c. for the purpose of effecting a descent. He was instantly informed of this by the ambassador, who observed to him at the same time, that this must be considered as a profound secret, it being of so important a nature, that it had been deemed proper to withhold a communication of it even to his colleagues.

Paul Jones immediately repaired to Paris, where M. de Sartine received him with the most distinguished politeness, making him, at the same time, the most flattering promises; and the Prince de Nassau was sent into Holland to give instructions for the necessary arrangements for arming and equipping the frigate intended for him. But, in a short time after this,

hostilities took place between France and England, in consequence of the action with La Belle Poule. This not a little embarrassed the minister of the marine, and the difficulty was not diminished by the intelligence brought by the prince, who asserted, that the Dutch would not permit the Indienne to be equipped.

As M. de Sartine had written to the three American ministers, and obtained their consent for the commodore remaining in Europe, he offered to serve on board the grand fleet: he also communicated several plans for crippling the power of England; such as that of destroying her trade and settlements on the coast of Africa, and in Hudson's Bay; of annihilating their fisheries in Newfoundland; intercepting their East and West India, and, above all, the Baltic fleet, which was escorted by a single frigate, as he had learned by certain information from England. The minister adopted the last of these plans, and he accordingly repaired to Brest, to take the command of one of the frigates at that port, with two others, and a cutter, &c. then at St. Maloe's; but he found on his arrival, that the admiral had appointed a French officer to the vessel in question; and as there was not a single moment to be lost, the senior officer of the frigates at St. Maloe's was dispatched against the Baltic fleet, which he missed, by not steering sufficiently near to the coast of England to intercept it.

Being greatly disgusted with a series of delays, that ensued during nine months, he at length repaired to Versailles, with an intention of returning to America, if he should not immediately obtain a command. But he recollected the saying of Old Richard, "if you wish that your affairs should be prosperous, superintend them in person." This induced him to promise, that if the minister, should at length comply with his request, he should call his own ship "Old Richard."

Accordingly, on obtaining Le Duras, he called her the

Bon Homme Richard. She was a very small and very old and infirm vessel, that had made four voyages to the East Indies.

While the necessary arrangements were making at court, a naval commissary purchased at Nantz a merchantman, called La Pallas, and a brig, named La Vengeance, but neither of them was calculated for war: to these was added Le Cerf, a very fine cutter, with the Alliance, a new frigate, belonging to the United States; but as the guns had not as yet arrived from Angoulême, the Good Man Richard was armed from an old battery of twelve pounders; and, as the expedition was intended against the enemy's ports, Liverpool, &c. Paul mounted six old eighteen pounders in the gun-room, so that she might, in some measure, be called a forty gun ship. As it was found impossible to procure a sufficient number of American sailors, he determined to supply the deficiency by enrolling English ones, who happened to be prisoners of war in France; and, in addition to these, a certain number of peasants was levied, so that they might be said to have had as bad a crew as was ever shipped on board any vessel.

According to the first arrangement his little squadron was to have been joined by two fire-ships, and 500 men of Walsh's Irish regiment; but the minister did not keep his word, for he neither procured for him the fire-ships, nor the soldiers, so that it became impossible for him to fulfil the plan he had concerted.

He now received orders to escort a fleet of transports and merchantmen from L'Orient, destined for different ports, between that and Bourdeaux; and after that, he was to chase away the English cruisers from the Bay of Biscay, and then to return for further orders.

By this time he had received intimation from England, that eight East Indiamen were soon expected on the coast of Ireland, near Limerick. This was an object of great attention: and as there were two privateers at port

L'Orient ready for sea, Le Monsieur of forty guns and Le Granville of fourteen, the captains of which offered to place themselves under his orders, he accepted the proposition.

The squadron set sail from the road of Groays, on the 14th of August, 1779; but they had no sooner proceeded to the north of the mouth of the channel, than Le Monsieur and Le Granville abandoned him during the night, and Le Cerf soon after imitated their conduct. He was then extremely anxious to cruise for a fortnight in the latitude of Limerick; but the captain of the Alliance, after objecting to this, also left him during the night; and as he had now with him only the Pallas and the Vengeance, he was obliged to renounce his original intention. He then took two prizes on the coast of Ireland; and, within sight of Scotland, came up with and seized two privateers, of twenty-two guns each, which, with a brigantine, he sent to Bergen in Norway, according to the orders he had received from Dr. Franklin. These prizes, however, were restored to the English by the King of Denmark.

Towards the latter end of August, Jones was several days hovering on the coast of Ireland, where he made several small prizes. He was then in daily expectation of a reinforcement from Brest, on the arrival of which, he intended to enter the river Shannon, and seize the Indiamen laying there; but the appearance of the fleet under Sir John Lockhart Ross prevented the intended junction. From hence he got into Bantry Bay, where he lay a short time, hoping to intercept the victuallers, from Cork to North America; but in this he did not succeed.

When he entered the north sea, he captured several vessels; and learned by his prisoners, as well as by the newspapers, that the capital of Scotland and the port of Leith were left totally defenceless. He also understood at the same time, that his information relative to the

eight Indiamen was correct; they having entered Limerick three days after he had been obliged to leave the neighbourhood of that port.

As there were only a twenty gun ship and two cutters in Leith roads, Jones deemed it practicable to lay these two places under contribution. He had indeed no other force to execute this project, than the Richard, the Pallas, and the Vengeance; but he well knew, that, in order to perform a brilliant action, it is not always necessary to possess great means. He therefore held out the prospect of great booty to the captains under his command; and, as to himself, he was satisfied with the idea of making a diversion in favour of the Count D'Orvilliers, who was then in the channel.

He now distributed red clothes to his men, and put some of them on board the prizes, so as to give them the appearance of transports full of troops. All the necessary arrangements were also taken to carry the enterprise into execution; but, about a quarter of an hour before the descent was to have been made, a sudden tempest arose, and drove them out of the Forth, or Edinburgh Frith, and so violent was the storm, that one of his prizes was lost. This did not, however, deter him, notwithstanding the smallness of his forces, from forming different enterprises of a similar nature: but he could not induce the captains of the Pallas and Vengeance to second his views. He was therefore obliged to content himself with spreading alarm on the coast, and destroying the shipping, which he did as far as Hull.

On the morning of the 23d of September, while he was cruising in the latitude of Flamborough-head, which he had appointed as a place of rendezvous for his little squadron, and where he hoped to be rejoined by the Alliance and Le Cerf, and also to fall in with the Baltic fleet, this convoy accordingly appeared, at a time when he had been abandoned by several of his

consorts; had lost two boats with their crews, who had run away on the coast of Ireland; and when a third, with eighteen men on board, was in chase of a merchantman to windward, leaving him with only a scanty crew, and a single lieutenant, with some inferior officers on board.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon that the Baltic fleet appeared in view; he then happened to have the wind of it, and was about two leagues distant from the coast of England. He learned from his prisoners, that the convoy was escorted by the Serapis, a new vessel, that could mount fifty-six guns, but then carried only forty-four, on two decks, the lower battery carrying eighteen-pounders; and the Countess of Scarborough, a new twenty-two gun ship.

It being supposed that an enemy was on the coast, the red flag was hoisted on Scarborough castle, on Wednesday the 22d of September; and the Cumberland militia, which was quartered there, immediately beat to arms, and from the houses on shore, a sea-fight was plainly discernible on the following day; the action was so severe that the firing could not be counted. On the Friday, six sail was discovered about two leagues from shore, in a most shattered condition. They were no sooner descried than the armed vessels stood out to sea, while the trade took refuge under the cannon of Scarborough castle.

As there was but little wind, he could not come up with the enemy before night. The moon did not rise until eight, and at the close of day the Serapis and Countess of Scarborough tacked and stood in for the fortress. Jones discovered this manœuvre by means of his night-glass. On this he immediately altered his course six points, with a view of cutting off the enemy; which was no sooner perceived by the Pallas, than it was supposed his crew had mutinied, which induced her captain to haul his wind, and stand out to sea, while the

Alliance lay to, to windward, at a considerable distance; and, as the captain of this vessel had never paid any attention whatever to the signals of the Richard since her leaving France, he was obliged to run all risks and enter into action with the Richard only, to prevent the enemy's escape.

He accordingly began the engagement at seven o'clock at night, within pistol-shot of the Serapis, and sustained the brunt of it for nearly a whole hour at that distance, exposed, not only to her fire, but also to that of the Countess of Scarborough, which raked the Richard, by means of the broadsides she fired into her stern.

In this extremity, having to contend with three times his own strength, the Richard being in imminent danger of going to the bottom, and her guns being no longer in a condition to return the enemy's fire, he had recourse to a dangerous expedient, to grapple with the Serapis, in order, on the one hand, to render her superiority useless, and, on the other, to cover themselves from the fire of her consort. This manœuvre succeeded most wonderderfully, and he fastened the Serapis, with his own hands, to the Richard. On this, the captain of the Countess of Scarborough ceased to fire upon him, well knowing that he must at the same time damage the Serapis.

That vessel being to windward at the moment Jones had grappled, instantly dropped her anchor, hoping by this to disengage herself from him; but this did not answer her expectations, and the engagement, from that moment, consisted of the discharge of great guns, swivels, musquetry, and grenades. The English at first testified a desire to board the Richard, but they no sooner saw the danger than they desisted. The English, however, possessed the advantage of their two batteries, besides the guns on their forecastle and quarter-deck, while Paul's cannon were either burst or abandoned, ex-

cepting four pieces on the forecastle, which were also relinquished during some minutes. Mr. Mease, the officer who commanded these guns, had been dangerously wounded on the head, and having, at that period, no greater object to occupy his attention, Paul himself took his post. A few sailors came to his assistance of their own accord, and served the two guns next to the enemy with surprising courage and address. A short time after this, he received sufficient assistance to be able to remove one of the forecastle guns from the opposite side; but they had not strength sufficient to remove the other, so that they could only bring three to bear upon the enemy during the remainder of the action.

The moon, which has been already observed, rose at eight, beheld the two vessels surrounded by flame, in consequence of the explosion of the cannon. It so happened at this period, that the main-mast of the Serapis, which was painted yellow, appeared extremely distinct, so as to form an excellent mark; on this, he pointed one of his guns at it, taking care to ram home the shot. In the mean time, the two other pieces were admirably served against the Serapis, and swept its forecastle, by means of an oblique fire. The tops also seconded them bravely, by means of musquetry and swivels, and also threw a multitude of grenades so as greatly to annoy the enemy. By these means they were driven from their quarters, notwithstanding their superiority in point of men and artillery. The captain of the Serapis, after consulting with his officers, resolved to strike; but an unlucky accident, which occurred on board the Richard, prevented this: a bullet having destroyed one of the pumps, the carpenter was seized with a panic, and told the gunner, and another petty officer, that the Richard was sinking. Some one observed at the same time, that both the commodore and the lieutenant were killed; in consequence

of which the gunner, considering himself as commanding officer, ran instantly to the quarter-deck, in order to haul down the American colours, which he would have actually done, had not the flag-staff been carried away at the time the Richard grappled with the Serapis.

The captain of the Serapis on hearing the gunner express his wishes to surrender, in consequence of his supposing that they were sinking, instantly exclaimed to Jones, "Do you ask for quarter?—Do you ask for quarter?" Paul was so occupied at this period, in serving the three pieces of cannon on the forecastle, that he remained totally ignorant of what had occurred on deck. He replied, however, "I do not dream of surrendering, but I am determined to make you strike!" In this dilemma what did the lieutenant do, but proceeded directly to tear the stripes from the stump they had been nailed to. The commodore caught him in this disgraceful act, and shot him instantly with a boarding pistol.

The English commander, however, conceived some faint hopes, in consequence of what had been said, that the Richard was actually sinking; but when he perceived that her fire did not diminish, he immediately ordered his men from the forecastle, where they were too much exposed, and stationed them below, where they kept up such a tremendous discharge against the Richard, that it at once indicated vengeance and despair.

It has already been observed, that when Jones commenced the action, the Pallas was at a great distance to windward, while the Alliance lay to in the same position. When the captain of the former perceived that the engagement took place, he spoke to his consort; but they lost a great deal of time, and it was not until now that they came within gun-shot of the Countess of Scarborough, and a kind of running fight took place between the latter and the Pallas. The Alliance followed them, and, on passing the commodore, fired a broad-

side, which, as he was closely engaged with the enemy, did more harm to the commodore than to them.

The battle still continued with uncommon ardour between both, and the Serapis, whose rigging burned, and her mainmast was cut away, by degrees, by Jones's bullets; while the heavier metal of the English drove in one of the sides of the Richard, and met with little or no resistance. In short, their helm was rendered useless; and the poop was only supported by an old and shattered piece of timber, which alone prevented it from giving way. At length, after a short engagement, the Countess of Scarborough surrendered to the Pallas. It was then that the captain of the latter asked the commander of the Alliance, "Whether he would take charge of the prize, or sail and give succour to the commodore?" On this, the Alliance began to stand backwards and forwards under her topsails, until, having got to the windward, she came down, and discharged a second broadside against the fore-part of the Serapis, and the hind-part of the Richard. On this the commodore, and several other persons, begged for God's sake that they would cease firing, and send a few men on board of them; but he disobeyed, and fired another broadside as he passed along; after which he kept at a most respectful distance, and took great care not to expose himself during the remainder of the action, without receiving a single shot, or having a man wounded during the whole engagement.

The idea that the Richard was sinking had taken such possession of the gunner and carpenter's minds, that they actually opened the scuttles, and made all the prisoners, to the number of a hundred, sally forth, in opposition to the commander's reiterated orders. This event might have proved fatal, had he not taken advantage of their affright to station them at the pumps, where they displayed surprising zeal, appearing actually to forget their captivity; for there was nothing to prevent their

going on board the Serapis; or it was in their power to put an end to the engagement in an instant, by either killing Jones, or throwing him into the sea. As the Richard's three quarter-deck guns continued to play, without interruption, on the Serapis, raked her hinder parts, and damaged her mast in such a manner, that it was only supported from falling by the yards of their own ship, while the tops poured in a continual discharge; the fire of the English began to deaden in such a manner as to bereave them of all hope of success.

A circumstance, however, occurred, that contributed not a little to the victory of the Richard: this was the extraordinary intrepidity and presence of mind of a Scotch sailor, posted in the main-top: who, of his own accord, seized a lighted match, and a basket of hand-grenades, with which he advanced along the main yard, until he had arrived exactly above the Serapis's deck. As the flames of their parapets and shrouds, added to the light of the moon, enabled him to distinguish objects, the moment he perceived two or three persons assembled together, he instantly discharged a hand-grenade among them: he had even address enough to drop several through their scuttles, and one of them set fire to the cartridge of an eighteen-pounder belonging to the lower deck, the discharge of which scorched several of the crew.

On this, the captain of the Serapis came upon the quarter-deck, lowered his flag, and asked for quarter, at the very moment his mainmast had fallen into the sea. He then came on board with his officers, and presented the commodore with his sword. While this was transacting, eight or ten men belonging to the Richard seized on the Serapis's shallop, which had been at anchor during the engagement, and made off.

It was more than eleven o'clock when the battle ended; it had consequently lasted more than four hours. The Richard had no more than 322 men, good, bad, and

indifferent, on board, at the commencement of the engagement; and sixty of these, posted in the gun-room when the gun burst, having been of no further service during the action, could not be properly considered as forming part of the crew opposed to the Serapis, which had received a supply of English sailors while in Denmark; and it appeared, indeed, by the muster-roll, that there were upwards of 400 men on board her when the first gun was fired. Her superiority was still more considerable in respect to guns, without mentioning her greater weight of metal, which surpassed Jones's beyond all comparison.

Next morning the weather was hazy, and not a single sail was to be seen. They then examined the Richard, to see if it were posssible to carry her into any port. This proving wholly impracticable, all the boats were employed in carrying the wounded on board the other vessels. This occupied much of their time; and on the succeeding day, notwithstanding all their pumps had been at work, the hold was entirely full of water, and the vessel soon after sunk. On this occasion, the commodore could only save the signal-flags, and he lost all his property, amounting to more than 25,000 livres.

After this victory, the commodore instantly assumed the command of the Serapis, on which he erected jury-masts; but the sea was so tempestuous that it was ten days before they reached the Texel.

No sooner was his arrival known, than forty-two vessels, forming different squadrons of frigates, were fitted out from the various ports of Great Britain against him, and two of these were stationed during three months at the mouths of the Texel and the Fly.

At length, the wind becoming favourable, on the 27th of February, 1779, the Alliance set sail, after having lost all her anchors, one only excepted. He, however, had the good fortune to escape, although the Alliance passed the Straits of Dover within sight of the English

squadron in the Downs. After getting clear of the Channel, he soon reached the latitude of Cape Finisterre, and entered the port of Corunna, January 16, 1780.

On his return to France, he found that the French commissary had made a private sale of his prizes to the king without consulting him. On this, he repaired to Versailles, along with Dr. Franklin, but was received with great coolness by the minister of the marine. On this account, he declined asking him to present him to his majesty. This honour was conferred on him, however, next day by the Prince de Beauveau, captain of the guards. The public received him at the opera, and all the public places where he appeared, with the most lively enthusiasm; this, added to the very favourable reception he received from his majesty, afforded him singular satisfaction; and the minister of the marine from that moment paid him the most marked attention.

The minister of the marine, a short time after this, lent him the Ariel, a king's ship, carrying twenty guns, with which he sailed, October 8th, 1780, for America. The wind was at first favourable; but he was soon after in danger of foundering on the Penmarks, and escaped only by cutting away his main and mizzen-masts. As soon as the storm abated, they erected jury-masts, and returned to refit. In short, it was the 18th of December before he could proceed for Philadelphia. During the voyage, he fell in with an English twenty gun ship, called the Triumph, and, partly by stratagem, and partly by hard fighting, forced her to strike her flag; but, while they were about to take possession of her, the captain, taking advantage of her superior sailing, made off, and escaped. On his arrival in America, the congress, on the representation of the Chevalier de la Luzerne, passed a law to enable him to accept the military order of France. The French minister, on this occasion, gave an entertainment, to which all the members of congress, and the principal inhabitants of

Philadelphia, were invited ; after which he was invested, in their presence, with the decorations of the order.

After this he repaired to St. Domingo, where the governor, M. de Bellecombe, showed him many marks of favour and esteem. From hence he went to Philadelphia, where the marks of the French esteem was only increased by the additional consideration of the American's gratitude. His health being impaired, he remained here till the latter end of 1783, when, by an act of congress, dated at Prince Town, November 1, of that year, he obtained permission to come to Europe to receive his share of the prize-money due to him, and to his officers, for their captures from the belligerent powers at war with France and America. This took him two years to settle, and he returned back in March, 1785. After this, he purchased and resided upon an estate near Kentucky ; but his restless disposition again led him out from his retirement, when he heard of the differences between the Russians and Turks. With them he seemed to have lost his usual success ; for though his equipment from Cronstadt consisted principally of Russian sailors educated in the British navy, having no officers to organize them, his operations in the Black Sea were not remarkable enough to be recounted. It was the end of that war before he came into any action. Upon peace he retired again to America, where he died at Kentucky in the summer of 1801, aged 53 years.

THOMAS HUDSON.

Hudson was a native of Leeds in Yorkshire; and in the earlier part of his life, filled a respectable situation as clerk in a government office in London: while in this employment, he came in possession of a considerable fortune by the death of an aunt; upon which, he retired

Engraved by R. Cooper.

THOMAS HUDSON,

Remarkable for his Misfortunes.

into Staffordshire, where he remained for some years, in the enjoyment of every earthly happiness; till unfortunately he became a party to the celebrated South-Sea scheme;* and so sanguine was he of success, that he

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* During the long war with France in the reign of Queen Anne, the payment of the sailors of the royal navy being neglected, and they receiving tickets instead of money, were frequently obliged, by their necessities, to sell these tickets to avaricious men, at a discount of forty pounds, and some fifty pounds, per cent. By this, and other means, the debts of the nation, unprovided for by parliament, and which amounted to 9,471,321*l.* fell into the hands of these usurers; on which Mr. Harley, at that time chancellor of the exchequer, and afterwards Earl of Oxford, proposed a scheme to allow the proprietors of these debts and deficiencies six pounds per cent. per annum, and to incorporate them, in order to their carrying on a trade to the South Sea; and they were accordingly incorporated under the title of "The Governor and Company of Merchants of Great Britain trading to the South Seas, and other parts of America, and for encouraging the fishery," &c.

Though this company seemed formed for the sake of commerce, it is certain the ministry never thought seriously, during the course of the war, about making any settlement on the coast of South America, which was what flattered the expectations of the people. Nor was it indeed ever carried into execution, or any trade ever undertaken by this company, except the Assiento, in pursuance of the treaty of Utrecht, for furnishing the Spaniards with negroes. Of this the company was deprived, upon receiving 100,000*l.* in lieu of all claims upon Spain, by a convention between the courts of Great Britain and Spain, soon after the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748.

Some other sums were lent to the government in the reign of Queen Anne, at six per cent. In the third of George I. the interest of the whole was reduced to five per cent. and they advanced 2,000,000*l.* more to the government at the same interest. By the statute of the sixth of George I. it was declared that this company might redeem all or any of the redeemable national debts; in consideration of which, the company were empowered to augment their capital according to the sums they should discharge: and for enabling them to raise such sums for purchasing annuities, exchanging for ready money new exchequer bills, carrying on their trade, &c. they might, by such means as they should think proper, raise such sums of money as in a general court of the company should be judged necessary. The company

ventured the whole of his fortune in that disastrous project.

Misfortune now became his intimate companion—the news of the failure of his darling scheme, arrived at the

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were also empowered to raise money on the contracts, bonds, or obligations under their common seal, on the credit of their public stock. But if the sub-governor, deputy-governor, or other members of the company should purchase lands or revenues of the crown upon account of the corporation, or lend money by loan or anticipation on any branch of the revenue, other than such part only on which a credit of loan was granted by parliament, such sub-governor, or other member of the company, should forfeit triple the value so lent.

The South Sea Company never had any forts or garrisons to maintain, and therefore were entirely exempted from one great expense, to which other joint-stock companies for foreign trade are subject. But they had an immense capital divided among an immense number of proprietors. It was naturally to be expected, therefore, that folly negligence, and profusion, should prevail in the whole management of their affairs. Their stock-jobbing speculations were succeeded by mercantile projects, which, Dr. Smith observes, were not much better conducted. At length, in the year 1722, this company petitioned parliament to be allowed to divide their immense capital of more than 33,800,000*l.* the whole of which had been lent to government, into two equal parts: the one half, or upwards of 16,000,000*l.* to be put upon the same footing with other government annuities, and not to be subject to the debts contracted, or losses incurred, by the directors of the company, in the prosecution of their mercantile projects; the other half to remain as before, a trading stock, and to be subject to those debts and losses. The petition was too reasonable not to be granted. In 1733 they again petitioned the parliament, that three-fourths of their trading stock, might be turned into annuity stock, and only one fourth remain as trading stock or exposed to the hazards arising from the bad management of their directors. Both their annuity and trading stocks had by this time, been reduced more than 2,000,000*l.* each, by several different payments from government: so that this fourth amounted only to 3,662,784*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.* In 1748 all the demands of the company upon the King of Spain, in consequence of the Assiento contract, were by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, given up for what was supposed an equivalent; an end was put to their trade in the Spanish West Indies, the remainder of their trading stock was turned into annuity stock, and the company ceased in every respect to be a trading company.

time when he had to witness the decease of an affectionate wife. These severe reverses were too much for him: he left his favourite residence, in a state of bankruptcy, and made the best of his way for London. From this period he became in a manner insane; and Tom of Ten Thousand (as he used to call himself), was like Poor Joe—all alone!

The peculiarity of his dress, and deformity of figure, attracted particular notice; wrapped in a rug, and supported by a crutch, without either shoes or stockings, did this poor creature perambulate, even in the coldest weather, the fields about Chelsea, craving assistance. Sterne says, with much truth and feeling, that

The Lord tempers the wind for the shorn lamb.

The fatal South Sea scheme, transacted in the year 1720, was executed upon the last-mentioned statute. The company had at first set out with good success; and the value of their stock, for the first five years, had risen faster than that of any other company; and his majesty, after purchasing 10,000*l.* stock, had condescended to be their governor. Things were in this situation, when taking advantage of the above statute, the South Sea bubble was projected; the pretended design of which was, to raise a fund for carrying on a trade to the South Sea, and purchasing annuities, &c. paid to the other companies: and proposals were printed and distributed, showing the advantages of the design, and inviting persons into it. The sum necessary for carrying it on, together with the profits that were to arise from it, were divided into a certain number of shares or subscriptions, to be purchased by persons disposed to adventure therein. And the better to carry on the deception, the directors engaged to make very large dividends, and actually declared that every 100*l.* original stock would yield 50*l.* per annum; which occasioned so great a rise of the stock, that a share of 100*l.* was sold for upwards of 800*l.* This was in the month of July, but before the end of September, it fell to 150*l.* by which multitudes were ruined, and such a scene of distress occasioned as is scarcely to be conceived. Most of the directors were severely fined, to the loss of nearly all their property; even those who had no share in the deception, because they ought to have opposed and prevented it.—*Mackenzie's Geographical Encyclopædia*, vol. i. p. 121.

Let us hope, therefore, that the chilling blasts of winter, were rendered as congenial to Poor Hudson as the balmy breezes of a summer's day.

After many years of misery, Death took this "son of misfortune" from his earthly troubles, in the year 1767, at a very advanced age.

ALEXANDER CRUDEN.

It has been justly said by one of our greatest bards, that

> "Great wit to madness oft is near allied,
> And thin partitions do the bounds divide."

These lines may very truly be applied to the eccentric and learned Alexander Cruden, whose literary labours claim for him the veneration of all the students of the sacred writings. He was the second son of William Cruden, merchant, and one of the bailies, of Aberdeen, an officer similar to that of alderman in England. Alexander was born in 1701, and received his education at the grammar-school of Aberdeen, where he had for his school-fellows the late Earl Marischal, and his brother the celebrated Field-marshal Keith. In due time Cruden entered as a student of Marischal-college, and from his close attendance at the divinity lectures, he appears to have had thoughts of embracing the clerical profession.

This intention was, however, frustrated, by the melancholy change which took place about this time; though he retained as long as he lived the impression that he was appointed by Heaven to preach the gospel and to reform mankind. It is uncertain to what cause that wildness and incoherence which now began to appear in his words and actions, and which, with few intervals, accompanied him to his grave, are to be

ascribed. Some thought that they were occasioned by the bite of a mad dog, but nothing can be gathered from the history of this dreadful distemper which favours such an opinion. Others derived his insanity from disappointment in love, but whether this acted as a cause or confirmation of the malady is uncertain.

The object of his affection was the daughter of a clergyman of Aberdeen. Cruden courted her with ardour and perseverance; but the lady thought proper to reject his addresses, and his behaviour becoming outrageous and troublesome, her father ordered his doors to be shut against him. This only served to strengthen his passion, and his friends soon found it necessary to confine him for a considerable time. Meanwhile the young lady became pregnant, and, as it was with too much reason surmised, in consequence of a criminal intercourse with her own brother. She was sent into the country, whence she never returned. That Cruden shared in the general horror produced by this event may easily be conceived. He never mentioned the name of the unhappy woman but with the bitterest grief and most tender compassion.

On his release from confinement, he relinquished the pursuit of his studies at Aberdeen, and resolved to leave his native country. In the year 1722, he repaired to London, and engaged in several families as private tutor to young persons at school, or who were intended for the university. In this employment he spent some years in the Isle of Man. In the year 1732, he again resided in London, as corrector of the press, and bookseller; his shop was under the Royal Exchange, and while in this situation the following remarkable incident happened. A gentleman from Aberdeen, wishing to serve Cruden, offered to introduce him to a merchant near the Exchange, a near relation of the young lady to whom he had been attached. They knocked at the door of the merchant, and who should open it but the very female herself, who, unknown to Cruden or his friend,

had there found an asylum. Cruden started back with visible signs of wonder and agony, and grasping his friend's hand, wildly exclaimed, "Ah! she has still her fine black eyes!" All hopes of intimacy with this family were now at an end; he did not then or ever afterwards enter the house, or court the acquaintance of the owner, who was a younger brother of the lady.

The following year he began to compile the great work which he had long meditated, "A complete Concordance to the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament," a work that required extraordinary labour and perseverance. Cruden was well qualified for such an undertaking, for habits of industry were familiar to him, and inclination led him to form the plan, and indeed to execute the whole, before he received any encouragement from the public. The first edition was published in 1737, and was dedicated to Queen Caroline, who had given the author some reason to expect a gratuity on the presentation of the book to her. Unfortunately for Cruden, he lost his patroness a very few days before the publication of the work, by the death of the queen. His affairs were embarrassed; the time he had bestowed upon his book was not productive of immediate profit, and his reward was no longer to be expected; for that he did expect a reward from her majesty appeared by visible symptoms of the keenest disappointment.

He now disposed of his stock in trade and shut up his shop. Without employment, without friends, and without hope, he again became a prey to his malady, and it was found necessary to confine him in a private mad-house at Bethnal-green. As soon as he was released, he took revenge on his keepers, and on those who were the cause of his confinement, by publishing a pamphlet, intituled "The London Citizen materially injured, giving an account of his adventures during the time of his severe and long campaign at Bethnal-green, for nine weeks and six days, the citizen being sent thither in March, 1738, by

Robert Wightman, a notoriously conceited, whimsical man, where he was chained, hand-cuffed, strait-waistcoated, and imprisoned, &c." He also commenced an action against Dr. Monro, and other defendants, which was tried at Westminster-hall, July 17, 1738, when a verdict was given in favour of the defendants. After the verdict was given, Cruden said, "I trust in God." The chief justice, Sir William Lee, replied, "I wish you had trusted more in God, and not have come hither." Cruden had recourse again to his pen, and published an account of the trial, with remarks on the economy of private mad-houses, which he dedicated to the king.

His principal occupation after this was correcting the press, and under his inspection several very accurate editions of the Greek and Roman classics were published. He rendered himself useful to the booksellers and printers in various ways. His manners were inoffensive; he was always to be trusted, and performed his engagements with strict fidelity. In this kind of employment he spent several years, until another return of his disorder obliged his friends to shut him up a third time in a mad-house. When he was released he published his case under the whimsical title of "The Adventures of Alexander the Corrector." Three parts afterwards appeared under the same title. It is rather difficult to characterize these performances. They are a faithful transcript of a mild mind, unequal, whimsical, serious, and jocose. His madness was *sui generis*. Nothing like it can be found in the annals of medicine, nor can it be accounted for on the known principles of physiology. The faculty are seldom called in, and seldom attend to cases like that of Cruden: the world either laughed at or pitied him. In his worst paroxysms he was perfectly harmless, and it is more than probable that the severity of his confinement unnecessarily aggravated his disorder.

At his last release in 1753, he undertook what was more difficult to effect than all his former attempts. He endeavoured to persuade one or two of his friends who had confined him, to submit to be imprisoned in Newgate, as a compensation for the injuries they had brought upon him. To his sister he proposed what he thought very mild terms; she was to have her choice of four prisons; Newgate, Reading, and Aylesbury gaols; and the prison in Windsor-castle. Finding that his persuasions were of no avail, he commenced an action against her and three others, and stated his damages at ten thousand pounds. The cause was tried in February 1754, and verdict given in favour of the defendants. Cruden had now no other remedy than an appeal to the public: he accordingly published the account of this trial in a sixpenny pamphlet, dedicated to the king. He went to St. James's palace to present it, but he was prevented, and denied the honour of knighthood, to which, at the time, he aspired.

His frenzy was now at its height. He called himself "Alexander the Corrector," and gave out that he was commissioned by Heaven to reform the manners of the age, and particularly to restore a due observance of the sabbath. To turn the popular opinion in his favour, he produced and printed certain prophecies of eminent ministers and others, all anonymous, or with the initials only of names. The substance of these predictions was, that Cruden was to be a second Joseph, to be a great man at court, and to perform great things for the spiritual Israel in this spiritual Egypt. Furnished with such credentials, he went to Oxford and Cambridge, and exhorted the ladies and gentlemen whom he found in the public walks on the sabbath, to go home and keep that day holy. His advice, however, was not welcomed as he wished. On one occasion, indeed, he narrowly escaped corporal chastisement for having been too bold in his addresses to a young lady, who happened to be

walking with a student in Clare-hall walks. He generally followed up his advice with a denunciation of eternal wrath in case of non-compliance.

On Cruden's return to London, his ambition increased: for ambition he certainly indulged, under the idea that he was destined to a superior station in life. The general election approaching, he determined to stand candidate for the city of London, and was accordingly nominated in a common hall by Mr. Sheriff Chitty, whom he had importuned to perform this office for him. It may perhaps be thought remarkable that Cruden had the satisfaction to see several hands held up for him; but he declined the poll, which was instituted by the other party. He had actually received promises of support, and, as he himself observed, was comforted by the reflection, that if he had not the hands, he had the hearts of the citizens. The following is one of the advertisements published by him on this occasion. It is too curious not to be preserved, as it affords a specimen of his manner of speaking and writing when his frenzy was at its height.

"*Gentlemen of the Livery*,

"I have acquainted the sheriffs of my humbly proposing to be a candidate for one of the representatives of the city of London: which may be looked upon as an extraordinary step. This is not denied, but I trust I am under the direction of a gracious Providence, and I desire to be entirely resigned to the will of God, the supreme disposer of all things. In the appendix to Alexander the Corrector's adventures, I have acquainted you with some of my motives for being a candidate, which are such as I hope will be approved by every good man, as they are by my own conscience.

"If there is any just ground to hope that God will be pleased to make the Corrector an instrument to reform the nation, and particularly to promote the reformation, the peace and prosperity of this great city, and to bring its inhabitants to a more religious temper and conduct, no good man in such an extraordinary case will deny the Corrector his vote: and the Corrector's election may be the means to pave the way to his being a Joseph, and an useful, prosperous man.

"May God be pleased to give a happy turn to the minds of the

electors to act from the best principles, and to choose those who will be faithful to their trust, and study to promote the temporal and eternal happiness of the people.

"My earnest prayers are put up from time to time for your happiness in this world, and the world to come, through Jesus Christ.

"I am, very respectfully,
"Gentlemen,
"Your most obedient,
"And affectionate humble servant,
"ALEX. CRUDEN."

"*North's Coffee-house, near Guildhall,*
"*April* 25, 1754."

About this time Cruden paid his addresses to a lady; but he had occasion to lament, that in this, as in every other great design, he could not command success. Amid this series of wild attempts, he devoted his best hours to study. He was continually making additions to his Concordance, the second edition of which was published in 1761. At this time he was corrector of the press to the Public Advertiser. He was indeed incessantly employed; and apportioned his time so judiciously, that only when he appeared in public he could be said to do nothing. The business of the printing-office was rarely concluded before one o'clock in the morning, when the paper was put to press. Cruden seldom slept more than four or five hours, and before six in the morning he might always be found turning over his bible, adding to, amending, and improving his Concordance with scrupulous attention. In this manner was he engaged till evening, when he returned to the printing-office. This assiduous attention to useful objects would, it was hoped by his friends, restore his mind to a state of calm regularity, and this was, in some degree, the case.

His next appearance in public was in a character which did infinite honour to his heart. In 1762, Richard Potter, a sailor, was tried, and capitally condemned at the Old Bailey, for forging, or rather for uttering,

knowing it to be forged, a seaman's will, a crime which at that time, as well as now, was rarely pardoned. It appeared, however, from the evidence, that Potter was a poor illiterate creature, and, ignorant of the nature of the crime committed, had acted merely as the tool of another. Fortunately for him, Cruden happened to be in court, and was so firmly convinced that Potter was a proper object of royal clemency, that he determined to interfere in his behalf. To satisfy himself more fully, he visited Potter in Newgate, examined him, and found that his crime was the crime of ignorance, unaccompanied with any evil intention. But it was not only to save him from the sentence of the law that Cruden meditated. He prayed with him, exhorted him, instructed him in the principles of religion, and awakened in him a proper sense of the wickedness of his past life, and the enormity of the crime for which he was condemned: in a word, he made a convert of a poor wretch who had scarcely ever heard of a God. He then began to devise means to obtain a pardon, and, improbable as is appeared, his repeated applications succeeded, and Potter's sentence was changed into transportation. Cruden accompanied his petition to the Earl of Halifax, then secretary of state, with a copy of his second edition of the Concordance, to which was prefixed an elegant Latin dedication to his lordship. The tenderness with which Cruden visited, exhorted, fed, and clothed his pupil, the anxiety he felt, and the unceasing importunity of his applications to every person that could be useful to Potter, produce a sincere respect for the character of this singular man, and are sufficient to reconcile us to all his oddities.

The success Cruden had experienced in reforming this poor criminal, induced him to continue his labours among the other felons in Newgate. He visited them every day, gave them new testaments, catechisms, &c. instructed them, and bestowed small pecuniary rewards

on the most apt scholar. His labour, however, was lost; the books were soon exchanged for money, and the money was spent in drinking; and the benevolent Cruden discontinued his practice when he found that it produced no better effects. A regard for the eternal welfare of his fellow-creatures was a predominant feature in his character; and it cannot be doubted that had it not been for the malady with which he was afflicted, he would have been a most useful minister of religion, and a most valuable member of society.

He was particularly elated when he had succeeded in rescuing any wretched object from the barbarity of ignorance, or the practice of wickedness. Of this we have another instance, but at what period it happened cannot now be ascertained. Returning one Sunday evening from a place of divine worship, he accidentally met with a man whose looks betrayed anxiety, sorrow, melancholy, and, as Cruden imagined, despair. He immediately accosted the man, and drew from him a confession that the extreme poverty of his family and other causes had driven him to the desperate resolution of committing suicide. Cruden expostulated with him, convinced him of the wickedness of his intention, and administered such friendly consolation, accompanied with pecuniary assistance, and a promise of future support, that the poor man became cheerful, resigned, and hopeful. In acts of this kind Cruden delighted.

At the time when the whole nation was agitated by the disputes between the government and Wilkes, Cruden wrote a small pamphlet against that gentleman, whom he never could hear named with patience. This aversion he testified in a way peculiar to himself, by effacing No. 45, wherever he found it chalked on doors or window-shutters. His instrument was a large piece of sponge which he carried in his pocket, partly for this purpose, and partly that no words offensive to good morals might be allowed to disgrace the walls,

doors, &c. of the metropolis. This employment often rendered his walks through the city extremely tedious.

In the year 1769, he visited Aberdeen, the place of his nativity, and in a public hall delivered a lecture on the cause of reformation; contended that he was born to reform the age; and exhorted all ranks to amend their ways. In this advice there was nothing improper or absurd—but Cruden's manner was always at variance with his matter, and he met with no better success there than at other places. Many anecdotes are related of his labours during his residence at Aberdeen. Among others he printed the fourth commandment in the form of a hand-bill, which he presented to all persons without distinction, whom he met in the streets on Sunday. To a young clergyman whom he thought too spruce and conceited, he very gravely and formally presented a little catechism, used in Scotland, called the Mother's Catechism, dedicated to the young and ignorant. He always had his pockets full of religious tracts for young people; and these he bestowed with pleasure on such as promised to read them.

After residing about a year at Aberdeen, he returned to London, and took lodgings in Camden-street, Islington, where he died. In the morning of the 1st of November, 1770, he was found dead on his knees, apparently in the posture of prayer. He had complained for some days of an asthmatic affection, but it did not seem to be attended with danger. As he never married, he bequeathed his moderate savings to his relations, except a certain sum to the city of Aberdeen, to be employed in the purchase of religious books for the use of the poor; and he founded a bursary, or exhibition, of five pounds per annum, to assist in educating a student in Marischal-college. This exhibition was to be obtained on certain terms specified in his will, one of which was a perfect acquaintance with Vincent's Catechism.

In private life Cruden was courteous and affable:

prone to give his opinions, and firm in all his religious persuasions. He had not, however, an intolerant spirit, and often censured with severity the principles and practices of narrow-minded men. To the poor he was as liberal of his money as of his advice; and seldom did he separate the one from the other. His concern for them must have been sincere, for interest he could have none; and his generosity must have been pure, for he often gave more than he retained for his own uses. To such young men as were recommended to him, especially if they were from Aberdeen, he acted like a father, an affectionate friend, or tutor. In conversation and in writing his style was stiff and awkward. He does not appear to have had a prompt memory, and his words came slowly. Among men of genius he cannot be classed; but in his greatest labours he experienced no fatigue, and the utility of his literary projects will not admit of a dispute. His Concordance was his favourite work; and it is probable that the attention he bestowed upon it was favourable to the state of his mind, though it could not altogether prevent the return of that frenzy which gave a certain colour to all his actions, and suggested to him those whimsical plans of reformation, and those hopes of superiority, which were equally useless to himself and unprofitable to others.

LORD CAMELFORD.

We cannot survey the circumstances of the life of this eccentric and unfortunate nobleman without regretting that the virtues and good qualities which he occasionally manifested, were obscured by passions often dangerous to the peace and welfare of society. At the same time these mischiefs were not the result of a bad heart; for when reason and reflection recovered the dominion which

the love of every species of extravagance had usurped in his mind, he thought no sacrifice too great, to repair the injuries which the gratification of his humour had occasioned. He exhibited a truly singular compound of human virtues and frailties; being distinguished for eccentric boldness and intrepidity of spirit; for many acts of noble, but oddly irregular, beneficence; for a love of frolic; and a passion for national and scientific pursuits; at one time, for uncommon dignity, good sense, and enlargement of sentiments; at another, for unreasonable positiveness; for liberality of expense without foolish vanity or mad profusion; so that those who studied his character with the greatest attention, knew not whether they ought to admire his virtues and rectitude of understanding, or to lament his dangerous eccentricities.

Thomas Pitt, Lord Camelford, was the great grandson of the famous Governor Pitt, who acquired the greater part of an ample fortune in India, by the advantageous purchase of a diamond, which was sold in Europe with great profit to the Duke of Orleans, regent of France. He was allied to some of the first families in the kingdom; his father, who was elevated to the peerage, in 1784, being the nephew of the late Earl of Chatham, and his sister having married Lord Grenville.

Lord Camelford was born February 26th, 1775. In his spirit and temper, when a boy, there appeared something which, though vigorous and manly, was, however, peculiar and unmanageable. He received at Berne, in Switzerland, the first rudiments of his education, which he afterwards completed at the Charter-house. In compliance with a predilection of his own, he was suffered, at an early age, to enter the royal navy, as a midshipman. In this capacity he sailed in the year 1789, in the Guardian frigate, commanded by the late gallant Captain Riou, and laden with stores for the new colony of convicts settled at Botany Bay. The calamity which befel that ship was well calculated to inure the youthful sea-

man to the perils of the element which he had chosen for the theatre of his professional life. At that early period he manifested the same contempt of danger which so particularly distinguished the whole of his career. It is well known that when all endeavours to save the vessel appeared to be fruitless, her commander gave permission to such of the crew as chose to avail themselves of it, to consult their safety and betake themselves to the boats. On this occasion Lord Camelford was one of those who to the number of ninety resolutely resolved to remain in the ship, and to share her fate with their gallant commander. After a passage, little less than miraculous, in the wreck to the Cape of Good Hope, his lordship, in September, 1790, arrived at Harwich in the Prince of Orange packet.

So far from being daunted by the hardships and dangers he had encountered in the Guardian, Lord Camelford, soon after his return, solicited an appointment in the voyage of discovery which was then fitting out under the command of the late Captain Vancouver. He accompanied that officer in the ship Discovery, during part of his circumnavigation ; but in consequence of his refractoriness and disobedience of orders, the result rather of a certain peculiarity of temper, than of either badness of heart or want of understanding, he put Captain Vancouver under the necessity of treating him with a severity of discipline, which he would not endure.

He accordingly quitted the Discovery in the Indian Seas, and entered on board the Resistance, commanded by Sir Edward Pakenham, by whom he was appointed lieutenant. During his absence his father died, and he consequently succeeded to the title and family estates. On his return home, in October, 1796, he sent a challenge to Captain Vancouver, for the ill treatment he alleged he had received while under his command. The captain replied, that his lordship's misbehaviour had obliged him to resort to the measures of which he

complained, and that they were absolutely necessary for the preservation of discipline. At the same time, the captain offered to submit the affair to the judgment of any flag-officer in his Majesty's navy, and if the latter conceived that, by the laws of honour, he was liable to be called upon, he would willingly give his lordship any satisfaction he required. This method of settling the dispute was by no means congenial to the fiery disposition of Lord Camelford, who now threatened the captain with personal chastisement. It was not long before an opportunity presented itself for the execution of his menace; for meeting with Vancouver in Bond-street, he was only prevented from striking him by the interference of his brother. The chagrin of this unmerited disgrace is said to have prayed with such violence on the spirits of that meritorious officer, as to accelerate his death, which happened not long afterwards.

Having attained the rank of master and commander, his lordship was appointed to the command of the Favorite sloop. That vessel and the Perdrix were lying in English Harbour, Antigua, on the 13th of January, 1798. At this time Captain Fahie of the Perdrix, was absent at St. Kitts, and had left his first lieutenant Mr. Peterson in charge of his ship. Lord Camelford, who was consequently the commanding officer at English Harbour, issued an order, which Mr. Peterson refused to obey, conceiving that his lordship had no right of command over the vessel of a senior officer. The two ships were hauled alongside each other in the dock-yard to be repaired, and the companies of each vessel collected round their respective officers at the commencement of the altercation. High words ensued; the lieutenant still refused to obey, and soon afterwards twelve of the crew of the Perdrix arrived at the spot armed. These men Mr. Peterson drew up in a line, and placed himself at their head with his sword drawn. Lord Camelford immediately called out his armed

marines, and ranged them in a line opposite Lieutenant Peterson's men, at the distance of about four yards. His lordship retired, but soon returned with a pistol, borrowed from an officer in the dock-yard, and advancing towards the lieutenant, asked him whether he still persisted in not obeying his orders. "Yes, I do persist," was his reply; on which Lord Camelford immediately put the pistol to his breast, and shot him through the body. The unfortunate Peterson fell backward, and neither uttered a word nor moved afterwards. After this decisive measure, the crews retired quietly to their respective ships, and Lord Camelford surrendered himself to Captain Matson, of the Beaver sloop.

This fatal event excited the most lively sensation at Antigua, especially as Lieutenant Peterson was a native of a neighbouring island, of a respectable family, and much esteemed. The populace of St. John's were restrained from personal violence against his lordship, only by the most solemn assurances, that a judicial investigation should be instituted. The verdict of the coroner's jury summoned to inquire into the circumstances of the death of the lieutenant, was that he "lost his life in a mutiny."

In the Beaver sloop, Lord Camelford was conveyed to Fort Royal Bay, Martinique, where a court martial assembled on board the Invincible. The court continued to sit from the 20th to the 25th of January, when they came to the following determination: "At a Court Martial held on board his Majesty's ship the Invincible, in Fort Royal Bay, Martinique, January 20th, 1798, and held by adjournment every day after, Sunday excepted, until the 25th:—Present William Cayley, Esq. captain of his Majesty's ship Invincible and senior captain of his Majesty's ships and vessels in Fort Royal Bay, Martinique; Captains Jemmet Mainwaring, Richard Brown, Charles Ekins, and Alexander S. Burrows. The Court being duly sworn according to act of parliament,

in pursuance of an order from Henry Hervey, Esq. rear-admiral of the red, and commander in chief of his Majesty's ships and vessels at Barbadoes and the Leeward Islands, proceeded to try the Right Hon. Lord Camelford, acting commander of his Majesty's sloop Favorite, for the death of Lieutenant Peterson, of his Majesty's ship Perdrix, on the evening of the 13th of January, in the naval yard Antigua; and having heard the whole of the evidence adduced on the occasion, and what the prisoner had to offer in his defence, and maturely and deliberately considered the same, and being fully sensible of the necessity of prompt measures in cases of mutiny and disobedience of orders, the Court are unanimously of opinion, that the very extraordinary and manifest disobedience of Lieutenant Peterson to the lawful commands of Lord Camelford, the senior officer at English Harbour at that time, and the violent measures taken by Lieutenant Peterson to resist the same, by arming the Perdrix's ship's company, were acts of mutiny highly injurious to his Majesty's service; the Court do therefore unanimously adjudge, that the said Lord Camelford be honourably acquitted, and he is hereby unanimously and honourably acquitted accordingly."

After this acquittal, his lordship reassumed the command of his ship, which he soon afterwards resigned, together with the naval profession. His personal appearance while in the service, was marked with the same eccentricity by which he was distinguished through life. His dress consisted of a lieutenant's plain coat, without shoulder-knots, and the buttons of which were as green with verdigrease as the ship's bottom. His head was closely shaved, and he wore an enormous gold-laced, cocked hat. In his professional duties he was a severe disciplinarian, and to his honour be it mentioned, he was particularly attentive to the comfort and relief of the sick.

His lordship had not long returned to England, when he conceived an idea which could scarcely have entered into the head of any other person. This was nothing less than to repair to Paris, and in the midst of their capital to attack the rulers of the hostile country. In pursuance of this plan, on the night of Friday the 18th of January, 1799, he took a place in one of the night coaches to Dover, where he arrived early the following morning, and went to the City of London Inn. After taking his breakfast, he walked about the pier, and inquired for a boat to convey him to Deal. A man named Adams, offered to take him thither for a guinea. Lord Camelford called him aside, and after some conversation, told him he thought he should have occasion to go to the other side of the water, and that he wished to be landed at Calais, as he had some watches and muslins which he wished to dispose of in France. He then bargained for what he should pay to go to Calais. The boatman asked fifteen guineas, but his lordship told him his goods would not afford a larger sum than ten. At length, it was agreed that he should pay twelve guineas. Some other conversation passed, in the course of which Lord Camelford observed that Turnbull, (a soldier who shortly before had robbed the mint) had made a bungling business of it, and did not know how to set about an affair of that kind, or he might have effected his escape. Having appointed six o'clock in the evening to go off, they parted. Adams was to call for him at the inn.

During this interval, Adams consulted on the business with his brother, who had a share in the boat, and they both agreed to acquaint Mr. Newport, the collector, with the conversation which had passed with the stranger. Mr. Newport accordingly planned that the person should be suffered to enter the boat, and then be seized. At the time appointed, Adams, called at the inn, and his passenger accompanied him to the water side. He

recommended him to put on one of his great coats as he would be cold, which he did. Lord Camelford then entered the boat, in which were four men, and having seated himself, Mr. Newport seized him, saying, "You are my prisoner!" He surrendered without opposition, and was immediately taken to the custom-house, where, on being asked his name, he replied, "Camelford." Those, however, who held him in custody, were totally ignorant of the rank of their prisoner, nor did they know who he was till their arrival with him at the Secretary of State's office in London. When taken, they found on him a brace of pistols, and a two-edged dagger, about eight inches in length, and rather curved. In his pocket he had also a letter in French, addressed to some person at Paris.

On Saturday the 18th of January, about eleven at night, he was put into a post-chaise, and the next morning was escorted by Mr. Newport, and the two Adams' whose boat he had hired, to the Duke of Portland's office, where he was recognised. A privy-council was immediately summoned, and Mr. Pitt dispatched a messenger to Lord Grenville, who was at Dropmore, requesting him to come instantly to town. The privy-council met about six, and examined Mr. Newport the collector, and the two boatmen. At ten, Lord Grenville arrived in town, and had a long conference with Mr. Pitt, but did not see Lord Camelford, who was committed to the custody of Johnson, a king's messenger.

His lordship, after several examinations, was discharged from custody; the lords of the council being fully satisfied that his intentions were such only as he had represented, and that he had been influenced by no other motive, than the wish to render a service to his country. His Majesty's pardon was issued under the great seal, to discharge his lordship from all the penalties of an act, passed during the preceding session,

which, without reference to motives, made the mere act of embarking for France a capital crime.

It was not long after this extraordinary whim, that his lordship again obtruded himself upon the notice of the public, though in a different manner. On the night of the 2d of April, 1799, during the representation of the farce of the *Devil to Pay*, at Drury-lane Theatre, a riot took place in the box-lobby, occasioned by the entrance of several gentlemen, who appeared to be somewhat intoxicated, and who began to break the windows in the doors of the boxes. They were proceeding to demolish the chandeliers, when the ringleader was taken into custody by one of the constables belonging to the theatre. Lord Camelford was, at the same time, taken into custody, and likewise conducted to the watchhouse, being charged by a Mr. Humphries with assaulting and wounding him. His lordship being well known to the constable of the night, the latter took his word for his appearance the next morning at the Police-office in Bow-street.

Mr. Humphries there stated, that he went to look into one of the boxes for some friends, when his lordship came and pushed him away. He remonstrated against this rude conduct; when Lord Camelford, instead of making an apology, struck him a violent blow on the face, which knocked him down some stairs near the box-door; and when he got up, his lordship again knocked him down the stairs, and afterwards gave him several violent blows on the face and head. His lordship denied the charge, and asserted that Mr. Humphries had first assaulted him, by endeavouring to push him from the box-door, but the evidence against him being confirmed by the testimony of one of the box-keepers, and a fruit woman belonging to the theatre, the magistrate observed, that he was bound to believe it, and called upon his lordship for bail, to answer the complaint at the Westminster Sessions. Two gentlemen

who attended his lordship, offered to become bail, but not being housekeepers, they were rejected by the magistrate. Application was then made to the master of the Spring-garden coffee-house, who became bail for his lordship. The magistrate, by the desire of Lord Camelford, applied to Mr. Humphries, to know if he would be satisfied with an apology; but the latter declined it, saying he was determined to bring it into court for the sake of public justice. He was then bound over to prosecute, and afterwards preferred a bill of indictment, which was found. Soon after, he gave notice to his lordship, that he would not follow it up, but would bring an action against him in the Court of King's Bench for the assault.

The cause accordingly came on to be tried before Lord Kenyon and a special jury, on the 16th of May. Mr. Gibbs, who was counsel for the plaintiff, stated the case of his client, as follows: On the 2d of April, the nephews of the late Mr. Montgomery Campbell, the East India Director, who were at Eaton school, were on a visit in town, and in the evening were taken to Drury-lane Theatre, whither Mr. Humphries went for the purpose of meeting them. He went to the front boxes by the way of Vinegar-yard. It was necessary to ascend about four steps to get into the lobby: these the plaintiff had ascended, and was looking through the glass of the door of one of the boxes, to see whether his company was there. At that moment Lord Camelford advanced, and pushed him away. He inquired the reason of this conduct, when his lordship, without any other provocation, struck him with his fist in the face, and knocked him down the steps. He got up, and again asked the cause of this treatment, but the only answer he received, was another blow, which again knocked him down the steps. Mr. Humphries, as soon as he was able to rise, again requested to know the reason of such strange conduct, told him his own name, and

desired to know who it was that so grossly insulted him. Having repeated his question, and no reply being made, he told him he was a *scoundrel.* Lord Camelford instantly returned to the attack, and again knocked him down; and at last left him with one of his eyes almost beaten out, and wounded over the eye near the temple. For this assault Mr. Humphries conceiving himself entitled to large damages, demanded redress of the jury.

Mr. Gibbs then proceeded to call his witnesses.—James Bennet the box-keeper stated, that before the first blow was struck, he saw the two gentlemen looking through the glass door of the box, and heard one of them say, he had as much right to look through as the other, on which he was immediately knocked down. He corroborated all the other particulars. Being asked whether Lord Camelford struck or only pushed Mr. Humphries, he repeated it was a blow he gave, and said that Mr. Humphries, after being knocked down, inquired in the mildest tone of voice, the reason of his conduct. On his re-examination, he said the defendant was a tall, powerful man, nearly six feet high, and the plaintiff, a short man, and comparatively weak. His testimony was confirmed by Catherine Brown, a fruit-woman, and Mr. Joseph Cooper, who had gone into the house that night at half-price. The personal injury sustained by Mr. Humphries, was proved by Mr. Borlase, the surgeon, who had attended him.

Mr. Erskine for the defendant stated, that his lordship had been uniformly desirous to refer the affair to private arbitration; but that in the shape in which the question was then brought forward, it was impossible for the jury to discover who had provoked the quarrel. The fact was, these gentlemen were both standing up, and looking into the boxes, when a dispute arose, but which had given the first provocation there was no evidence to prove. Mr. Erskine seemed chiefly to rely upon the

argument, that the plaintiff after receiving the first blows, ought to have appealed to the by-standers instead of provoking the defendant by the expression he had used. After some observations from Lord Kenyon, the jury retired a very short time, and returned with a verdict for the plaintiff, damages five hundred pounds.

To detail all the adventures in which Lord Camelford was concerned, would far exceed our limits. The following account of one out of the many nocturnal frolics with which he diverted himself, will serve to show the eccentricity of his character. Returning home one morning about one o'clock, accompanied by his friend Captain Barrie, and passing through Cavendish-square, they took it into their heads to chastise the guardians of the night, for not exercising due vigilance. Four watchmen whom they found asleep at their posts, were soon awakened by the powerful impression made by the assailants on their shoulders. Two of them started up, but were soon extended on the ground; meanwhile the other two, springing their rattles, brought a whole host of their colleagues to the attack. A contest of an hour ensued, when they at length succeeded in taking their fashionable antagonists into custody, after many blows and bruises had been inflicted on both sides. The captive heroes guarded by nearly twenty watchmen, all armed, were conveyed to the watch-house, where his lordship seemed to feel himself quite at home. The captain, who had been the greatest sufferer in the fray, by no means liked his birth, or the treatment he had received. He furiously threatened to cut a port-hole through the side of the cabin, and was proceeding to execute his menace, when a second scuffle ensued; but being overpowered by the number of his enemies, he was obliged to make himself contented with his situation. The next day the watchmen carried their prisoners in triumph to the Police-office in Marlborough-street, where they were gratified with a present of a guinea a-

piece, and his lordship and the captain being discharged, returned home to refit the damages their rigging had sustained in the unequal encounter.

This, however, was far from being the only night his lordship passed in a watch-house. He was often an inmate of those at the west end of the town, and on such occasions, he generally prevailed, either by force, or more persuasive methods, on the constable of the night to resign his place to him. He would then, with the utmost gravity, examine all delinquents that were brought in by the watch, and rejoiced in the opportunity of exercising the lenity of his disposition, by invariably directing the offenders to be discharged. In a word, there was no whim, no caprice, however eccentric and irregular, but what he determined to gratify, let the consequences and the cost be what they might.

In 1801, when the return of peace was celebrated by a general illumination, no persuasions could induce Lord Camelford to suffer lights to be placed in the windows of his apartments, at a grocer's in New Bond-street. In vain his landlord represented the inconveniences that would infallibly result from this singularity; his lordship continued inexorable. The mob assailed the house, and a shower of stones was discharged at the windows. Irritated by this attack, his lordship sallied out armed with a pistol, which he however prudently exchanged for a stout cudgel. With this weapon he maintained a sharp contest for a considerable time, till overpowered by numbers, he was severely beaten, and after being rolled in the kennel, was obliged to retreat in a deplorable condition. The windows were completely demolished. It is said, that on the succeeding nights of illumination, his lordship had in waiting a party of sailors, ready to let them loose on his opponents in case of a repetition of the outrage.

With that rugged and unbending disposition, which his lordship appeared to possess, those who enjoyed his

intimate acquaintance can testify, that he combined a high degree of sensibility and benevolence. The following circumstances prove that his character was not destitute of amiable qualities.—He always manifested uncommon affection for the two children of his sister. For the gratification and amusement of these boys, he purchased them a couple of ponies, together with all the necessary accoutrements of corresponding dimensions, and it was one of his favourite recreations to take them out with him in the vicinity of the metropolis. On these little excursions, if he perceived any labourers at work, or perhaps taking their frugal repast in the fields, he used to stop, and seating himself on the bank beside them, he would engage them in conversation. By his affability, he commonly obtained a knowledge of their circumstances, their difficulties, and the little secrets of their families. Never on these occasions did distress plead in vain, and never did his lordship part from those whom he considered deserving objects of his bounty, without leaving behind him something to alleviate their wants: thus affording an example which it is hoped was not lost on his youthful companions. On his return home his little favourites were always the first objects of his care. He would himself take off their boots and spurs, and he attended to their ease and comfort before he would occupy himself with any other concerns.

In order to try the disposition of those whom he considered his friends, Lord Camelford has been known to represent himself to be greatly in want of money, and to request the loan of one or two thousand pounds. Some of those to whom he applied gave him the sum required, but which his lordship in a few days returned, at the same time informing them, that he only wished to ascertain on whom he could rely for assistance in case of any emergency.

The presence of his lordship was often known to have a powerful effect in repressing the impertinence of the

petit maitre, and the insolence and contumely of the coffee-house buck; and, indeed, in inspiring all with a cautious selection of language, lest they should afterwards be called to expiate a slip of the tongue with their blood. Of the terror which the very name of Lord Camelford struck to the minds of the would-be-gentlemen of the day, the following is a ludicrous example, while it instances in his lordship a degree of moderation, which, from his general character, we should scarcely have supposed him to possess.

Entering one evening the coffee-house in Conduit-street, which he frequented, meanly attired as he often was, he sat down to peruse the paper of the day. Soon after came in a dashing fellow, a first-rate blood, who threw himself into the opposite seat of the same box with his lordship, and in a most consequential tone hallooed out, "Waiter! bring a pint of Madeira, and a couple of wax candles, and put them into the next box." He then drew to himself Lord Camelford's candle, and set himself to read. His lordship glanced at him a look of indignation, but again directed his attention to his paper. The waiter soon after re-appeared, and, with a multitude of obsequious bows, announced his having completed the commands of the gentleman, who immediately lounged round into his box. Lord Camelford having finished his paragraph, called out, mimicking the tone of the buck, "Waiter! bring me a pair of snuffers." These were quickly brought, when his lordship laid down his paper, walked round to the other box, snuffed out both the candles, and leisurely returned to his seat. Boiling with rage and fury, the indignant beau roared out, "Waiter! waiter! waiter! who the devil is this fellow, that dares thus to insult a gentleman? Who is he? What is he? What do they call him?" "Lord Camelford, sir," said the waiter. "Who? Lord Camelford!" returned the former, in a tone of voice scarcely audible; horror struck at the recollection of his

own impertinence, and almost doubting whether he was still in existence. "Lord Camelford!!! What have I to pay?" On being told, he laid down his score, and actually *stole away* without *daring* to taste his Madeira.

His irritable disposition which had involved him in numberless quarrels and disputes, at length paved the way to the final and fatal catastrophe. Lord Camelford had for some time been acquainted with a Mrs. Simmons, who had formerly been in the keeping of Mr. Best, a friend of his lordship. Some officious person had represented to him, that Best had said something to this woman to his prejudice. This information so much incensed his lordship that, on the 6th of March, meeting with Mr. Best at the Prince of Wales's coffee-house, where his lordship usually dined, he went up to him, and said, loud enough to be heard by all who were present: "I find, sir, that you have spoken of me in the most unwarrantable terms." Mr. Best replied, that he was quite unconscious of having deserved such a charge. Lord Camelford replied, that he was not ignorant of what he had said to Mrs. Simmons, and declared him to be "a scoundrel, a liar, and a ruffian." The use of epithets like these admitted but of one course, according to the laws of honour, and a meeting was immediately proposed for the following morning. Each of the parties having appointed his second, it was left to them to fix the time and place.

In the course of the evening Mr. Best transmitted to Lord Camelford the strongest assurances that the information he had received was unfounded, and that as he had acted under a false impression, he should be satisfied if he would retract the expressions he had made use of; but this his lordship absolutely refused to do. Mr. Best then left the coffee-house in considerable agitation, and a note was soon after delivered to his lordship, which the people of the house suspected to contain a challenge. A regular information

was accordingly lodged at Marlborough-street; but notwithstanding this precaution, such was the tardiness of the officers of the police, that no steps were taken to prevent the intended meeting till near two o'clock the following morning, when some persons were stationed at Lord Camelford's door, but it was then too late.

From the coffee-house Lord Camelford went on Tuesday night to his lodgings in Bond-street. Here he inserted in his will the following declaration, which strongly marks the nobleness of his disposition,—"There are many other matters, which at another time I might be inclined to mention, but I will say nothing more at present, than that in the present contest I am fully and entirely the aggressor, as well in the spirit as in the letter of the word; should I therefore lose my life in a contest of my own seeking, I most solemnly forbid any of my friends or relations, let them be of whatsoever description they may, from instituting any vexatious proceedings against my antagonist; and should, notwithstanding the above declaration on my part, the laws of the land be put in force against him, I desire that this part of my will may be made known to the king, in order that his royal heart may be moved to extend his mercy towards him."

His lordship quitted his lodgings between one and two on the morning of Wednesday, the 7th of March, and slept at a tavern, with a view to avoid the officers of the police. Agreeably to the appointment made by their seconds, his lordship and Mr. Best met early in the morning at a coffee-house in Oxford-street, and here Mr. Best made another effort to prevail on him to retract the expressions he had used. "Camelford," said he, "we have been friends, and I know the unsuspecting generosity of your nature. Upon my honour, you have been imposed upon by a strumpet. Do not insist on expressions under which one of us must fall." To this

remonstrance Lord Camelford replied: "Best this is child's play; the thing must go on."

It has nevertheless been asserted, that after reflecting on the whole affair, Lord Camelford in his heart acquitted Mr. Best, and that he acknowledged, in confidence, to his second, that he himself was in the wrong; that Best was a man of honour, but that he could not prevail on himself to retract words he had once used. The reason of the obstinacy with which he rejected all advances towards a reconciliation, was, that his lordship entertained an idea, that his antagonist was the best shot in England, and he was apprehensive lest his reputation might suffer, if he made any concession, however slight, to such a person.

Accordingly his lordship and Mr. Best on horseback, took the road to Kensington followed by a post-chaise in which were the two seconds. On their arrival at the Horse and Groom, about a quarter before eight, the parties dismounted, and proceeded along the path leading to the fields behind Holland House. The seconds measured the ground, and they took their stations at the distance of thirty paces, which measured exactly twenty-nine yards. Lord Camelford fired first, but without effect. A space of several seconds intervened, and from the manner and attitude of Mr. Best, the people who viewed the transaction at a distance, imagined that he was asking whether his lordship was satisfied. Mr. Best then fired, and his lordship instantly fell at full length. The seconds, together with Mr. Best, immediately ran to his assistance, when he is said to have seized the latter by the hand, and to have exclaimed, "Best, I am a dead man: you have killed me, but I freely forgive you." The report of the pistols had alarmed several persons who were at work near the spot, and who hastened towards the place, when Mr. Best and his seconds thought it prudent to provide for their own safety. One of Lord Holland's gardeners now ap-

proached, and called to his fellow-labourers to stop them. On his arrival, Lord Camelford's second, who had been supporting him as well as he was able, ran for a surgeon, and Mr. Thompson of Kensington soon afterwards came to his assistance. His lordship then asked the man why he had called out to stop the gentlemen, and declared that "he did not wish them to be stopped; that he was himself the aggressor, that he forgave the gentleman who had shot him, and hoped God would forgive him too." Meanwhile a chair was procured, and his lordship was carried to Little Holland House, the residence of Mr. Ottey; messengers were dispatched for Mr. Knight and Mr. Home, and an express was sent to acquaint the Rev. Mr. Cockburne, his lordship's cousin, with the melancholy catastrophe. That gentleman, after sending information of the circumstance to the noble relatives of his lordship, hastened to the place. Mr. Knight the surgeon, and Captain Barrie, his lordship's most intimate friend, were by his bed-side, and Mr. Home arriving in a few minutes, his clothes were cut off, and the wound being examined by the surgeons, was immediately pronounced to be mortal.

Lord Camelford continued in agonies of pain during the first day; towards the evening his sufferings somewhat abated, and by the help of laudanum he got some sleep in the night, so that in the morning he found himself much relieved. During the second day his hopes revived considerably, and he conversed with some cheerfulness; yet the surgeons, who were unremitting in their attentions, would not give his friends the slightest hopes. To the Rev. Mr. Cockburne, who remained with him till he expired, his lordship expressed his confidence in the mercy of God; he said, he received much comfort in reflecting, that however he might have acted, he had never really felt ill-will towards any man. In the moments of his greatest pain he cried out, that he sincerely hoped the agonies he

then endured might expiate the sins he had committed. "I wish," says Mr. Cockburne, "with all my soul, that the unthinking votaries of dissipation and infidelity could have been present at the death-bed of this poor man; could have heard his expression of contrition after misconduct, and of reliance on the mercy of his Creator, could have heard his dying exhortation to one of his intimate friends, to live in future a life of peace and virtue: I think it would have made impressions on their minds, as it did on mine, not easily to be effaced."

He lingered free from acute pain from Thursday till Saturday evening, about half past eight, when a mortification having taken place he expired, apparently without sense of pain.

Thus died Thomas Lord Camelford, in the prime and full vigour of life. He was a man says the Rev. Mr. Cockburne, whose real character was but little known to the world; his imperfections and his follies were very often brought before the public, but the conterbalancing virtues he manifested, were but little heard of. Though too violent to those whom he imagined to have wronged him, yet to his acquaintance he was mild, affable, and courteous; a stern adversary, but the kindest and most generous of friends. Slow and cautious in determining upon any important step, while deliberating, he was most attentive to the advice of others, and easily brought over to their opinion; when, however, his resolutions were once taken, it was almost impossible to turn him from his purpose. That warmth of disposition, which prompted him so unhappily to great improprieties, prompted him also to the most lively efforts of active benevolence. From the many prisons in the metropolis, from the various receptacles of human misery, he received numberless petitions; and no petition ever came in vain. He was often the dupe of the designing and crafty supplicant, but he was more often the reliever of real sorrow, and the soother of unmerited woe. Con-

stantly would he make use of that influence, which rank and fortune gave him with the government, to interfere in behalf of those malefactors whose crimes had subjected them to punishment, but in whose cases appeared circumstances of alleviation. He was passionately fond of science, and though his mind, while a young seaman, had been little cultivated, yet in his later years he had acquired a prodigious fund of information, upon almost every subject connected with literature. In early life he had gloried much in puzzling the chaplains of the ships in which he served, and to enable him to gain such triumphs, he had read all the sceptical books he could procure; and thus his mind became involuntarily tainted with infidelity. As his judgment grew more matured, he discovered of himself the fallacy of his own reasonings, he became convinced of the importance of religion, and Christianity was the constant subject of his reflections, his reading and conversation.

On the morning after his decease, an inquest was taken at the White Horse, Kensington, before George Hodgson, Esq. the coroner for Middlesex, when the jury, after viewing the body, unanimously returned a verdict of wilful murder, against some person or persons unknown. A bill of indictment was consequently preferred against Mr. Best and the seconds, but it was thrown out by the grand jury.

On Sunday, March the 11th, the body of Lord Camelford was opened, when it appeared that the ball had penetrated the right breast, between the fourth and fifth ribs, breaking the latter, and making its way through the right lobe of the lungs, into the sixth dorsal vertebra, where it lodged, having completely divided the spinal marrow. In the chest there were upwards of six quarts of extravasated blood, which had compressed the lungs so as to prevent them from performing their functions. From the time of receiving the wound, all the parts below the divided spinal marrow, were motionless and

insensible; and as his lordship could not expectorate, the left lung became filled with mucus, which ultimately produced suffocation and death.

The body was removed to Camelford House, whence on the 17th it was conveyed to the vault in Saint Anne's church, Soho, till arrangements were made for its removal to Switzerland, in compliance with his lordship's desire. The coffin was covered with rose coloured velvet, with a profusion of silver clasps; there were two plates, the upper contained the arms, coloured, and underneath the following inscription: "The Right Hon. Lord Camelford, died the 10th March, 1804, aged 29 years." The lower plate contained only the coronet.

The day before his death, Lord Camelford wrote with his own hand a codicil to his will, in which, in the most particular manner, he described the place where he wished his body to be buried, and assigned his reasons for this extraordinary request. He prefaced his wish by stating that persons in general have a strong attachment to the country which gave them birth, and on their death-bed usually desire that their remains may be conveyed to their native land, however great the distance, for the purpose of interment. Although it might appear singular, his desire was the very reverse of this, and he begged that his dying request might be literally fulfilled. "I wish my body," says he, "to be removed as soon as may be convenient to a country far distant, to a spot not near the haunts of men, but where the surrounding scenery may smile upon my remains." This place is situated on the borders of the lake of St. Pierre, in the canton of Berne, in Switzerland, and three trees stand upon the particular spot. He desired that the centre tree might be taken up, and on his body being there deposited, immediately replaced, and that no monument or stone might mark the place of his interment. His lordship adds, that "at the foot of this tree he formerly passed many hours in solitude contemplating the muta-

bility of human affairs." As a compensation to the proprietors of the spot described, he left them one thousand pounds. In another part of his will he desired that his relations might not wear mourning for him.

His lordship bequeathed the principal part of his fortune to his sister Lady Grenville, who was the sole executrix, together with the family estates, producing nearly 20,000*l.* per annum; and afterwards in default of issue to the Earl of Chatham's family, who are next in the entail. The title is extinct. Exclusive of bequests to Captain Barrie and Mr. Accum, the chemist, who assisted him in his laboratory, his lordship left considerable sums to be devoted to charitable purposes.

ISAAC BARROW.

This eminent mathematician and divine, was born at London, in October, 1630. He was first placed in the Charter-house, and afterwards removed to a school at Felsted, in Essex, whence he was sent to Cambridge, where he entered of Trinity College. When King Charles advanced him to the dignity of master, his Majesty was pleased to say, "He had given it to the best scholar in England:" and he did not speak from report, but from his own knowledge. The doctor being then his chaplain, he used frequently to converse with him, and, in his humorous way, to call him an "unfair preacher," because he exhausted every subject, and left nothing for others to say after him. He was appointed Gresham professor of geometry, 1662, and was elected Fellow of the Royal Society, in 1663. He resigned his Gresham professorship on being appointed Lucasian professor of mathematics at Cambridge, 1664, which chair he resigned to his illustrious pupil, Sir Isaac, then Mr. Newton, in 1669. He was created D. D. in 1670,

and two years afterwards was appointed Master of Trinity College. In 1675, he served the office of vice-chancellor. He died on the 4th of May, 1677, and was interred in Westminster-abbey, where a monument with his bust was afterwards erected.

He was a man of considerable courage and eccentric humour, as the following anecdotes will illustrate:—Being once on a visit at a gentleman's house in the country, where he was walking in the garden, before day-light (for he was a very early riser) a fierce mastiff, that used to be chained up all day and let loose at night, set upon him with great fury. The doctor caught him by the throat, and throwing him down, lay upon him; once he had a mind to kill him, but he altered his resolution on recollecting that this would be unjust, as the dog only did his duty; at length he called so loud that he was heard by some of the family, who came out and freed both from their disagreeable situation.

As a proof of his wit the following is recorded:—Meeting Lord Rochester one day at court, his lordship, by way of banter, thus accosted him:—"Doctor, I am yours to my shoe-tie." Barrow, seeing his aim, returned his salute as obsequiously, with "My lord, I'm yours to the ground." Rochester improving his blow, quickly returned it, with "Doctor, I'm yours to the centre;" which was as smartly followed by Barrow, with "My lord, I'm yours to the antipodes:" upon which Rochester, scorning to be foiled by a musty old piece of divinity (as he used to call him), exclaimed, "Doctor, I'm yours to the lowest pit of hell!" on which Barrow, turning on his heel, answered, "*There*, my lord, I leave you."

Dr. Barrow was not only remarkable for the excellence but also for the extraordinary length of his sermons, which he always transcribed three or four times, finding it extremely difficult to please himself. Dr. Pope gives us the following instances. He was once requested by

the Bishop of Rochester, who was also Dean of Westminster, to preach at the abbey, and was at the same time desired not to be long, for the auditory loved short sermons and were used to them. He replied that he would show his lordship his sermon, and taking it from his pocket put it into the bishop's hands. The text was, "He that uttereth slander is a liar;" and the sermon was divided into two parts, one treating of slander, the other of lies. The bishop desired him to content himself with preaching only the first part, to which he consented not without some reluctance, and that alone took up an hour and a half. On another occasion he preached upon the invitation of the same prelate at the abbey on a holiday. The servants of the church, who on all holidays, Sundays excepted, were used to show the tombs and effigies in wax of the kings and queens, fearing lest they should lose that time in hearing which they thought they could more profitably employ in receiving, became impatient, and caused the organ to be struck up against him, nor would they suffer it to cease till they had obliged him to dismount from the pulpit. But the longest sermon he was known to have preached, was one on the subject of charity, before the lord mayor and aldermen at the Spital, in speaking which he spent three hours and a half. Being asked when he had finished if he was not tired, he replied, "Yes indeed, I began to be weary with standing so long."

In person Dr. Barrow was low of stature, slender, of a pale complexion, and extremely negligent in dress; which inattention exposed him to some inconveniencies and was apt to prejudice his hearers against him, where he was not known. Of this Dr. Pope gives a very remarkable instance in the following words: "Dr. Wilkins, then minister of St. Lawrence Jewry, being forced by some indisposition to keep his chamber, desired Dr. Barrow to give him a sermon, the next Sunday, which he readily consented to do. Accordingly, at the time

appointed he came, with an aspect pale and meagre, and unpromising, slovenly and carelessly dressed, his collar unbuttoned, his hair uncombed, &c. Thus accoutred he mounts the pulpit and begins his prayer. Immediately all the congregation was in an uproar, as if the church were falling, and they scampering to save their lives, each shifting for himself with great precipitation. There was such a noise of pattens of serving-maids and ordinary women, and of unlocking of pews and cracking of seats, caused by the younger sort hastily climbing over them, that I confess, I thought all the congregation were mad; but the good doctor seeming not to take notice of this disturbance, proceeds, names his text and preached his sermon to two or three gathered or rather left together, of which number, as it fortunately happened, Mr. Baxter, the eminent nonconformist, was one. He afterwards paid Dr. Wilkins a visit and commended the sermon, saying, he had never heard a better discourse. I asked the doctor what he thought when he saw the congregation running away from him, 'I thought,' said he, 'they did not like me or my sermon, and I have no reason to be angry with them for that.'

"There were then in the parish a company of formal, grave, and wealthy citizens, who having been many years under celebrated ministers, had a great opinion of their own skill in divinity and their ability to judge of the quality of a sermon. Many of these went in a body to Dr. Wilkins to expostulate with him for suffering such an ignorant, scandalous fellow, meaning Dr. Barrow, to have the use of his pulpit. Mr. Baxter just then happened to be with Dr. Wilkins, who suffered his parishioners to run themselves out of breath in their abuse of Dr. Barrow, and when they had done speaking he replied: 'The person that you thus despise is a pious man, an eminent scholar, and an excellent preacher; for the truth of the last I appeal to Mr. Baxter, who heard the sermon you so vilify. I am sure you believe

Mr. Baxter a competent judge, and that he will pronounce according to truth.' Mr. Baxter very candidly gave the sermon the praise it deserved, and said that Dr. Barrow preached so well, that he could willingly have been his auditor all day long. On hearing this high encomium pronounced by such a person, they became ashamed, confounded, and speechless. At length, after some pause, they confessed one after another, they did not hear one word of the sermon, but were led to dislike the preacher by his unpromising garb and appearance. After they had recovered a little from their shame, they earnestly desired Dr. Wilkins to prevail on Dr. Barrow to preach again, engaging to make him amends by bringing their wives and children, their man-servants, and maid-servants, in a word, their whole families to hear him, and to enjoin them not to leave the church till the blessing was pronounced. Dr. Wilkins promised to use his utmost endeavour for their satisfaction, and accordingly solicited Dr. Barrow to appear once more in his pulpit, but in vain, for no persuasions could induce him to comply with the request of such conceited, hypocritical coxcombs."

HENRY CONSTANTINE JENNINGS.

This gentleman was descended of one of the first families in England; by the female line coming direct from George Duke of Clarence, brother to Edward IV. and Richard III. Kings of England. The Countess of Salisbury beheaded for treason in the reign of Henry VIII. was the daughter of the Duke of Clarence, and besides Cardinal Pole had several children; from one of which Mr. Jennings traced his pedigree.

He embarked in early life with a considerable fortune, which he greatly impaired through a vitiated taste for

Engraved by R. Cooper.

HENRY CONSTANTINE JENNINGS.

The Remarkable Virtuoso.

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the fine arts; in which he never was outdone by any competitor. In the way of curiosities nothing came amiss to him; paintings, drawings, prints, fossils, minerals, shells, bronzes, carvings in ivory and wood, cameos, intaglios, miniatures, &c. of every description, graced his antique old-fashioned cabinets. On one occasion he had the temerity to give one thousand guineas for a representation of Alcibiades' dog, in marble, from which circumstance for many years after, he went by the name of "Dog Jennings," though it appeared Mr. Jennings was not altogether in the wrong, as the dog was afterwards disposed of, at a considerable profit on the first purchase: some years since, Mr. Jennings acquired an addition to his fortune, by the demise of a friend, who left him a considerable income on condition of his adding the name of Nowell to his surname; but though he adopted the addition, he never was called by any other than the name of Jennings.

His mode of living, kept pace with his other singularities: he was abstemious to a degree; and with respect to exercise, he was not only a great advocate for it, but practised it to a degree scarcely credible, for upwards of half a century.

He possessed a long and ponderous wooden instrument, capped with lead at both ends; before bed time, he exercised himself with this formidable weapon, until he acquired a comfortable warmth, which enabled him to retire to rest with a genial glow. In the morning, he got up between seven and eight o'clock; and, in his own express words, "flourished his broad sword exactly three hundred times; I then," adds he, "mount my chaise horse, composed of leather, and inflated with wind like a pair of bellows, on which I take exactly one thousand gallops!" He then retired to enjoy, what always appeared to every one, a most miserable and uncomfortable breakfast.

Had this gentleman possessed the revenue of a prince,

it would have been inadequate to the eager desire he had to purchase the multitude of curiosities that were daily brought him from all quarters of the town; but what with one bargain, and what with another, he was fain at last to bargain for a room in the state-house of the King's Bench; where he removed himself, with his ark of curiosities about five years back, and yet so much was he possessed of the true *mania* of vertu, that he would rather be deprived of liberty at the age of eighty, than part with one of his precious gems to procure his enlargement. At the time of his confinement, Mr. Jennings received full eight hundred pounds a year from some plantations he owned in the West Indies, which he never could be prevailed on to mortgage or otherwise encumber; and at the time of his death, had a case before the House of Lords, wherein he laid claim to a barony and considerable estate in right of descent and inheritance from one of his family.

The fate of Mr. Jennings has been eminently singular, and the flux and reflux, the ever-varying ebbs and flows of his fortune appear so strange as to be almost paradoxical. At an early period of life we behold him mingling in the crowd of wealthy pilgrims, who repaired to Italy about half a century ago, to pay their devotions at the shrine of taste and *vertu*.

After keeping company with foreign princes and princesses he associates with the first nobility in his native country, and then by a fatal reverse, spends some years of his life, partly within the walls of a provincial, and partly of a town gaol. Recovering as if by magic, from his embarrassments, we next behold him emerging above the horizon of distress, and throwing away a second fortune at Newmarket, where he became the dupe of titled and untitled jockeys.

Sudden and inevitable ruin now seems to overtake him, and he is apparently lost for ever; but lo! in the course of a very short period, he once more revisits the circles

of fashion, and sits enthroned in a temple, surrounded by the most rare and brilliant productions of nature, with pictures, and statues, and gems, and shells, and books, and goddesses, perpetually before his eyes! Again the scene changes: the wand of some envious necromancer seems to be waved over his venerable head; and the acquisitions of ages, the wreck of his estates, every thing most precious in his eyes; his very "household goods," are all seized by the unholy hands of vile bailifs: and he himself, after languishing for two or three years in a prison, at length dies unheeded, unattended, and almost unknown, within the purlieus of the King's Bench, in the year 1818.

Jennings, even in death, determined to prove singular, abhorring the idea of his corpse being consigned to the cold *earth*, he resolved to have recourse to the ancient rite of *cremation*. This was a circumstance so generally known, that his neighbours supposed he had an oven within his house, for the express purpose of reducing his body to ashes.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL MORDAUNT.

JOHN MORDAUNT was a natural son of the late Earl of Peterborough; and, together with an elder brother by the same mother, was, at an early age, put out to nurse. Harry, the eldest, was a pining, spiritless child; while John, the subject of this memoir, was active, lively, and of an uncommonly fine form.

Harry took a sedentary turn, and being tender in constitution, could not partake of those gymnastic exercises which John delighted in, and in which he, on all occasions, took the lead. In fact, Harry was more calculated for scholastic researches, in which he made the ordinary progress of a school-boy; and would pro-

bably have done under *alma mater*, had not his father, with the view of providing for him handsomely, and at a distance from the family in general, shipped him off as a cadet to Bengal.

John was too wild to learn much; his whole time was devoted to truancy: and, as he often said, "one half of his days were spent in being flogged for the other half." Hence he was in no danger of a professorship, if we except those arts in which the celebrated Breslaw, Jones, &c. took their degrees! In such John was completely at home; and they were certainly of some use to him, as will be hereafter seen.

When John was taken from school he was about as learned as when he first was sent there. However, when this was ascertained, and a quarrel was commenced on the occasion, he very handsomely stept forth to exculpate his master, whose attention he declared to be unparalleled; and, slipping off his clothes, exhibited the earnestness of the good man's endeavours, humourously observing, that "as nothing could be got into his brains, his master had done his best to impress his instructions on the opposite seat of learning."

At the time that John was to pass muster before the India Directors, he was out of the way; and it was nearly too late when he was found at marbles in Dean's-yard. No time was lost in coaching him up to Leadenhall-street, where, being more bent on his pastime than on the grave questions put by his examiners, he was near being rejected as an idiot, when one of the quorum, who knew the youth's turn well, and who probably wished to see John appointed, asked him if he understood cribbage? John's soul was instantly roused, his eyes glistened, and regardless of every matter relative to his appointment, he pulled out a pack of cards, so greasy as scarcely to be distinguished, and offered "to play the gentleman *for any sum he chose*."

The youth now felt himself at home, and speedily

convinced them that, however ignorant he might be of the classics, he was a match for any of them at cards. He was passed, and dispatched to Portsmouth, where he was to embark in an India ship, ready to sail with the first fair wind; but as that was not to be had for some days, the person who had charge of him put him on board, and returned to town.

John's gaiety of disposition soon made him the fiddle of the crew; all on board loved him. He was elegant in his make, graceful in his movements (though he never could be made to walk a minuet by his dancing master,) of a very animated countenance, strongly marked with good nature, spirit, and dignity.

Notwithstanding the rigid restrictions laid down by the person who had shipped him, such were the qualities of our young adventurer, that none could resist his wishes. The kindness he experienced, added to the novelty of the scene, made him completely happy, and attached him more to his new companions than to his native soil. He could not bear to mope about the ship whilst waiting for a wind, and frequently lent a pull in the boats, which occasionally were sent for provisions, &c. One day, however, John strayed into the town, and got into company with some girls, who soon eased him not only of his money, but of his buckles, handkerchief, and every thing that could possibly be dispensed with. At this unlucky moment the wind being fair, the signal was made for sailing, and the boat's crew were compelled, after a short but active search, to put off, with heavy hearts, thinking they had seen the last of their favourite.

John came down to the beach too late. The boat was just arriving at the ship, which was lying-to for her, and sailed immediately from the Mother-bank. What was to be done? He had no money, and not a soul would put off on such a trip without being previously well paid. The matter was, to all appearance, come to

the worst, when seeing two watermen at cards, in the stern-sheets of a boat, he was led by an irresistible impulse to see how matters went on.

The owner of the boat was losing his money at all-fours, when John requested he might play a hand or two for him, offering to abide himself by any loss during his own play. The man agreed, and John not only won back the losings, but eased his opponent of all his money. The waterman was asked to take him on board, but no promise of money could tempt him: "It was too far," and "mayhap might never get a penny by it," "had been served so before;" and all the host of objections common among interested persons, were raised. At length the waterman, taking hold of John's button, drew him aside from the many who were then laughing at his misfortune, and said, he had observed, that in dealing the cards there seemed to be something uncommon; besides, that he had turned up *Jack* plaguy often; "now young'ne," added he, "I've a notion that didn't come by nature, and if so be, you'll show me how to do it, I will take you aboard at all risks."

The bargain was struck, the man being instructed how to turn up *Jack*, with the aid of three of his friends, sailed and rowed with such effect, as to get within notice of the vessel before dark. The sails were backed, and John facetiously observed, as he quitted the boat, "Now, my honest friend, you have turned up *Jack* in earnest," meaning that the waterman had fairly fulfilled his promise, by putting him (John Mordaunt) on board.

On his arrival at Madras, John was received with open arms by all his countrymen, according to the practice of those days, when unbounded hospitality was prevalent. His letters of introduction, which had been prudently given in charge to the captain of the ship, were delivered; and there appears no doubt but he might have speedily obtained some important situation; but General Sir John Clavering, who was then com-

mander-in-chief in India, and who was, accordingly, second in council at Calcutta, having promised to provide for him, John went on to Bengal, where he was appointed, an honourable aid-de-camp to that officer, still retaining his rank on the Madras establishment, where he was afterwards subjected to much ill-will and obloquy.

The general had no doubt been pre-informed of the gross ignorance under which our hero laboured, and was determined to put his abilities to an early test. Accordingly, after a few days entrance on his appointment, John was desired to write a letter, conformably to leading points furnished by the general to one of the colonels commanding at an upper station. John very readily undertook the office, and in a short time returned to the general's apartment with the letter, written according to the *data*.

Sir John did all he could to unravel the various pot hook combinations, and to arrange them into any thing like penmanship, but in vain. The orthography was not a whit better. The general was amazed; but being willing to know how John might have expressed what was intrusted to him to communicate, as the only means of obtaining that knowledge, desired him to read what he had written. In this reasonable expectation the general was, however, completely foiled, his *protegé* very deliberately saying, "that was no part of *his* duty; he had obeyed the general's orders by *writing* the letter; it was the business of the *colonel* to whom it was addressed, to read it."

It is truly wonderful, that under the consciousness of being so very deficient in this branch, and in a circle which is so eminent for superior education, such as the society in India may fairly claim to be, Mordaunt should have taken so little, if any, pains to improve himself. He surpassed in almost every thing he undertook, yet seemingly more by intuition, than by any

study or effort to excel. This ignorance with regard to writing, was the more remarkable, as he generally conversed with perfect propriety, often, indeed, with elegance of diction, and with a precise appropriation of his words to the particular occasion. He spoke the Hindoo language fluently, and was a tolerable Persian scholar, yet he could not write two lines of English correctly. A person once had occasion to borrow a horse from him for a day or two, and received the following note with the animal:

"You may kip the hos as long as you lick."

This excellence of temper, under all the jokes to which this unhappy deficiency subjected him, was wonderful. He knew his failing, and allowed it to stand as a butt for the amusement of his friends; but was highly offended at the attempt of any one whom he did not feel a partiality for, to excite a laugh at his expense; and more than once, in my hearing, has astonished persons of that description into the most complete humility. Once in particular, a very worthy young man of the name of James P——, who was rather of the more silly order of beings, thinking he could take the liberty of playing with, or rather upon him, in a large company, called to Mordaunt, desiring him to say what was the Latin for a goose? The answer was briefly, "I don't know the *Latin* for it, but the *English* for it is *James P*——."

It should have been premised, that the foregoing question was put to Mordaunt, in consequence of his having, in a note, sent to a person who had offended him, required "an immediate *anser* by the bearer." The gentleman addressed, wishing to terminate the matter amicably, construed the word literally, supposing he meant *anser* for a Latin word, and sent a *goose* by the bearer; stating also, that he would partake of it the next day. This, to a man of Mordaunt's disposition, was the high road to reconciliation, though to nine persons

in ten, and especially to those labouring under such a desperate deficiency in point of orthography, it would have appeared highly insulting.

It may readily be supposed, that Mordaunt was more ornamental than useful in General Clavering's office. However, the latter could not help esteeming him; and had he lived, would probably have effected Mordaunt's removal from the Madras to the Bengal army; but the general dying, no other person felt so bold, or so interested for him, as to labour at that which, though not unprecedented, was so hostile to the sentiments of the latter establishment. The Madras officers never failed to notice, sometimes indeed in rather harsh terms, the injustice of an officer being on their rolls, who never joined his regiment for nearly twenty years, and whose whole time was passed in the lap of dissipation.

Being on a party of pleasure to the northward, and near to Lucknow, the capital of Oude, and the residence of the late Nabob Vizier Asoph ul Doulah, Mordaunt of course had the curiosity to see both the prince and his court. The free open temper of Asoph pleased Mordaunt, whose figure and manner made a great impression on his illustrious host.

The latter was fond of hunting and shooting; to cock-fighting indeed he was so partial, that he has even neglected due attendance to business of importance with the several residents, while engaged in a main with "his dear friend Mordaunt," who was completely skilled in that branch of barbarity.

Though perhaps it is not a very faithful resemblance, yet there is sufficient of character, and some other good points, in the portrait intended to represent Mordaunt, in the celebrated picture of the cock-pit, executed by Zoffani, while at the Nabob's court, to give some idea of the manly, dignified, and elegant person of the subject of this memoir. He is therein represented as in the act of handing a cock, on which he bets highly, in op-

position to a bird of his highness the Nabob, who is pourtrayed, in a loose undress, on the opposite side of the pit.

The figures in question, however, possess some merit, from the insight they give in the open, independent, yet unassuming air of Mordaunt, and the familiar manner in which the Nabob stooped to join in diversions with him, and indeed with every European gentleman who wished to partake of such amusements as characterized that weak, idle, and contemptible prince.

Mordaunt became such a favourite, that he was retained by the vizier, at his court, in capacity of aid-de-camp, though he never attended but according to his own fancy; and then, generally, either to shoot, or to gamble with him. The various applications and sarcasms directed against Mordaunt, as an absentee from his corps for so many years, and at the distance of full two thousand miles, were alike disregarded by himself, and by the supreme government, of which all the individuals were personally attached to him. Some persons did not hesitate to assert, that he was kept by Mr. Hastings as a spy over the vizier, in consequence of the high favour and confidence the latter reposed in him: but those who could entertain such an opinion, must be in extreme error; for neither the conduct nor the dispositions of Mordaunt ever gave the smallest opening for such an inference. He was candid, free, and generous; and, would have abruptly revolted at any commission which might impose it, either directly or circuitously, as a duty on him, to betray the secrets of the man who treated him with kindness and respect.

Mordaunt was in the receipt of a handsome salary, and possessed many distinguished privileges under the patronage of the vizier, who often used to refer Europeans to him on occasions requiring his advice, though now and then he used to have recourse to the same excuse when he did not wish to comply. On every such

occasion Mordaunt was friendly, and on some rendered great service. Of this we have several instances.

Zoffani, the celebrated painter, in a humorous moment, had painted the Nabob at full length, but in high caricature. The picture being at Colonel Martine's, where old Zoffani resided, and the colonel's house being frequented by vast numbers of the natives, especially of those who, when the Nabob wanted money, took his jewels to the colonel's to be pledged, it was not long before the prince was informed of the joke. In the first moments of irritation, he was disposed to make the painter a head shorter, and to dismiss the colonel, who was his chief engineer, and had the charge of his arsenal, but as nothing could be done without his "dear friend Mordaunt," a message was dispatched requiring his immediate attendance, "on matters of the utmost importance." This being a very stale mode of summoning Mordaunt, who would attend, or rather visit, only when it pleased himself, would have probably been disregarded, had not the messenger stated that the Nabob was incensed against Martine and Zoffani.

Mordaunt found the Nabob foaming with rage, and about to proceed, with a host of rabble attendants, to the colonel's: however, he got the story out of the Nabob as well as he could, and argued him into a state of calmness, sufficient to let his purpose be suspended until the next day. So soon as could be done with safety, Mordaunt retired; and, as privately as possible, sent a note to Zoffani, with intelligence of the intended visit.

No time was lost; and the laughable caricature was in a few hours changed, by the magic pencil of Zoffani, into a superb portrait highly ornamented, and so inimatably resemblant of the Vizier, that it has been preferred to all which have been taken at sittings. The Vizier did not fail to come, his mind full of anxiety for the honour of his dignified person, attended by Mordaunt,

whose feelings for his friend's fate were speedily dissipated when, on entering the portrait-chamber, the picture in question shone forth so superbly, as to astonish the Vizier, and to sully even the splendour which his whole equipage displayed on the occasion.

Asoph was delighted, hurried the picture home, gave Zoffani ten thousand rupees for it, and ordered the person who had informed him of the *supposed* caricature, to have his nose and ears cut off. Mordaunt, however, was equally successful in obtaining the poor fellow's pardon; and, as the Nabob would not detain him as a servant, very generously made him one of his own pensioners.

At another time, the *hajam*, or barber, who cut his excellency's hair, happened to draw blood, by going a little into the quick. This is considered as an offence of the highest atrocity, because crowned heads, throughout India, become degraded, if one drop of their blood be spilt by a barber; over whom a drawn sword is always held while performing his duty, to remind him of his fate in case of the slightest incision.

The Nabob, actuated by the common prejudice above described, had ordered the barber to be baked to death in an oven, when Mordaunt applied for his pardon. He could only obtain it conditionally; and to be sure, the condition was both ludicrous and whimsical. Balloons were just invented when this happened, and Colonel Martine, being very ingenious, had made one which had taken up a considerable weight for short distances.

The Nabob changed suddenly from great wrath to a sudden laugh, which continued so long as to alarm Mordaunt; whose pleasure was extreme when he heard that, instead of being *baked*, the barber was to mount in the balloon, and to *brush* through the air, according as chance might direct him.

It was accordingly settled, and the balloon being sent off from his highness's fore court, the poor barber was carried more dead than alive, at a prodigious rate, to

Poliergurge, distant about five miles from the city of Lucknow.

Mordaunt was little acquainted with the small sword, but was an excellent marksman, either with ball or small shot. With the latter he was scarcely ever seen to miss, and I have known him to come off winner when he has wagered to kill twenty snipes in as many shots; although he missed one bird, he made up for it by killing two that were sprung at the same moment, and which, flying across each other's directions, were shot at the point of intersection. He was one of three who, during one day in the year 1786, shot such a quantity of game, chiefly snipes and teal, as loaded a small boat, which conveyed the birds from Gowgantchy to Calcutta. His favourite sport was tiger-shooting, in which he was often very successful, being vigorous, spirited, and expert; all which qualifications are indispensably requisite in that noble branch of the chace.

With respect to his use of a pistol, it was wonderful. He was often competed with, but without the smallest chance of his losing. So confident was he of his own success that he frequently laid five to one on himself, and several times the colonel has hit a common brass-headed nail at fifteen yards distance.

A curious circumstance happened to him while at Lucknow. An officer had taken offence at something he had said, and talked much of calling him to an account. He went to Mordaunt's with a friend, and there detailed the cause of his visit, in terms not clothed in all the politeness a dictionary could have helped him to. He was heard very patiently; and after a very short explanation, found himself to be in the wrong. Mordaunt convinced him of his error, and reprimanded him for his manner of delivering himself on the occasion. After the matter was concluded, and they were perfectly reconciled, a friend happened to drop in to take a few shots, when the ability displayed by Mordaunt made his

visitor look pale; he afterwards confessed, that it was well all was settled.

Yet, strange to say, when a few years after, Mordaunt and another gentleman engaged in a quarrel of a very serious nature, with a third, whom they had accused of some improper conduct at cards, he missed his adversary who, on the other hand, wounded both Mordaunt and his friend desperately. This was not owing to agitation, but as Mordaunt expressed, in very curious terms, at the moment of missing, to the pistol being too highly charged.

He was acquainted with all the ordinary tricks in the shuffling, cutting, and dealing of cards. Of this an instance is well known. Mordaunt observed, that one of his adversaries, at whist, was remarkably fortunate in his *own* deals; and, as he was rather a suspicious character, thought it needful to watch him. When Mordaunt came to deal he gave himself thirteen trumps! This excited the curiosity of all, but particularly of the gentleman in question, who was very pointed in his observations in the singularity of the case. Mordaunt briefly said, "Sir, this was to show that you should not have all the fun to yourself;" and, rising from his seat, left the black-leg to ruminate on the obvious necessity of quitting India. Here, however, Mordaunt's goodness of heart was prevalent: for he obtained a promise from the whole party to keep the secret, provided the offender instantly left the country; which he accordingly did by the first conveyance.

It was well known that Mordaunt could arrange the cards according to his pleasure; yet such was the general, I may say universal, opinion of his honour, that no one hesitated to play with him, sober or otherwise, for their usual stakes. His decision, in cases of differences, was generally final; and many references have been made to him, by letter, from very distant situations, regarding points in gaming.

With respect to the ordinary rules of arithmetic, no man could be more ignorant than Mordaunt; at least he never showed the knowledge of any thing relating thereto. He kept no books, but all his money concerns were on scraps, and under terms and figures intelligible only to himself. He had many extensive claims on the Nabob, and he had immense losses and gains to register in the I, O, U, way. Yet even the most intricate cases never puzzled him; and, at settling times, he was rarely, if ever, found to be in error. This was one of the points in which he was apt to be peremptory; for no sooner did he hear a claim stated, which did not tally with his own peculiar mode of accounting, than he condemned it in round terms, and would scarcely hear the attempt to substantiate what he so decidedly denied.

His spirited detestation of any attempt at the undue exercise of authority was manifested on various occasions; in one especially. A fives-court had been built by subscription, near the resident's house at Lucknow, and was considered as public property. A succeeding resident, who lately died immensely rich, took the liberty of pulling it down, as it interfered with that privacy he sought as a married man. On that point nobody would have differed from him; but, as it was done without consent of, or even notice to the proprietor, or to the society then at the place, such an arbitrary proceeding naturally gave offence. None liked to stand forth, until Mordaunt, who was, at the time of despoliation, at Calcutta, returned, and insisted on another fives-court being built at the resident's expense, on a site more convenient to all parties.

A new court was accordingly built for four of a side; it was ninety feet *over all*, besides twelve feet beyond; the front wall was seventy feet high, and the court was forty feet broad; the inside was covered with black plaster, highly polished, and the floor terraced in a very superior manner.

Mordaunt was so much master of his racket, and was so vigorous, that he would always wager on hitting the line from the over-all, a distance of thirty yards, once in three times. He could beat most people with a common round ruler.

If he ever did indulge in mischief it was at this game, when his best friends were sure to receive some smart tokens of remembrance. He used to be terribly severe on a very worthy, good-natured civilian, Marcus Sackville Taylor, deputy to Colonel, afterwards Major-general Palmer, who was for some years the resident at the Nabob's court.

Being on a brotherly footing, Taylor used to take these unpleasant raps, as every body else did, in good humour; and endeavoured, though not with equal success, to pay Mordaunt in his own coin. One evening he received so many, and such forcible repetitions of the joke, that he requested Mordaunt to discontinue it. The latter, however, did not desist, but soon after gave Taylor such a blow, as to exasperate him highly, and induced him, in rather a vindictive tone, to declare if he were hit again, his racket should be thrown at Mordaunt's head. This threat produced a whimsical scene; for Mordaunt coolly told him, that if he threw his racket he would give him a good drubbing. Taylor no sooner heard the reply, than he was fired with indignation, and said, that "as between gentlemen suppositions were considered as facts, Mordaunt might *consider* the racket he threw to the ground, as being thrown at his head." "Very well, Sackville," answered Mordaunt very dryly, "then you may consider this aim I have taken with my racket, as being with a pistol, and that I have *shot you dead!*" Taylor was proceeding with his intentions, when Mordaunt observing to him, that as he was, according to his own *suppositions*, dead, of course he could not speak, and therefore nothing further could be said or heard on his part. The whole party present, who were chagrined

to see the smallest difference between two worthy men, joined in the laugh with Mordaunt, and in silencing his *dead* opponent, who was speedily restored to *life* and to good humour.

This curious controversy, afterwards called the *metaphysical duel*, was often significantly quoted, or alluded to, on occasions where matters, that went to extremity in the cabinet, ended tamely in the field.

Mordaunt never allowed the Nabob to treat him with the least disrespect, or with *hauteur;* indeed, such was the estimation in which he was held by that prince, that in all probability the latter never felt any disposition towards exerting his authority. Something may be gathered from the following anecdote. The Nabob wanted some alterations to be made in the howdah of his state elephant, and asked Mordaunt's opinion as to the best mode of securing it. The latter very laconically told the Nabob he understood nothing of the matter, he having been born and bred a gentleman; but that probably his blacksmith (pointing to Colonel Martine) could inform him how the howdah ought to be fastened.

This sneer, no doubt, gratified Mordaunt, who, though extremely intimate with Martine, and in the habit of addressing him by various ludicrous but sarcastic nicknames, seemed not to relish that fondness for money, and those practices of which he was said to be guilty.

Martine was very rich, and had built two houses near Lucknow, both of them complete fortifications, and capable of holding out a long time against such popular commotions as were hourly to be expected. He lent money to the rich natives, taking their own or their wives trinkets in pledge. He was besides very extensively concerned in trade to very remote parts of India. He built several ships, and was on the whole a very useful man. He died immensely rich; but being very little acquainted with the English language, though near forty years in our service, he made such a will

as might be expected from a man so circumstanced, and who prided himself in being his own lawyer. The consequence has been, that the manifold contradictions and equivocal expressions it abounded with, occasioned the whole estate to be thrown into chancery, from whence it will, probably, never make its escape.

Marquis Cornwallis was either unwilling to compel Mordaunt to return to the Madras establishment, or was prevailed on by the Vizier to let him remain on his staff. The marquis one day, seeing Mordaunt at his levee, asked him, "if he did not long to join his own regiment?" "No, my lord," answered Mordaunt, "not in the least." "But," resumed the marquis, "your services may be wanted, perhaps." "Indeed, my lord," replied Mordaunt, "I cannot do you half the service there, that I can in keeping the Vizier amused, while you *ease* him of his money."

As a *bon vivant*, as master of the revels, or at the head of his own table, few could give greater variety or more complete satisfaction than Mordaunt. He stood on little ceremony, especially at his own house; and, at his friend's, never allowed any thing to incommode him, from a bashful reserve. Whatever was, in his opinion, wrong, he did not hesitate to condemn.

These observations were very quick, and generally not devoid of humour. His old friend, Captain Waugh, dining with him one day, made such a hole in a fine goose as to excite the attention of Mordaunt; who, turning to his head servant, ordered aloud, that "whenever Captain Waugh dined at his house, there should always be *two* geese on the table; *one* for the captain, and the *other* for the company." *

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* The following anecdote will exhibit that the above directions were not misapplied.

Captain Waugh commanded one of the six battalions which, under the immortal Goodard, penetrated through the heart of the Mahratta

After the arrival of the two brothers, Harry and John, in Bengal, they had but little intercourse. Harry seemed to be jealous and envious of his brother's qualifications, and of the general partiality in his favour; which was by no means the case with himself. He was haughty, reserved, tenacious, and satirical; consequently was not very likely to be respected, or relished as a companion. His emaciated, bilious appearance, was not calculated to prepossess either sex in his behalf: indeed the ladies could not bear him. John always treated him with particular consideration; but when having attempted to oppose, or to argue against him, used briefly to put him down with "Hold your tongue, Harry, you are a puny little fool, and fit for nothing

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country, though opposed at least by an hundred thousand men, chiefly cavalry. When the peace was concluded with that power, in 1782, Captain Waugh took his passage from Bombay to Bengal, in a vessel which was captured off Tranquebar by Suffrein. That admiral treated him with great politeness, and invited him to his table. The French, according to their custom, began with their soups, &c. while Waugh commenced his attack on a goose, which happened to be near him. The bird was soon disposed of, and Waugh had just stuck his fork into a duck, when Suffrien, with great good nature, but under no small astonishment, observed that he had forgot the English captain's name; but requested he would take a glass of wine. "My name is Waugh, and I will drink with you with all my heart," answered the captain. "*Bon, bon,*" said Suffrien, delighted at what he thought was a joke of his guest's, "*mais Monsieur Waugh, si vous resterois ici, nous n'aurions pas une oie dans toute l'escadre.*"

The literal translation of this facetious reply of the admiral's would stand thus: "Truly, Mr. Waugh, if you remain here we shall not have a goose left in the whole squadron." But this is rather an inversion of the pun on the word *oie*, which signifies a goose. Indeed, it cannot be rendered in English, so as to retain that point which entitles it to our admiration.

The pun was rather a fortunate one for Waugh, who played such a tune with his knife and fork as made all the Frenchmen stare, and induced Suffrein to set him ashore, on parole, at the first port.

but to be a lord." Nevertheless, John never allowed any person to speak disrespectfully of him.

Harry died of diseases which seemed to have been rocked with him in his cradle; while John, though possessed of a vigorous constitution, after arriving at the acmé of popularity, at least so far as related to all with whom he associated, and after performing feats in various exercises, which denoted the vastness of the powers, seemed to descend, as it were, down a precipice into his grave. He never, indeed, got completely the better of the pistol-shot in his breast; and, probably, actuated by that mistaken pride generally urging men who have done wonders not to allow their decrease of vigour to be noticed or suspected, he neglected the warnings given him by one or two serious attacks on his liver, and thus hastened that end which we may call untimely.

DANIEL DAY.

The man who contributes ever so small a portion to the happiness of his fellow creatures possesses juster claims to the admiration of posterity than the conqueror, who, inflamed with projects of ambition, spreads desolation and terror over half the world. The genuine philanthropist will, in this point of view, peruse with more sincere pleasure the account of the innocent oddities of Daniel Day than the history of the achievements of an Alexander, a Tamerlane, or a Buonaparte.

Daniel Day, was well known many years as an eminent pump and engine maker, in the parish of St. John's Wapping; where, to this day, his memory is respected as that of a great benefactor, particularly in his gift of the great bell at the consecration of the new church in 1760. He was born in the year 1683 in St. Mary Overy 's parish, where his father was an opulent

brewer. But the circumstance, for which the subject of this article is particularly distinguished, was the institution of an annual fair, which, from the venerable tree near which it was held, received the appellation of Fairlop Fair.

For the information of such readers as may not be acquainted with this celebrated tree, we shall here introduce a few particulars concerning it.

Fairlop oak stands in Hainault Forest, about ten miles from London, about three from Ilford, and two from the village of Chigwell, in the county of Essex. The trunk or main stem of this lord of the forest, measures in girth sixty-six feet or twenty-two feet in diameter, from which seventeen large branches issue, each of the dimensions of a tree of moderate growth, and most of them measuring not less than twelve feet in girth. For many years past it has been gradually decaying, yet it still retains periodical powers of vegetation, though the loftiest parts of the boughs are withered. About twenty years ago, the whole shadow extended at noon over an acre of ground.

Daniel Day had a small estate near the oak, and thither he yearly repaired a few days after midsummer to receive his rents. The conviviality of his temper would not suffer him to receive the good things of this world alone, and it was his custom to invite a few of his neighbours to accompany him, and he would treat them with a repast of beans and bacon, under the canopy of the oak: the accommodations were provided from an adjacent small public-house, the May Pole. Day's friends were so well pleased with the rural novelty, that they one and all pledged themselves to accompany him on the same occasion every year, on the first Friday in July, during their lives.

In the course of a few years this amicable meeting greatly increased, and became known to the neighbouring gentry, farmers, and yeomanry; and a vast

number of them annually, on this day, visited the place. Suttling booths were soon found to be necessary for their accommodation, which naturally produced various other booths for sale, arranged around the huge oak; and about the year 1725, this charming spot began to present every appearance of a regular fair.

As it progressively increased, puppet-shows, wild beasts, fruits, ginger-bread, ribbons and toys of all descriptions, attended with the usual pastimes of a country wake, soon succeeded, and in a very few years it became one of the most respectable, and well regulated fairs round the metropolis.

This new institution of Day's creation became his principal hobby-horse, and he found himself highly flattered by the attentions of his numerous visitors.

The open and generous heart of Day expanded with inexpressible delight at being the cause of happiness to others, and he thought some little return due to those who treated him with such respect. He therefore provided several sacks of beans, and a sufficient quantity of bacon dressed; the bacon was mixed in slices with the beans, and distributed from the trunk of the tree to the multitude in pans full.—This custom he continued to his death.

In the early part of his life, he usually walked to this favourite spot and back again; in later years he used to ride on horseback, but having a fall from his horse, he declared he would never cross another. He kept his vow, sold his horse, and purchased a mule; this obstinate animal also threw his rider in the mire, on which he discarded his mule as he had done his horse, and determined never more to trust himself upon the back of a four-legged animal. His next resource was a post-chaise or a coach; in one of these he also met with an accident, and ever after refused to enter into either. This last circumstance induced him to direct his remains to be conveyed by water to the place of burial, saying,

" if he was conveyed in a hearse, he should be awakened." He next invented a machine to go by the aid of mechanical powers without horses, which after two years successful trial broke down in attempting the third expedition. His dernier resort was a jockey cart, in which, attended by music, he took his annual trip up to the July preceding his death.

Long previous to that event, Fairlop Fair was known all over Essex, and the adjoining counties. The engine-makers, pump-makers, and block-makers of Wapping, and other places contiguous to the river, to the number of about thirty or forty, every year went to the fair in a boat made of one piece of entire fir, covered with an awning, mounted on a coach carriage, drawn by six horses, with flags, streamers, and pendants flying, and a band of music, attended by a great many persons on horseback, in carriages, and on foot.

Day had many other eccentricities, but they were unoffending in their nature, and no man was ever injured by his hobby-horse. He had a widowed housekeeper who lived with him for thirty years, and died at a very advanced age. She had two very strong attachments, one to her wedding-ring and garments, and the other to tea; when she died, Day would not permit her ring to be taken off, he said, " If that was attempted, she would come to life again," and directed that she should be buried in her wedding suit, and a pound of tea in each hand; and these directions were literally obeyed.

A few years before Day's decease, a branch of the old oak received a shock, either by decay, by lightning, or storm. This operated upon Day as the warning of an old friend, it pointed out to him the instability of life, and the effects of time; and he received the call with the resignation of a Christian, and the fortitude of a man, who was conscious of having performed his allotted part with propriety.

He set about with alacrity, a task which to some men

would have been an awful preparation. By the favour of the lord of the manor, he procured the dismembered limb of his favourite tree, and employed a Mr. Clear, a carpenter, to measure him for a coffin, and to make it out of this oak. Mr. Clear executed his job, and brought home his work, which was neatly pannelled, and highly rubbed and varnished with bees-wax. Day viewed his future habitation with the utmost serenity and philosophy, and addressing himself to the carpenter, said, "Mr. Clear I have heard that when a person dies he is much stretched, and consequently much longer than when living. Now Mr. Clear, it is not very *clear* to me that you have made this coffin long enough, but however we'll try;" and laying himself down in the coffin, he found it too short. "Never mind it," added he; "you must desire my executors to cut off my head and put it between my legs."

In bequeathing his property, as Day ever remained a bachelor, the fatherless children of his niece, eight in number, became his principal heirs. He carried his harmless oddities to the last action possible, in ordering his executors to convey his corpse to Barking, in Essex, by water, accompanied by six journeymen pump and block-makers, as bearers, to each of whom he gave a new white leathern apron, and a guinea in money.

Day, though by some persons deemed formal, was an amateur, in music, as it applied to dancing: to fashionable refinements, however, he had an insuperable aversion; for being once invited to a ball, where he was informed it would be necessary to wear ruffles of the finest point lace, and a pair being presented to him, he viewed them with some degree of contempt, and said, "if it was the custom he must comply; but it should be in his own way;" and ordering his housekeeper to get the lace dyed green, he wore them at that assembly, and upon all similar occasions.

With all his facetiousness, Day, as an old-fashioned

tradesman, was a constant attendant at his own parish church; and as much as possible would enforce the attendance of his nephews and nieces, their children, and his own servants, upon divine worship.

There is a circumstance of his munificence which ought not to be omitted,—it was his custom upon the birth of all his niece's children to present the mother with a gold coral or pap boat, and a purse of fifty guineas.

He retained his health until within a day or two of his death, and his faculties to the last. As he lived so he died—a devout Christian, a sincere friend, a good master, and an honest man; he was just without austerity, liberal without profusion, free without intemperance, and lively without excess; in fine, he lived merry and wise, and died universally revered and lamented on the 19th of October, 1767, in the 84th year of his age, and was buried agreeably to his will, in his oak coffin, in the church-yard of Barking, in Essex.

The following inscription was engraved on his tombstone:—

> "Here lieth interr'd the body of Mr. Daniel Day, Block and Pump-maker, of the Parish of St. John, Wapping, who departed this life, October the 19th, 1767, aged 84 years.
>
> Death from this world hath set me free
> From all my pain and misery."

WYBRAND LOLKES.

Wybrand Lolkes was a native of Holland, and born at Jelst in West Friesland, in the year 1730, of parents in but indifferent circumstances, his father being a fisherman, who beside this most extraordinary little creature, had to support a family of seven other children,

all of whom were of ordinary stature, as were both the father and mother. Wybrand Lolkes at an early age, exhibited proofs of a taste for mechanism; and when of sufficient age, was, by the interest of some friends, placed with an eminent watch and clock-maker at Amsterdam, to learn that business; he continued to serve this master for four years after the expiration of his apprenticeship, and then removed to Rotterdam, where he carried on the business of a watch-maker, on his own account, and where he first became acquainted, and afterwards married the person who accompanied him to England. His trade of a watch-maker, however, failing, he came to the resolution of exhibiting his person publicly as a show; and by attending the several Dutch fairs obtained a handsome competency. Impelled by curiosity and in hopes of gain, he came to England, and was visited at Harwich (where he first landed) by crowds of people; encouraged by this early success, he proceeded to London, and on applying to the late Mr. Philip Astley, obtained an engagement at a weekly salary of five guineas. He first appeared at the Amphitheatre, Westminster-bridge, on Easter Monday, 1790, and continued to exhibit every evening during the whole season. He always was accompanied by his wife, who came on the stage with him hand in hand, but though he elevated his arm, she was compelled to stoop considerably to meet the proffered honour. At this time he was sixty years of age, measured only twenty-seven inches in height, and weighed exactly fifty-six pounds.

Mynheer Lolkes was a fond husband; he well knew the value of his partner, and repaid her care of him with the most fervent affection; for he was not one of those men, who

> "——— are April when they woo,
> December when they wed."

He had by this wife three children, one of which a

Engraved by A. Cooper

WYBRAND LOLKES,

The Dutch Dwarf.

son, lived to the age of twenty-three, and was five feet seven inches in height.

This little man, notwithstanding his clumsy and awkward appearance, was remarkably agile, and possessed uncommon strength, and could with the greatest ease spring from the ground into a chair of ordinary height. He was rather of a morose temper and extremely vain of himself, and while discoursing in broken English was extremely, as he imagined, dignified. He continued in England but one season, and through the help of a good benefit, returned to his native country, with his pockets better furnished than when he left it.

WILLIAM HOGARTH.

This great and original genius was descended from a family settled in Westmoreland. His grandfather, a plain yeoman, had three sons, the youngest of whom, after keeping a school in the country, went at an early age to London, where he resumed his former occupation. He married in London, and one of the fruits of this union, was the celebrated William Hogarth, who was born in 1698, in the parish of St. Bartholomew, London.

Though the father was a man of some learning himself, he does not seem to have been anxious to give his son the same qualification. His outset in life was not the most promising. He was bound apprentice to a silversmith, to learn the single branch of engraving arms and cyphers on metal, but before his time was expired he felt that the impulse of his genius directed him to painting. This was manifested on various occasions. One Sunday, he set out with two or three companions on an excursion to Highgate, and the weather being hot, they went into a public house, where they had not been long

before a quarrel arose between some persons in the same room. One of the disputants struck the other on the head with a quart pot, and cut him very much. The blood running down the man's face, together with the agony of the wound, which had distorted his features into a most hideous grin, presented Hogarth, who seemed thus early to be apprized of the path which nature intended him to pursue, with too laughable a subject to be overlooked. He took out his pencil, and on the spot produced a most ludicrous figure. This piece was the more valuable, as it exhibited an exact likeness of the man, with the portrait of his antagonist, and the figures in caricature of the principal persons collected round them.

His apprenticeship had no sooner expired, than he entered into the academy in St. Martin's-lane, and studied drawing from the life, "in which," as Mr. Walpole observes, "he never attained to great excellence. It was character, the passions, the soul, that his genius was given him to copy. In colouring he proved no greater master: his force lay in expression, not in tints and chiaro scuro."

At this period of his life Hogarth was doomed to experience the distresses which never fail to result from the union of indigence and ambition. While he was laying the foundation of his future celebrity, he was exposed to all the contempt that penury can produce. It is said that, being one day at a loss for so trifling a sum as twenty shillings, in order to be revenged of his landlady who strove to compel him to payment, he drew her as ugly as possible, and in that single portrait gave marks of the dawn of superior genius. Unlike many who are desirous of burying in oblivion the scantiness of their early fortunes, Hogarth was always fond of contrasting the necessities of his youth, with the affluence of his maturer age. "I remember the time," he would say, "when I have gone moping into the city without a

shilling in my pocket; but as soon as I had received ten guineas there for a plate, I have returned home, put on my sword, and sallied out again with all the confidence of a man, who had ten thousand pounds in his pocket."

Hogarth began business on his own account about 1720. His first employment appears to have been the engraving of arms and shop-bills. He next agreed to design and furnish plates for booksellers, but except a set of plates, executed in 1726 for a duodecimo edition of Hudibras, none of his early productions could claim the least notice.

On the success of those plates, however, Hogarth commenced painter, and a painter of portraits—the most ill-suited employment for a man whose turn certainly was not flattery, and whose talents were not adapted to look on vanity without a sneer. Yet his facility in catching a likeness, and the method he chose of painting families and conversation pieces in small, then a novelty, drew to him a prodigious business for some time. This however did not continue, either because he resolved to follow the real bent of his disposition, or his customers apprehended that a satirist was too formidable a confessor for the votaries of self love.

It was his custom to sketch out on the spot any remarkable face which particularly struck him, and of which he wished to preserve the remembrance. A gentleman being once in his company at the Bedford Coffee-house, Covent-garden, observed him drawing something with a pencil on his nail. Inquiring what had been the artist's employment, he was shown a whimsical miniature of the countenance of a person who was then at a small distance.

In the early part of Mr. Hogarth's life, it happened that a nobleman who was uncommonly ugly and deformed, came to sit to him for his picture. It was executed with a skill that did honour to the artist's abilities; but the likeness was rigidly observed, without the

slightest attention to compliment or flattery. The peer, disgusted at this counterpart of his dear self, never entertained an idea of sending for a reflector, that would only insult him with his deformities. The artist suffered some time to elapse before he applied for his money; but afterwards made many unsuccessful applications for payment. At length he contrived an expedient, which alarmed the nobleman's pride, and thus answered his purpose. He sent him the following card:—

"Mr. Hogarth's dutiful respects to Lord ———; finding that he does not mean to have the picture which was drawn for him, is informed again of Mr. H.'s necessity for the money; if therefore his lordship does not send for it in three days, it will be disposed of, with the addition of a tail and some other little appendages to Mr. Hare, the famous wild beast man; Mr. H. having given that gentleman a conditional promise of it for an exhibition picture, on his lordship's refusal."

This intimation produced the desired effect. His lordship sent for the obnoxious picture and committed it to the flames.

On another occasion a nobleman, not remarkable for generosity, sent for Hogarth and desired that he would represent on one of the compartments on a staircase, Pharaoh and his host drowned in the Red Sea. At the same time he hinted that no great price would be given for the performance. Hogarth however agreed. Soon afterwards he applied for payment to his employer, who seeing that the space allotted for the picture had only been daubed over with red, declared he had no idea of paying a painter when he had proceeded no farther than to lay his ground. "*Ground!*" exclaimed Hogarth, "There is no *ground* in the case, my lord. The red you perceive is the Red Sea. Pharaoh and his host are drowned as you desired, and cannot be made objects of sight, for the sea covers them all."

In 1730 Hogarth formed a matrimonial connexion

with the only daughter of Sir James Thornhill.* This union was a stolen one and consequently without the approbation of the father, who, considering the youth of his child, then barely eighteen, and the slender finances of her husband, who had not emerged from obscurity, was not easily reconciled to the match. Our artist about this time began his series of prints entitled the *Harlot's Progress*, and was advised by Lady Thornhill to have some of the scenes in it placed in the way of his father-in-law. Accordingly Mrs. Hogarth undertook early one morning to convey some of them into his dining-room. On his rising he inquired whence they came, and being told by whom they were introduced, he observed: "Very well; the man who can furnish representations like these, can also maintain a wife without a portion." This remark was designed as an excuse for keeping his own purse-strings close, but it was not long before he became both reconciled and ge-

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* This gentleman, the celebrated painter of the Cupola of St. Paul's, and of the Halls of Greenwich Hospital, and Blenheim, was born in 1675. He practised originally as a House Painter, but afterwards applied to historical subjects, and with so much success, that he equalled the best painters of his time. In 1719, he was appointed Historical Painter to George I. and a few months afterwards received the honour of knighthood. He was employed in several extensive works, but the advantages he derived from them was not always equal to his merit, or his labour. The taste of the age was not favourable to genius; the artist being paid in proportion to the space covered, rather than to the value of the painting. Thus, for the dome of St. Paul's, Sir James was paid 40*s.* per square yard; and for the Hall of Blenheim, 25*s.* While painting that of St. Paul's, he approached so nearly to the edge of the scaffold, to observe the effect of his work, that he was saved from being dashed to pieces by his servant, who, seeing his danger, instantaneously cast a pot of colour at the figures, which caused him to rush forward for their preservation, and was thus the means of preserving him from destruction. He died at his seat at Thornhill, near Weymouth, in 1734, leaving a son and a daughter; the latter of whom was married to the celebrated Hogarth. *Dugdale's New British Traveller*, vol. ii. p. 259.

nerous to the young couple. Another still more beneficial effect of this exercise of his talents, was, that it introduced him to the notice of the public and laid a solid foundation for his future fame.

Soon after his marriage, Hogarth had summer lodgings at South Lambeth; and being intimate with Tyers, the proprietor of Vauxhall Gardens, he contributed to the improvement of that agreeable place, by the hint of embellishing it with paintings, some of which were sketched by his own truly comic pencil. A gold ticket of admission for himself and his friends, bespoke the gratitude of the proprietor for his assistance.

The *Harlot's Progress* was succeeded by the *Rake's Progress*, and other performances of a like description, which must be too well known to every reader to render any character of them necessary in this place. These were sold by him at his house in Leicester-fields, where wealth and reputation rewarded his exertions.

Soon after the conclusion of the peace of Aix la Chapelle, Hogarth availed himself of that opportunity to visit France. In that country he manifested a narrowness of sentiment which frequently adheres to persons whose prejudices have not been removed by education or travel. He was dissatisfied with every thing he saw. If an elegant circumstance either in the furniture or the ornaments of a room was pointed out as deserving approbation, his constant reply was: "What then? But it is French! Their houses are all gilt and b——t." In the streets he was often rudely clamorous. A tattered bag, or a pair of silk stockings with holes in them, drew from him a torrent of imprudent language. In vain was he advised to be more cautious in his public remarks, as many Scotch and Irish refugees were often within hearing of these reproaches, and would rejoice, at least, in the opportunity to get the painter mobbed. He laughed at the admonition, abused the person who offered it as a pusillanimous wretch, unworthy of living

in a free country, and made him the butt of his ridicule for several evenings afterwards. This unseasonable pleasantry was however completely extinguished by an unexpected event.

Hogarth was taking a sketch of the gate of Calais, when he was seized and carried as a spy before the governor of the town. After a rigorous examination, the innocence of his designs was rendered perfectly apparent by the other sketches that he had about him, and which were by no means such as could serve the purpose of an engineer. He was nevertheless, told by the commandant, that, had not the peace been actually signed, he should have been obliged to hang him up immediately on the ramparts. Two guards were then provided to convey him on ship-board, nor did they quit him till he was three miles from the shore. They then spun him round like a top on the deck; and told him he was at liberty to proceed on his voyage without farther attendance and molestation. Hogarth was far from being pleased with the slightest allusion to this affair, but the leading circumstance of it his own pencil has recorded in his picture entitled "*O the Roast Beef of Old England!*"

In 1753 our artist appeared to the world in the character of an author, and published a quarto volume under the title of *The Analysis of Beauty*, in the composition of which he was assisted by Dr. Hoadly, Mr. Ralph, and Dr. Morrel. This book, Mr. Walpole remarks, had many sensible hints and observations, but it did not carry the conviction nor meet with the universal acquiescence he expected. As he treated his contemporaries with scorn, they triumphed over his publication, and irritated for the purpose of exposing him.

Hogarth certainly had one failing in common with most people who attain to wealth and eminence, without the aid of a liberal education. He affected to despise every kind of knowledge, which he did not possess, and having established his fame with little or no obligations

to literature, he either conceived it to be needless, or decried it because it lay out of his reach. Till this celebrated artist commenced author, he did not seem to have discovered that even spelling was a necessary qualification, though he had ventured in one of his pieces to ridicule the deficiency of Rich in that particular.

With respect to flattery, no one could be more open to illusions than Hogarth. The following anecdote will evince how much easir it is to detect ill-placed or hyperbolic adulation when applied to others than to ourselves. Being at dinner with the celebrated Cheselden, he was informed that Mr. Freke, surgeon of St. Bartholomew's Hospital asserted, that Greene was as eminent in musical composition as Handel. "That fellow Freke," exclaimed Hogarth, "is always shooting his bolt absurdly in one way or the other! Handel is a giant in music; Greene only a light Florimel kind of a composer."—"Ay," rejoined the artist's informant, "but at the same time Mr. Freke, declared that you were as good a portrait painter as Vandyke."—"*There* he was in the right," replied Hogarth; "and so by God, I am, give me my time, and let me choose my subject!"

With Dr. Hoadly, chancellor of Winchester, Hogarth was always on terms of the strictest friendship, and frequently visited him at his various residences in Hampshire. The doctor's fondness for theatrical exhibitions was so great, that few visitors could remain long in his house, before they were solicited to accept a part in some interlude or other. He himself with Garrick and Hogarth once performed a ludicrous parody on the scene in Julius Cæsar, in which the Ghost appears to Brutus. Hogarth personated the spectre, but so unretentive was his memory, that though his speech consisted only of two lines, he was unable to get them by heart. At length they adopted the following expedient. The words he was to pronounce were inscribed on the outside of an illuminated paper-lantern, in such large

letters, that he could read them when he entered with it in his hand on the stage. On this occasion, Hogarth painted a scene representing a suttling booth with the *Duck* (Duke) of Cumberland's head by way of sign, and also prepared the play-bill, with characteristic ornaments.

Our artist was one of the most absent of men. At table he would sometimes turn round his chair as if he had finished eating, and as suddenly return it and fall to his meal again. He once directed a letter to Dr. Hoadly thus—

"To the Doctor at Chelsea."

This epistle, fortunately, did not miscarry, and it was preserved by the divine as a pleasant memorial of his friend's extraordinary inattention.

Another no less remarkable instance of Hogarth's absence is on record. Soon after he set up his carriage, he had occasion to pay a visit to the lord-mayor. When he went the weather was fine; but he was detained by business till a violent shower of rain came on. Being let out of the Mansion-house by a different door from that at which he had entered, and seeing the rain, he immediately began to call for a hackney-coach. Not one could be procured at any of the neighbouring stands, on which our artist sallied forth to brave the storm, and actually reached his house in Leicester-fields without bestowing a thought on his own carriage, till Mrs. Hogarth, astonished to see him so wet and bemired, asked where he had left it.

The indulgence of Hogarth's satirical talent at length began to involve him in disagreeable circumstances. In a picture called the *Miser's Feast*, he thought proper to pillory Sir Isaac Shard, a gentleman proverbially avaricious. His son, a high spirited young man, just returned from his travels, hearing of this, called at the painter's to see the picture, and among other questions

asked the *cicerone*, if that odd figure was intended for any particular person. On his replying that it was thought to be very much like one Sir Isaac Shard, the gentleman immediately drew his sword, and slashed the canvas. Hogarth immediately appeared in the most violent passion; but Mr. Shard calmly justified what he had done, saying that it was a very unwarrantable licence; that he was the son of the injured party, and was ready to defend any suit at law which the artist might think fit to institute. No such measure was, however, adopted by Hogarth, who might perhaps have experienced from it a loss still more unpleasant than that of his picture.

This inclination to satire is said to have once cost him a legacy. It seems that the figure of the Old Maid, in his print of *Morning*, was taken either from an acquaintance, or a relation of the painter. At first she was well enough satisfied with the resemblance; but some designing people teaching her to be angry, she struck the painter out of her will, which had been made considerably in his favour.

Hogarth used to boast, that he could take a likeness in three minutes: but the most extraordinary effort of his genius in this line, was perhaps his drawing of Henry Fielding, made with a pen some time after the death of that celebrated writer. He often promised to sit to his friend Hogarth, for whose good qualities and superior genius, he always entertained so high an esteem, that he has left in his works many beautiful memorials of his affection. It so happened, however, that no picture of Fielding was ever drawn; but yet, as if it was intended that some traces of his countenance should be perpetuated, and that too by the very artist whom he himself preferred to all others, after Hogarth had long tried to produce a likeness of him from memory, and just as he was despairing of success for want of some rules to go by in the dimensions and outlines of the face, chance

threw the grand disideratum in the way. A lady, with a pair of scissars, had cut a profile which gave the distances and proportions of his face sufficiently to restore his lost ideas of him. Delighted with an opportunity of paying this last tribute to the memory of an author whom he admired, Hogarth caught at this outline with pleasure, and worked with all the attachment of friendship, till he finished the drawing placed at the head of Fielding's works, and, which was acknowledged by all, who had ever seen the original, to present a corresponding image of the man.

This is the authentic relation of Mr. Murphy, but a different account of this portrait has been given. Mr. Garrick, it is said, dressed himself in a suit of his old friend's clothes, and presented himself to the painter in the attitude and with the features of Fielding. Garrick however, interfered no farther in this business than by urging Hogarth to attempt the likeness as a necessary accompaniment to Fielding's works. The artist began and finished the head in the presence of his wife and another lady, having no assistance but from his own memory, which on such occasions was remarkably tenacious.

About the year 1757, Hogarth's brother-in-law, Mr. Thornhill, resigned his place of serjeant-painter to the king in favor of our artist, who soon afterwards ventured upon an experiment which involved him in some disgrace. "From a contempt of the ignorant virtuosi of the age," says Mr. Walpole, "and from indignation at the impudent tricks of picture-dealers, whom he continually saw recommending and vending vile copies to bubble collectors, and from having never studied, indeed having seen few good pictures of the Italian masters, he persuaded himself that the praises bestowed on those glorious works were nothing but the effects of prejudice. He talked this language till he believed it; and having often heard it asserted, as is true, that time

gives a mellowness to colours and improves them, he not only denied the proposition, but maintained that pictures only grew black and worse by age, not distinguishing between the degrees in which the proposition may be true or false. He went farther. He determined to rival the ancients, and unfortunately chose one of the finest pictures in England as the object of his competition. This was the celebrated Sigismunda of Sir Luke Schaub, said to be painted by Correggio probably by Furino, but no matter by whom. It is impossible to see the picture, or read Dryden's inimitable tale, and not feel that the same soul animated both. After many essays, Hogarth at last produced his Sigismunda, but no more like Sigismunda than I to Hercules. Not to mention the wretchedness of the colouring, it was the representation of a maudlin strumpet just turned out of keeping, and with eyes red with rage and usquebaugh, tearing off the ornaments her keeper had given her. None of the sober grief, no dignity of suppressed anguish, no involuntary tear, no settled meditation on the fate she meant to meet, no amorous warmth turned holy by despair; in short all was wanting that should have been there; all was there that such a story would have banished from a mind capable of conceiving such complicated woe; woe so sternly felt, and yet so tenderly. Hogarth's performance was more ridiculous than any thing he had ever ridiculed. He set the price of four hundred pounds on it, and had it returned on his hands by the person for whom it was painted. He took subscriptions for a plate of it, but had the sense, at last, to suppress it."

From this failure of Hogarth may be deduced this useful lesson, that men, even of superlative genius, cannot step beyond the bounds in which nature designed them to move, without betraying the weakness of their understanding and covering themselves with confusion, ridicule, and contempt.

The last memorable event in the life of our artist was his quarrel with Mr. Wilkes. Though Hogarth did not commence direct hostilities on that gentleman, he, at least, gave the first offence by an attack on his party and friends. This conduct was the more surprising as he had all his life avoided dipping his pencil in political contests, and had early refused a very lucrative offer that was made to engage him in a set of prints against the head of a court-party. It has, however, been surmised that his conduct on this occasion was guided by the expectation of obtaining an addition to his salary as serjeant-painter. Be this as it may, in September, 1762, Hogarth published his print of *The Times*, which satirized Lord Temple and Mr. Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham. This called forth the pen of Mr. Wilkes, who in the next number of the North Briton, in vindicating his friends, made a direct attack on the King's serjeant-painter.

Wilkes, Churchill and Hogarth had been intimate friends, and such they might have continued, had not the demon of politics and party sown discord among them and dissolved their union. No enemies are so inveterate as those who have once been united in the bonds of friendship. So it proved in this case; the breach once made, daily grew wider and wider. In revenge for the animadversions of Mr. Wilkes in the North Briton, Hogarth exhibited a caricature of the writer. Churchill then engaged in the war, and published an epistle to Hogarth, in which the severest strokes fell on a defect which the painter had neither caused nor could amend—his age, though it was neither remarkable nor decrepid. In revenge for this epistle Hogarth caricatured Churchill under the form of a canonical bear with a club and a pot of porter. "Never," says Mr. Walpole, "did two angry men of their abilities throw mud with less dexterity."

At the time these hostilities were carrying on in a

manner so virulent and so disgraceful to all the parties, the health of Hogarth was visibly declining. In 1762 he complained of an inward pain, which brought on a general decay that proved incurable. The last year of his life he employed in retouching his plates, with the assistance of several engravers whom he took with him to his house at Chiswick, where he for many years resided during the summer.

In 1764, a few months before he was seized with the malady which was the immediate cause of his death, he proposed to his matchless pencil the work he has entitled *Finis* or the *Tail Piece*, the first idea of which is said to have been started in company while the convivial glass was circulating round his own table. "My next undertaking," said Hogarth, "shall be the end of all things." "If that is the case," replied one of his friends, "your business will be finished; for there will be an end of the painter." "There will so," answered Hogarth, with a deep sigh, "and therefore the sooner my work is done the better." He accordingly began the next day, and prosecuted his design with a diligence which seemed to indicate an apprehension that he should not live till he had completed it. This however he did with the utmost ingenuity, grasping every object which could denote the end of all things—a broken bottle—an old broom worn to the stump—the butt end of an old musket—a cracked bell—a bow unstrung—a crown tumbled in pieces—towers in ruins—the sign-post of a tavern, called the *World's End* tumbling—the moon in her wane—the map of the globe burning—a gibbet falling, the body gone, and the chain which held it dropping down—Phœbus and his horses dead in the clouds—a vessel wrecked—Time, with his hour-glass and scythe broken, a tobacco pipe in his mouth, the last whiff of smoke going out—a play book opened, with *Exeunt omnes*, stamped in the corner—an empty purse—and a statute of bankruptcy taken out against nature—"So far, so good," exclaimed

Hogarth. "Nothing remains but this"—taking his pencil in a sort of prophetic fury, and dashing off the similitude of a painter's pallet broken—"*Finis!*" cried he, "the deed is done—all is over!" It is remarkable that he died about a month after the completion of this tail piece, and it is also well known that he never afterwards took a pencil in his hand.

It is worth observing that in "Independence," a poem which was not published by Churchill till the last week in September, 1764, he considers his antagonist as a departed genius:—

> Hogarth would draw him (envy must allow)
> E'en to the life, *was Hogarth living now.*

The sporting satirist little imagined that the power of pleasing was soon to cease in both. Hogarth died within four weeks after the publication of this poem, and Churchill survived him only nine days.

On the 25th of October, our artist was conveyed from Chiswick to Leicester-fields, in a very weak condition, but remarkably cheerful. On retiring to bed the same night he was suddenly taken ill, and expired in the space of two hours. His body was interred in Chiswick church-yard, where a monument is erected to his memory, with the following inscription by his friend Garrick:—

> Farewell, great painter of mankind,
> Who reach'd the noblest point of art;
> Whose pictur'd morals charm the mind,
> And through the eye correct the heart.
>
> If genius fire thee, reader, stay;
> If nature move thee, drop a tear;
> If neither touch thee, turn away,
> For Hogarth's honour'd dust lies here.

The following character of Hogarth has been given by Prince Hoare, Esq. in his "State of the Arts," published in 1807. "Of Hogarth but one opinion can be

entertained; a phœnix in the art, which probably never before appeared in any country, he was in painting a moral satirist. As Shakspeare wrote to the passions connected with moral sentiment, so did Hogarth paint for the instinct of every age, and through the eye to correct the heart. In subjects of sportive fancy, and in domestic or familiar history, the native and characteristic powers of Hogarth were singularly eminent; but his eulogy has been so often written, and lately so amply displayed by a learned and noble author, the Earl of Oxford, that it would be here superfluous; yet it may be allowable to remark, that in the conspicuous prominence of the intellectual and moral properties of his art, in the wit, humour, and patriotism of his scenes, his powers in other professional points have been chiefly overlooked. The picture of the boys playing on the tomb-stone, at the same time, that it lays claim to some of the highest moral historic merit, is an instance of the most skilful, and it may be added, *grand* compositions. In the series of Marriage-a-la-Mode, several of the subjects are painted with a breadth, force, and clearness of colour, which have seldom been surpassed; but the breakfast table is the most striking instance of these merits."

JOHN JAMES HEIDEGGER.

FEW characters have a juster claim to a place in our collection than John James Heidegger. He was the son of a clergyman of Zurich, in Switzerland, where he was born about the year 1659. Arrived at years of manhood, he married, but left his country in consequence of an intrigue. Having visited the principal courts of Europe, in the humble station of a domestic, he acquired a taste for elegant pleasures: which, joined

to a strong inclination for voluptuousness, by degrees qualified him for the management of public amusements.

In 1708, Heidegger came to England, where, by his address and ingenuity, he soon obtained the chief direction of the opera house and masquerades. In this situation he is said to have accumulated a fortune of five thousand pounds per annum. He possessed an extraordinary memory, and great facility of writing operas; but his person, though tall and well made, was uncommonly disagreeable, from the excessive ugliness of his face, which was scarcely human.

Heidegger was one of the first to joke on his own ugliness, and once laid a wager with Lord Chesterfield, that, within a certain time, his lordship would not be able to produce so hideous a face in all London. After a strict search, a woman was found whose features were, at first sight, thought even stronger than those of the *Count*, as he was ludicrously called; but on clapping her head-dress upon him, he was universally allowed to be the ugliest.

This singular man who, in the twelfth number of the Tatler, is humorously styled a *Surgeon*, in allusion to his preparing the singers at the opera house, lived on terms of great familiarity with the nobility of the time, who, however, sometimes made him pay dearly for it. Of this the following curious anecdote is recorded:

The facetious Duke of Montague, (the memorable author of the bottle-conjuror at the Hay-market,) gave an entertainment at the Devil Tavern, to several of the nobility and gentry, selecting the most convivial, and a few hard drinkers, who were in the plot. Heidegger was invited, and in a few hours after dinner was so drunk, that he was carried out of the room, and laid insensible upon a bed: a profound sleep ensued, when Mrs. Salmon's daughter was introduced, who took a mould from his face in plaister of Paris: from this a mask was made; and a few days before the next mas-

querade, at which the king promised to be present, with the Countess of Yarmouth, the duke made application to Heidegger's valet de chambre, to know what sort of clothes he was likely to wear; and then procuring a similar dress, and a person of the same stature, he gave him his instructions. On the evening of the masquerade, as soon as his majesty was seated, (who was always known by the conductor of the entertainment, and by the officers of the court, though concealed by his dress from the rest of the company,) Heidegger, as usual, ordered the music to play "God save the King;" but his back was no sooner turned, than the false Heidegger, ordered them to play, "Over the water to Charley." The whole company were instantly thunderstruck, and all the courtiers, not in the plot, were thrown into a stupid consternation. Heidegger flew to the music gallery, swore, stamped, raved, accused the musicians of drunkenness, or of being suborned to ruin him. The king and the countess laughed so immoderately, that they hazarded a discovery. While Heidegger stood in the gallery, "God save the King" was the tune; but when, after setting matters to rights, he retired to one of the dancing rooms, to observe if decorum was kept by the company, the counterfeit stepped forward, and placing himself upon the floor of the theatre, just before the music gallery, called out in an audible voice, imitating Heidegger, saying they were blockheads, had not he just told them to play "Charley over the water?" A pause ensued; the musicians, who knew his character, in their turn, thought him either drunk or mad: but as he continued his vociferations, Charley was played again. At this repetition of the supposed affront, some of the officers of the guards were for ascending the gallery, and kicking the musicians out; but the then Duke of Cumberland, who could hardly contain himself, interposed. The company were thrown into the greatest confusion;—"Shame!

shame!" resounded from all parts, and Heidegger once more flew in a violent rage to that part of the theatre facing the gallery. Here the Duke of Montague artfully addressing himself to him, told him "the king was in a violent passion; that his best way was to go instantly and make an apology, for certainly the musicians were mad, and afterwards discharge them." Almost in the same instant he ordered the false Heidegger to do the same. The scene now became truly comic before the king. Heidegger had no sooner made a gentle apology for the insolence of his musicians, but the false Heidegger advanced, and in a plaintive tone cried out, "Indeed, sire, it was not my fault, but that devil's in my likeness." Poor Heidegger turned round, stared, staggered, grew pale, and could not utter a word. The duke then humanely whispered in his ear the sum of his plot, and the counterfeit was ordered to take off his mask. Here ended the frolic; but Heidegger swore he would never attend any public amusement, if the wax-work woman did not break the mould, and melt down the mask before his face.

Whatever may have been the faults or foibles of Heidegger, they were far exceeded by his charity, which was abundant. He died in the year 1749, at the advanced age of ninety years.

CORNELIUS KETEL.

This whimsical painter was a native of Gouda, in the Netherlands. He early prosecuted his art with great ardour, under the direction of an uncle, who was a tolerable proficient in painting, but a better scholar. Ketel, after having practised in France and in his own country, embarked in 1573 for England, and was there entertained in London by a sculptor and architect, a

friend of his uncle. Here his works grew into esteem, and he was much employed by the merchants of the metropolis in painting portraits, but was seldom engaged on history, to which his inclination chiefly led him. Having, however, painted an allegorical piece, of Strength vanquished by Wisdom, it was purchased by a young merchant and presented to Sir Christopher Hatton. This circumstance led to Ketel's introduction to court, after which he executed portraits of the first characters of the age, and had the honour of painting Queen Elizabeth herself.

Nothing is so dangerous to persons of weak minds as prosperity, and this seems to have been exemplified in Ketel. Not satisfied with the glory he had acquired by his various performances, several of which were of an historical nature, he formed a scheme of making himself known by a method of painting entirely new. Laying aside his brush, he painted only with his fingers, and began with his own portrait. The whim took, so that he repeated the practice; and it is pretended that these fantastic works were executed with great purity and beauty of colouring.

The folly of the artist kept pace with his success, so that at last his fingers appeared to be tools of too easy a kind, and he undertook to paint with his feet. Even in this ridiculous caprice he was indulged with the applause of the public. The performances of Ketel are strongly coloured, and with a full pencil, and are always as large, or rather larger than nature. He returned to Holland, and died in the year 1602.

OLD BOOTS.

The real name of this very conspicuous personage it is impossible to ascertain, being, in his life-time, only

Engraved by R. Cooper.

OLD BOOTS.

A well known character at Ripon in Yorkshire.

known by the significant appellation of Old Boots. He was, however, born about the year 1692, and, for some length of time, filled the important office of boot cleaner at an inn at Rippon in Yorkshire. He was a perfect "*lusus naturæ;*" dame Nature forming him in one of her freakish humours. He was blessed with such a plenitude of nose and chin, and so tenderly endearing were they, that they used to embrace each other; and by habits, he could hold a piece of money between them. Among the variety of human countenances, none perhaps ever excited more public curiosity, than that of Old Boots. He always went into the rooms with a boot-jack and a pair of slippers; and the urbanity of his manners was always pleasing to the company, who frequently gave him money, on condition that he would hold it between his nose and chin; which request he always complied with, and bore off the treasure with great satisfaction. He was one of those fortunate beings who could daily accomplish that—which thousands of persons are ineffectually striving all their lives to attain—he could "make both ends meet!" He died 1762, at the age of 70.

BETTY BOLAINE.

The subject of the following article, an extraordinary, and once well known, character in Kent, was born in Canterbury, in the year 1723, where her father Noah Bolaine had acquired an independence in the profession of an apothecary. Her education was suitable to her father's situation, but neither that, nor her family's example, could prevent her from showing those marks of the insanity of avarice and meanness, of which she very early showed many extraordinary instances. She was then said to be pretty, and a coquette in her

manner, hence it is not wonderful if she attracted many admirers, though at the same time she was so slovenly in her dress as to be the observation of all her acquaintance.

At eighteen she lost her father, who bequeathed her 15,000*l.* in good property, and 5000*l.* to his niece Miss Ann Bolaine. Miss Betty had now as many suitors as a young lady of her fortune might be expected to have, but not enough to suit her avarice, for it is even reported she advertised under disguised names for a partner, thereby seeking fresh connexions, as the former ones dismissed themselves, finding she only jilted them for the presents they made her. On these occasions she vauntingly boasted of her conquests, and the number of strings she had to her bow, occasionally showing the rich presents she had received.

Avarice has been aptly compared to a gull that swallows all but returns nothing, and this habit of taking favours at that time brought her into a dilemma that might have been fatal to her freedom, had she not had very extraordinary precaution in the final part of the affair.

It happened whilst on a visit at the house of a Mrs. De Laporte in London in the year 1745, when the city trained bands were daily mustered, that a rich grocer, a captain of one of the companies, became desperately enamoured of her, on account, it is said, of her lively dancing at the lord-mayor's ball. This gentleman, on the impulse of the moment, hastily offered her marriage. But Miss Betty was too wary to be caught easily, though according to report she had done as well to have acceded to his offer. However she kept him long at bay, receiving his presents, as they suited her covetous turn, and having her ready furnished apartment in town paid for by him. Whether he was in love with her person, or most with her fortune, their parting may give leave to guess. The gentleman finding entreaties in vain

to bring his design to issue, actually one morning enticed her into a hackney coach, and by the help of his brother, whom he had persuaded to assist him, brought her to the Fleet, where marriages were at that time legally performed. But here she totally refused her hand, and made such a noise that the passengers interfered, and some butchers out of the market rescued her from the parson's clutches, who had already began muttering the office over his book. The captain, mortified at her refusal, though she had promised him its performance at a distant period, made his farewell-bow and left her.

This adventure gave her a distaste for London, and she returned to Canterbury. Mr. Slade, a gentleman of great fortune at Feversham, was soon after this her admirer, and offered her a coach and livery; but Miss Bolaine was too good a judge of the world to part with her independency and right of augmenting it her *own way*, on such unstable grounds as this gentleman's promises. To him succeeded an attorney of Canterbury, who, by some lucky intrigue, not only won her affections, but cajoled her to give him a bond of forfeiture of 200*l.* should she afterwards change her mind. She must have been greatly prejudiced in favour of this lawyer, to grant him such a proof of the stability of her inclinations, if we may judge by her former and subsequent transactions.

Whether her affections were sincere or otherwise, it is certain she took uncommon pains to convince him of their reality; yet the lawyer must have sometimes found that love had not any share in the connexion: and miss, thinking that jealousy was a necessary proof of affection, she made an objection to every thing he proposed or did, she followed him every where with a suspicious eye, seeking fresh objects for reproach, to exert himself in afterwards.—His house became a desert, and his life was spent in restless anxiety and domestic

strife. Her jealousy carried every thing to an extremity; even his clients in the office were objects of Miss Bolaine's aversion, who, male or female, were reproached by her with the most opprobrious epithets. She always made an objection to his going any where without her, which her grotesque appearance rendered very objectionable, even at that time, while "youth was in her train."

We cannot help inserting here an anecdote of her penurious meanness at this period, on the best authority. At an assembly at Canterbury, when large hoop-petticoats were universally worn, the ladies complaining of the inconvenience of the fashion, agreed to lay aside their hoops for a while. Miss Bolaine objected to this proposal, fearing her saving contrivances would make her laughed at. However, her objections were overcome by her companions; and instead of a cane hoop, she exhibited a straw one, stitched with packthread and red tape, and covered by an old dirty apron of her father's. This was the accoutrement of Miss Bolaine, a lady of 20,000*l.* fortune, and the mistress of a lawyer of extensive practice in the county of Kent. It may be wondered here how her protector could support such treatment; but the prospect of her fortune, which was constantly increasing, and the expectation of a fresh accumulation from the falling in of her mother's, who was very aged, no doubt, sweetened all his bitterness: and, in fact, she duped him so far as to make him believe she was going to stab herself for the love of him, seizing a blunt knife, and violently sticking it against her bodice, where she knew it could not penetrate. This action produced what she wished; for it made the lawyer agree to give up his bond, on condition she named the day of their union for life. A licence was procured; and on the morning of their intended marriage he gave her the bond, as she was dressing herself, as he thought to go to church with him. Relying on

appearances, he set out first for St. Peter's with her promise of immediately following him; where, after waiting more than two hours, he retired at last, amidst the ridicule of the spectators who witnessed his disappointment and mortification: while she at home destroyed the bond, exulting in the idea of having outwitted a lawyer.

This action dissolved that connexion, and she returned to her mother, who, poor good creature! was the reverse of her daughter. Her usage of this venerable parent is too atrocious to be laid before our readers: suffice it to say, that raising her hand against her was the least offence she disgraced herself by; for this penurious wretch daily left her mother to starve in the midst of plenty; and even when the poor old lady resigned her breath, the only eatable that was found in the house was a few musty beans. By her death, 3000*l.* more devolved to her by her father's will, and 1500*l.* to her brother, a very worthy character, whose name ought not to be mentioned with hers. Her mother, during the time of her widowhood, had accumulated 500*l.* which she bequeathed to her son; but Miss Bolaine, actuated by her usual covetous disposition and the opportunity she had, actually forged her mother's signature, by which she converted the total sum to her own use. Her brother was not ignorant of the fact, though he never stirred in the affair, but only showed a coolness which she never forgave; for, years afterwards, she made a bold attempt to murder him! A fall from his horse having confined him to his room, under pretence of inquiring about his health, she made her way up stairs, when, after securing the door, she made two thrusts at him with a carving knife. By the help of Providence, weak as he was, he disarmed her, and turned her out of doors. Thus was she prevented from adding fratricide to the long catalogue of her crimes: and the gentleman, though he never forgave it, passed it over in silence, un-

willing to disgrace his family, by bringing her to the punishment she merited.

Miss Farnham, sister to the Countess of Denbigh, married Mr. Bolaine, by whom he had an amiable daughter, and left her an orphan. At his death, Mrs. Bolaine thought it prudent to keep on good terms with her sister-in-law, induced, no doubt, by the advantage she hoped her infant daughter might afterwards reap. But this solicitude proved fatal to the young lady; for her aunt was so delighted in causing pain and uneasiness in others, that after much oppression, this tender and beautiful girl went into a deep decline, occasioned, as all their acquaintance said, by the caprice, terror, and severity of her way, which hastened her death, and removed her mother soon afterwards, regretted and lamented by all her friends.

One of Miss Bolaine's favourite amusements was making *matches*. As void of real friendship as sincerity, she took delight in bringing parties together, and making them miserable afterwards. Thus she secretly abetted and encouraged a young lady of considerable fortune, at Westgate, in a clandestine marriage below herself, and much against her parents' inclinations: but no sooner was the ceremony performed, than she hastened to Mr. Lloyd, and advised him by all means to disinherit his daughter for her disobedience. But that gentleman, discovering more than she thought he knew of her intrigues, only forbade his children any further connexion; and Miss Bolaine, from that moment, became a stranger at that house. The covetous insanity of saving prevailed over every other consideration in her mind. About a twelvemonth after her brother's death, she went to board at Westgate-court, allured, no doubt, by the riches of a gentleman who resided in that neighbourhood, a widower about forty years older than herself, hectic and consumptive. She soon worked herself in his good opinion, and persuaded him to marry her.

Though old, he was fond; and artful, she was kind. The wedding clothes were made, a new chariot provided, and every thing ready, except the gentleman's settling the whole of his fortune on her; but she, too wary to yield hers on any terms, declined the connexion for that time, yet consented to accept of terms of *settlement*. This connexion was a great affliction to the gentleman's family, as they found her actuated by nothing but a desire of gain, and depending too much on her power over him. She one morning, in a passion, pushed him violently down stairs, for having had the temerity to order something for his dinner. This coming to the knowledge of his friends, they contrived to get him out on an airing one day, and never suffered him to return; and she was soon afterwards ejected from the house. Exasperated at this, she brought an action for a breach of promise of marriage, laying her damages at 2000*l.* which was tried by Judge Chappel, and she was nonsuited, as it was proved she tacitly had refused to marry him. Still discontented, notwithstanding this gentleman bequeathed her 50*l.* and the old chariot, she sent in to the family an enormous bill of expenses soon after his death, but never obtained a shilling.

It was surprising to every one how she could like to live any longer near the place of her nativity, where her notoriety was too conspicuous to pass unnoticed. She next took a large house in Westgate, which she advertised to let out. Her first tenant was a respectable gentleman, whose house was repairing; and she succeeded in wheedling him to pay the whole expenses of their jóint house-keeping; but soon after his return home, she presented him with an extravagant bill, which imposition, though against his judgment, he was forced to comply with. She kept two servants at this time; one as penurious as herself endured her caprice, and almost starvation, near seven years; the other younger, and not so patient, lost her place one day, for having the au-

dacity to kindle a little fire, and eat too much of the scanty fare allowed for two days. Miss Bolaine on this occasion threatened to stab the poor girl with her scissars; but she luckily escaped through the kitchen window amidst the applause of the populace, who followed her mistress with execration to the next magistrate, where the girl obtained her wages, and Miss Bolaine was severely reprimanded for her rash conduct.

Notwithstanding this forbidding temper, she still received some visits from the neighbouring gentlemen round Canterbury, amongst whom was one an exact counterpart with herself. His name was Box, and it is certain the love of money, not affection, induced this union. They *existed* in a large house, and with the help of a garden, which they cultivated together, made shift to supply themselves with every thing they wanted, which was but little, for even necessaries were denied, and they kept no servant. She found in him a man she could easily govern, a thorough patient slave, and one bit with the same madness of saving as herself. With this man she could eat a mouldy crust, with frowsy or stinking meat, sometimes picked up in the road, and cooked on cabbage stacks, burnt with turf, which was constantly stole from the commons by night. These, with dried furze bushes, and dead stalks from their garden, constantly supplied fuel for the year round, every day exhorting each other more and more to parsimony, and Miss Bolaine was so pleased with his saving ways, that she at last assumed his name, pleased to partake in the honour of such a penurious character. Thus for some years they lived, or rather starved together, not allowing themselves the produce of their garden till it was spoiled for want of sale, but would mump any trifle from the neighbours, which they were sure to keep till it stunk, or was rotten. As to clothing, she was never known to buy any; for what she had spunged from her admirers, and what her mother left, lasted her all her

days. At this time, she was sometimes seen in a jacket crimped round her waist, and made of bed furniture, having monkies, mackaws, and frogs, depicted in needle-work, with a black patched petticoat, which she called, being in mourning for Sir Charles H. a distant relation.

Their garden work becoming heavy, they came at last to the determination of having an assistant; and fearing that he should not have enough to do, determined on bringing out their old chariot, which had now stood by more than twenty years, and getting a couple of horses to draw it; accordingly two old blind cart-horses were purchased for eight guineas, and two or three pounds of paint used to cover the injuries time had made on the outside of this old fashioned vehicle. The first man they hired for four pounds a year, to be their fac-totum had no nose, and when equipped in the paraphernalia of a discharged drummer, looked very grotesque on the box. He was soon succeeded by a boy, who likewise wore the drummer's coat, but not being strong enough to do every thing, a pauper out of the road supplied his place. This poor wretch having a scabby head, was advised to lose his hair; and an old wig of his master's, furbished up to the life, had a noble appearance: but Miss Bolaine, hinting that these expenses would *ruin* them, her paramour was obliged to mount the box himself, and pay the coachman; who refusing to return the wig, was taken before a justice, whose sentence was, that he might keep it, as he had been prevailed on to have his hair cut off. To support all these extra expenses, Miss Bolaine's fruitful invention now first thought of lending the coach out to hire: hand-bills were accordingly issued, but her caution would not suffer any one to have it without having first secured a seat in it herself, lest, any ill-disposed person should run away with such a noble equipage. This saving pair resumed all the work again themselves, Miss frequently feeding the horses, or at least taking care they should not *overfeed*

themselves. By this economical plan the animals became so lean, that they attracted the notice of the passengers, which was often increased by the heavy loads they had to drag; for Mr. Box having a house at St. Lawrence, in the Isle of Thanet, which was let out furnished during the summer, many materials were often in motion towards this country house. One of these journeys caused much diversion, and it is much to be lamented that *Jeffery Gambado* was not on the road to see it. The lady was seated amidst pickle jars, crockery, glass, and tin ware, while the roof of the machine and the box bore a considerable share of lumber, the most prominent of which was a ladder, warming pan, and sundry garden utensils. Mr. Box sat on one of the horses, which in the second street fell down by weakness, and immediately the whole pile overset by the other horse plunging, and the crash alarmed all the neighbourhood. They had soon plenty of assistance, and many jokes were cracked on the occasion by the standers by; however, with a deal of scolding between the pair of travellers, they were at last set a-going, but not without being reproached, and told by the boys jeering, that the horses would die before night, which was somewhat verified that day, for as they arrived at Sarr, as was foretold, the horse that stumbled dropped down dead. To hire they found too expensive, so sold the companion *skeleton* for a trifle, and the chariot itself for eight pounds, contenting themselves to finish the journey on foot, and have the things brought after them in a cart. She performed her half yearly journeys to London on foot, not even permitting herself the indulgence of a cart; only a little *nig*, the name she called gin by, a small quantity of which, with what she could beg or purloin from her acquaintance at home, always supplied her. When it was winter, she constantly gave Mr. B. strict charge to lay in bed all day, observing, that he might thereby save his fuel till she came back. Her

dishonesty and pilfering disposition discovered itself on many occasions; and it is wonderful she never had her deserts for it one time or another. At the Bank, where she attended for her half yearly dividends, she once received a 10*l.* note more than her due. It was in vain the clerk that paid her, remonstrated letter after letter; she would refund nothing; but when the next half yearly assets came to be paid her, she was shamed out of part of the sum, for no more in the whole than eight guineas and a half were ever refunded.

This observable pair were fond of bathing in hot weather, but could not think of paying for the use of a machine a shilling a turn, so they adopted another mode, which was singular and peculiar to themselves. After sauntering a long way among the sands under the cliffs, the lady wrapped herself in an old horse rug from her stables, took to the briny waves, as did her gentleman, exulting in the idea of having saved two shillings. After dressing, this rug was carefully hid under some stones for the next occasion, and in their stroll home they carefully loaded themselves with abundance of cow's dung, which they observed the poor cottagers burn with peat or turf.

Their dispositions being so exactly alike, it is no wonder she gained such an ascendency over him as to command his fortune, which she entirely alienated from his son by his will to herself, leaving him only one shilling! Her demeanour towards the conclusion of his life gave him so much uneasiness, that he complained; but as he had made over his property to her many years before, to secure it from his creditors, having been a bankrupt, it was passed out of his reach; however, he made a will, as before observed, and it is a fact too notorious to be denied, that he had nothing during his last illness but cow heel broth; and some time before he expired, she drew the bed from under him, leaving the body on the sacking, with the marks of blows and

scratches. He was no sooner a corpse, than she shut up the house, and set off on foot for St. Lawrence, where she secured all the property, and at her return the next night, ordered the bell to be tolled only a few strokes, and it being a rule with her never to pay for any thing she could avoid, persuaded a relation of his to order the funeral, which thinking he might be *in her will*, foolishly did; nor did she ever pay it, or even buy a black rag to cover her, but borrowed a black bonnet of one, and a bit of black crape of another person, which she never returned: she even converted the black gloves and hatbands to her own use. A single circumstance of her unnatural and covetous disposition cannot be avoided here, as it shows her heart was callous to common feelings. When the undertaker's men brought the coffin, she refused to let them put the body in, saying she would do that herself. This seeming strange, when they came to secure it with screws, they had the curiosity to peep into it, and to their astonishment found the corpse robbed of the shroud; thus she sent him out of the world as naked as he came into it.

Neither did she pay any regard to that part of his will which related to his place of interment; for instead of interring him at St. Lawrence, in his grandfather's vault, she sent him off, unattended, to Ramsgate, where, when the hearse arrived with the body, they found no grave dug, nor any preparation whatever for his interment. He was therefore for the moment placed in the church, and afterwards buried, at the expense of a friend, in the church-yard. As his certificate had never been signed, many claims were made on Miss Bolaine, who sometimes asserted, and sometimes denied, being married to him. These clamours at last brought her to ask advice of counsel, when on being told her repeated contradictions had placed her in danger of the pillory, she coarsely abused the gentleman, saying, she had once been too many for a lawyer, and she would abide

the consequences, let it come to what it might, rather than part with her money. She then sold every thing, and the creditors, after having harassed themselves a long time for nothing, at last gave up the pursuit, and left her in undisturbed possession of the property. After this affair she had the address to get possession of a large furnished house to keep for the proprietors, who were obliged to be abroad on affairs of consequence, which she took the liberty to let out more than two years and a half, without paying either rent or taxes.

She then returned to her own house, which had by this time so gone out of repair, that she caught the rain in dishes even in her bed-room, which served her for drink, for she never wanted water for any other occasion. A country wench was sent one day by the neighbours, to hire herself to her for a cook-maid, but Betty drove her from the door, saying, "She wondered at the people's impudence, seeing she had not any thing to eat herself." Yet her industry was so great, that she seldom remained at home, even if the weather was bad. A considerable time was spent in strolling about the streets. About ten o'clock she generally made her way to old Phillips', a shoemaker's in Wincheap, who always supplied her with water for breakfast, when she ate what crusts she had picked up in the streets in her way thither. After this she would sit till dinner time over a small pan of coals in the cobler's shop, when two days out of seven poor Phillips would find the dinner, and when he did not, she went to the houses of those that she had inspired with the idea of the great sums she would leave them in her will. The number of the friends she made by these inuendoes was very considerable; and several were of the first quality in Canterbury. Her apology usually concluded with, "Well, I'm sure I am lucky to catch you just at dinner time, for as they say, one volunteer is better than two pressed men." After dinner, being liberal of nothing but her company, she would make her

excuse, and withdraw to make the same promises somewhere else for a dish of tea; and if not asked to stay supper, the next time she called was sure to relate how hungry and restless she was the last night she was at their house; but if they gave her a glass of any liquor, she always blessed it with—"Well, the Lord will pay you when I am dead: I shan't forget this civility of your's."

Notwithstanding her forbidding appearance, she received many valuable presents; and though some were of perishable matters, yet she never had the heart to touch them, but even let them spoil; and after she was dead, such a warehouse was found as perhaps could not be equalled for variety of things in decay. Many of the gifts were of considerable value, and she had the artifice to excite a kind of emulation among her friends, by relating how fond she was of such a thing, and how "generous it was to send such a poor woman as she such a quantity, and so fine." Thus every one was ready to help her, little dreaming that a reverend black coat would clear all before him!

As to articles of dress, she was never known to buy any for the last forty years of her life, except in one singular instance, and then it could not be truly called *buying*, for a young tradesman in the linen line gave her out of pity a new one; when from motives of gratitude, and to encourage him, as she said, she took another, but forgot to pay for it; but this was not the only instance of the failure of her memory, only it passed over, like many other instances of the kind, in hopes of future ample remuneration. Her washing was carried on in as singular a manner, as her extensive acquaintance made it easy to her, by taking one rag to each at a time, so that in the course of a short time, all Canterbury and the vicinity had assisted her in this necessary article; and if any refused or excused themselves from cleaning her nasty things, or she thought were backward, she would

then throw out hints, like, "If people would stand in their own light, she could not help it; she could but be sorry for them, that they were so blind to their own interest, but perhaps they might soon repent of their error, when it was too late; and they were surely very bad people that would not wait for God's time." Thus, by holding out such prospects of rewarding her friends, she contrived to slip through life with more ease, though by less honourable means, than the rest of the world.

Mumping and beggary must certainly have attractions which have never been discovered but by the professors, and this was the case with Betty Bolaine. Bits of candle, pinches of snuff, and matches, she was daily borrowing; so that it cost her nothing for those articles, and as for fuel, as we observed before, the streets supplied her with all she wanted, for the short time she condemned herself to be in her wretched dwelling. She was never known but once to be indisposed; and after Dr. P. had attended her for a long time, she was quite enraged at his assurance in bringing her in a bill of five guineas. She called on him one day with a guinea, but his daughter refused it, and the debt was not discharged till after her death. Wherever she visited, her friends were always sure to miss trifles, as thread, needles, tape, sugar, &c. and her dishonesty did not stop there, for she was more than once detected in bad practices; but those were passed over all on the *old score* of future remuneration.

A Mrs. H., a lady whose expectations were very considerable from her, refusing to connive at her meanness in stealing meat out of a butcher's shop in Canterbury, was threatened with the entire obliteration of her name in her will, if she ever spoke of the affair again. This lady had possessed her confidence, and put up with her caprices more than twenty-five years, making her house her home when in London, yet refused her the loan of a few pounds to save her goods

from execution; and Mrs. H. not knowing the depth of her duplicity, brooked a deal more of her caprice, and suffered her depredations after this, no doubt, in hopes of being in her will at last.

Her mind, as she increased in years, seemed to give way to pilfering, and she might have had serious consequences to suffer, but she always had the good luck not to be severely noticed, only sometimes hissed and hooted for it, which she never seemed to mind. Her general appearance was wretched in the extreme, and indicative of the greatest poverty; she would pick up crumbs shaken from a table-cloth at a door, and refuse a shilling, if sent out to her as alms, in a disdainful manner, saying, "she wanted no charity," though she would gladly have received the mouldy clearings of a cupboard, could she have remained unknown.

We have observed that she never bought any clothes; the covering of her head was as curious as the rest of her habiliments, which were the concomitants of penury. Her upper bonnet (for she wore two) consisted of thirty-six pieces of black stuff, curiously joined together; the under one was an old chip hat she once found on a dunghill in a garden, and which she was remembered to have worn nineteen years at least. Over this covering sometimes she would throw pieces of gauze, silk brocade, and tiffany, to make herself fine, as she thought; in this manner she once paid a wedding visit to a lady, who perceived she had no heels to her shoes, and that they were packed together with cord, and her pattens were not even a pair; in this manner did she call every Sunday evening on the Dean of Canterbury, stumping through the hall, and up the great stair-case into the drawing-room, more like a moving dunghill than any other thing, regardless of the observations of any person there.

Finding her hair grow grey, she bethought her of a notable device to cover that defect, for Betty did not

wish to be thought so old as she was; so she rummaged up old Box's wig, which not curling to her liking, she put it in a pan covered with brown paper, and took it to the oven. The baker, wishing to know what dainty old Betty was going to treat herself with, took up the cover to see, when he discovered the old caxon: he soon closed it, satisfied that his customer had brought him nothing fit to eat. However, the wig was worn under these bonnets, and with her dirty face, and ragged appearance, made her look grotesque, and an object of risibility to all. The house she lived in was large, but she occupied only two small rooms below, in which was crammed four beds, and so much old furniture, as made the place look like a broker's shop. On the worst of these beds she slept, to save the better ones. Her covering was only rags, and there were evident marks that she very often got into bed without taking off her rigging, for dress it surely could not be called.

She lived in this wretched manner till the 5th of June, 1805, when she was taken ill while drinking tea at a friend's house; that friend saw her home, after administering some cordial to her, and not coming out as usual next morning, was found a lifeless corpse, with most of her clothes on, and a hard piece of brown crust near her, which seemed to have fallen from her hand. Almost the last words she uttered contained a gross falsehood, for, on being asked if she had any thing comfortable to drink, she answered she had nothing; while at the same time she had four dozen and a half of excellent old Madeira wine, a present from some friend, which her ill-timed parsimony still forbade her to use. On being asked if she would have any person to sit up by her in the night, she replied, she would have none; most likely thinking of the expense of a bit of candle.

Thus expired, in her 83d year, Miss Betty Bolaine, a woman who had been a torment to herself, a reproach to her friends, and the greatest robber; for she had all

her life-time robbed herself of every necessary enjoyment, but the solitary gratification of hoarding up money.

As is usual in cases of sudden death, a coroner's jury was summoned, whose verdict was, that Miss Bolaine died by the visitation of God. The funeral was performed at seven o'clock in the morning, and was a scene of horrid confusion and noise; for as she lived unrespected, she died unlamented; and what is remarkable, not a single individual complimented her memory with so much as to wear black even on that day.

There is some evidence in the minds of her friends that she meant to deceive the person to whom she has left the bulk of her property, and that she had made another will subsequent to the one now in force, but by some *management* it was never found. By this will she bequeathed to the Rev. Dr. W——, prebend of Canterbury, with whom she had been but very shortly acquainted, the whole of her property, which was estimated to exceed 20,000*l.* In her life-time she was never known to give to any charity, but by her will she gave 100*l.* to the Kent and Canterbury Hospital, a few other legacies of five guineas to distant relations, and about one dozen single guineas to acquaintances; the remainder she totally forgot.

THOMAS BLOOD.

This desperado was, according to some accounts, the son of a blacksmith in Ireland; but from others his father appears to have been concerned in iron works, and to have acquired an easy fortune in that kingdom. He was born about the year 1628, came over to England while very young, and married in Lancashire, the daughter of Mr. Holcraft, a gentleman of good character in that county.

He returned afterwards to Ireland; and though his family owed the best part of what they had to the pure favour of the crown, yet he struck in with the prevailing party, served as lieutenant with the parliament forces, and obtained an assignment of land for his pay; besides which, Henry Cromwell, when he governed that country, had so good an opinion of him, as to put him into the commission of the peace, though scarcely twenty-two years of age. These favours, and the turn of his education, in all probability gave him such an inclination to the republican party as was not to be altered; and after the restoration of Charles II. various circumstances contributed to increase his disaffection to the government. The Act of Settlement in Ireland, and the subsequent proceedings certainly affected him deeply in his fortune, and he believed unjustly, which easily led him to turn his thoughts any way that promised redress. He knew there were multitudes in the same condition that had been old soldiers, and were equally capable of contriving, concealing, and carrying into execution, a plot for altering and subverting any form of government, of which he had seen some examples. Upon associating a little with the malcontents, he found his notions exactly justified, and that there was a design on foot for a general insurrection, which was to be begun by surprising the castle of Dublin, and seizing the person of the Duke of Ormond, then lord lieutenant. Into this he entered without any hesitation; and though many of the persons involved in this dangerous undertaking were much his superiors in rank, yet he was very soon at the head of the affair, presided in all their councils, was the oracle in laying their projects, and depended on for conducting their execution. He showed his dexterity in things of this nature, by laying such a plan for surprising Dublin castle and the duke's person at the same time, as nothing but its disclosure could have prevented; and at

the same time he penned a declaration, so accommodated to the humour and understanding of the soldiers, as would infallibly have drawn over the best part of the army: but, on the very eve of its execution, the whole conspiracy, which had been long suspected, was discovered; so that Blood had only the honour of the contrivance. His brother-in-law, one Lackie, a minister, who was embarked in the business, was, with many others apprehended, tried, convicted, and executed; but Blood made his escape, and kept out of reach, notwithstanding the Duke of Ormond and the Earl of Orrery both laboured to have him secured, and a proclamation was published by the former with the promise of an ample reward for apprehending him. Nor was he only so lucky as to prevent confinement and punishment, but, by an audacity still more singular, had almost frighted away the guards that attended Lackie's execution, and even alarmed the friends of the lord lieutenant on the score of his safety: so high was his fame for sagacity and intrepidity, and so capable was he of undertaking any thing which passion or interest dictated, and of conducting skilfully whatever he undertook.

He staid as long among the sectaries and remains of Oliver's forces as he found it practicable to conceal himself, and then had recourse to the mountains, and the protection of the old native Irish; and the better to attach those with whom he conversed to his interests, he became all things to all men; he was a Quaker to some, an Anabaptist to others, an Independent where that would best recommend him; and to bespeak the favour of the poor ignorant natives, he took the character of a priest. By these arts he shifted about from one place to another, making himself acquainted with all parties in the island, and with all their interests and connexions at home and abroad. At last, finding all his haunts known, and that it was impossible at that juncture to raise any insurrection, he found means to get over into Holland,

where he was very well received, and admitted into great intimacy with some of the most considerable persons in the republic, particularly Admiral de Ruyter. He went from thence to England, with such recommendations to the fifth monarchy men, and other malcontents, that he was immediately admitted into all their councils, and had a large share in all those dark intrigues that were then carrying on for throwing the nation again into confusion. In this situation he gave another strong instance of his bold enterprising genius; but finding the government apprized of their designs, and foreseeing that the persons principally concerned could not escape being apprehended, he resolved to withdraw into Scotland, where he so wrought upon the discontents of the people, that he contributed not a little to the breaking out of the insurrection there, and was present in the action of Pentland-hills, November 27, 1666, in which the insurgents were routed, and about five hundred killed. He fled, after this defeat, back to England, and from thence to Ireland, where he landed within three miles of Carrickfergus; but Lord Dungannon pursued him so closely, that he was obliged to return very speedily into England.

Not long after this he performed a fresh exploit, which was as extraordinary, more successful, and made much greater noise in the world than any thing he had yet done. This was the rescue of his friend Captain Mason from a guard of eight soldiers, who were conducting him to his trial at the assizes; but in the desperate conflict which took place on this occasion, and in which Blood, with the assistance of a friend, accomplished his purpose, after killing three of the escort, he received several severe wounds.

Before he engaged in this affair, he had placed his wife and son in an apothecary's shop, under the name of Weston, and had lived himself at Rumford, by the name of Ayliffe, and pretended to practise physic. After he was

cured of his wounds, and heard that all who were concerned with him were safe, which was in about six weeks, he returned to Rumford, and lived there under the same disguise for a considerable time, without being suspected or molested, notwithstanding a proclamation was published, with an offer of five hundred pounds reward, for apprehending the persons concerned in this rescue.

It was impossible for one of his busy, restless, and impatient temper, to continue long quiet; but whether his next enterprise was entirely his own contriving, or was intended purely to serve his own purposes, is a point at present not decided: however that might be, the undertaking was, in every respect, more singular, and more hazardous, than any he had hitherto attempted. Since the defeat of his plan for surprising the castle of Dublin, Blood had entertained a mortal antipathy against the Duke of Ormond, and formed a plan for seizing his person in the streets of London; but whether with a view to murder or carry him off till he had answered his expectation, is not perfectly clear. He actually put his design into execution, December 6, 1670, and was very near completing his purpose on his grace, whatever that purpose might be.

The account given by Mr. Carte of the manner in which he conducted this daring enterprise is to the following effect:—The Prince of Orange being in England, was invited on the above-mentioned day to an entertainment in the city of London, to which the Duke of Ormond accompanied him. The night was dark, and the duke returning homeward up St. James's-street, at the end of which stood Clarendon House, where he resided, was suddenly attacked by Blood and five of his accomplices. The duke always used to go attended by six footmen, who walked on both sides of the street opposite to his coach. By some contrivance they were all stopped and out of the way when the duke was taken out of the

coach by Blood, and Hunt, his son-in-law, and mounted on horseback behind one of the party. The coachman drove home, and alarmed the family, informing them that the duke had been seized by ruffians and carried down Piccadilly. The servants immediately set out in pursuit of them. Blood, it is said, had formed the design of carrying the duke to Tyburn, and there putting him to the same ignominious death which his accomplices had suffered for their treasonable design upon Dublin Castle, and leaving him with a paper pinned to his breast containing the reasons which induced him and his associates to perpetrate this monstrous piece of villainy. Nothing could have saved his grace's life but this extravagant whim of Blood's, who leaving the duke mounted and buckled to one of his comrades, rode on before, and is said to have actually tied a rope to the gallows; on which he returned to see what had become of his companions whom he met riding off in a great hurry. The horseman, though he possessed great strength, was embarrassed by the struggling of the duke, who at length unhorsed him and they both fell to the ground. The servants meanwhile overtook them, on which the villain disengaged himself, and seeing the neighbourhood alarmed, he and one of his accomplices, after discharging their pistols, without effect, rode off with the utmost precipitation. The duke was quite exhausted with the struggle in which he received several wounds and bruises.

An account of this transaction was immediately published by authority, together with a royal proclamation, offering a reward of one thousand pounds for apprehending any of the persons concerned in it, but to no purpose, though some of their names were discovered; however, Blood was not so much as thought of, or suspected.

The miscarriage of this daring design, instead of daunting him, or creating the least intention of flying

out of the kingdom, put him on another still more strange and hazardous design, to repair his broken fortunes. He proposed to those desperate persons who assisted him in his former attempt, to seize and divide among them the royal insignia kept in the Tower of London; namely, the crown, globe, sceptre, and dove; and as they were blindly devoted to his service, they very readily accepted the proposal, and left it to him to contrive the means of putting it into execution.

To effect this, he assumed the habit of a doctor of divinity, with a little band, a long false beard, a cap with ears, and all those formalities of garb belonging to that degree, except the gown, choosing rather to make use of a cloak, as most proper for his design. Thus habited, he, with a woman whom he called his wife, went to see the curiosities in the Tower; and while they were viewing the regalia, the supposed Mrs. Blood pretended to be taken suddenly ill, and desired Mr. Edwards (the keeper of the regalia) to assist her with some refreshment. He not only complied with this request, but also invited her to repose herself on a bed, which she did, and after a pretended recovery, took her leave, together with Blood, with many expressions of gratitude.

A few days after Blood returned, and presented Mrs. Edwards, the keeper's wife, with four pair of white gloves, in return for her kindness. This brought on an acquaintance, which being soon improved into a strict intimacy, a marriage was proposed between a son of Edwards, and a supposed daughter of Colonel Blood; but Edwards's son being at sea, the pretended daughter was under no necessity of making her appearance.

The night before the fact was to be done, which was on the 9th of May, 1671, the doctor, for so Blood was called, told the keeper that he had some friends at his house who wished to see the regalia, but as they were to go out of town early in the morning, he hoped he

would gratify them with the sight, though they might come a little before the usual hour. In this enterprise Blood had engaged three accomplices, named Desborough, Kelsy, and Perrot. Accordingly two of them came, accompanied by the doctor, about eight in the morning, and the third held their horses that waited for them at the outer gate of the Tower ready saddled; they had no other apparatus but a wallet and a wooden mallet, which there was no great difficulty to secrete.

Edwards received them with great civility, and immediately admitted them into his office; but as it is usual for the keeper of the regalia, when he shows them, to lock himself up in a kind of grate with open bars, that those things of considerable value may be seen but not soiled, the old man had no sooner opened the door of this place, than the doctor and his companions followed him close, and without giving him time to ask questions, silenced him, by knocking him down with the wooden mallet. They then instantly flattened the bows of the crown to make it more portable, seized the scepter and dove, put them together into the wallet, and were preparing to make their escape; when, unfortunately for them, the old man's son, who had not been at home for ten years before, came from sea in the very instant; and being told that his father was with some friends that would be very glad to see him at the jewel-office, he posted thither immediately, and met Blood and his companions as they were just coming out; who, instead of returning and securing him, as in good policy they should have done, hurried away with the crown and globe, but not having time to file the scepter, which was too long to go into the bag, they left it behind.

Old Edwards, who was not so much hurt as the villains had apprehended, by this time recovered his legs, and cried out murder, which being heard by his

daughter, she ran out and gave an alarm; and Blood and Perrot, being observed making off with uncommon haste, were justly suspected. They had advanced beyond the main guard; when the alarm being given to the warder at the draw-bridge, he put himself in a posture to stop their progress. Blood discharged a pistol at the warder, who, though unhurt, fell to the ground through fear; by which they got safe to the little ward-house gate, where the sentinel, though he saw the warder to all appearance shot, made no resistance against Blood and his associates, who now passed the draw-bridge, and through the outer gate upon the wharf.

At this place they were overtaken by one Captain Beckman, who had pursued them from Edwards's house. Blood immediately discharged a pistol at Beckman's head; but he stooping down at the instant, the shot missed him, and he seized Blood, who had the crown under his cloak. Blood struggled a long while to preserve his prize: and when it was at length wrested from him, he said, "It was a gallant attempt, how unsuccessful soever; for it was for a crown?" Before Blood was taken, Perrot had been seized by another person; and young Edwards observing a man that was bloody, in the scuffle, was going to run him through the body; but was prevented by Captain Beckman. Hunt, Blood's son-in-law, leaped on his horse, with two more of the party, and rode away; but a cart, standing empty in the street, chanced to turn short, and Hunt ran against a pole that stuck out. On recovering his legs, he was remounting; but was known by a cobler, who was running to inquire the disaster, and who said, "This is Tom Hunt, who was in that bloody attempt on the Duke of Ormond." A constable being on the spot, immediately seized him, and carried him before Justice Smith, who, upon his confident denial of being the

same Hunt, was about to discharge him ; but the hue and cry coming from the Tower, he was committed to safe custody.

Young Edwards proposed to Lieutenant Rainsford to mount some of his soldiers upon the horses that were left, and send them to follow the rest that escaped; but he bade him follow them himself, it was his business, and led the horses into the tower as forfeited to the lieutenant.

In the struggle for the crown, the great pearl and a fine diamond fell out, and were lost for a time, with some smaller stones. But the pearl was found by Catherine Maddox, a poor sweeping woman to one of the warders, and the diamond by a barber's apprentice, and both faithfully restored. Other smaller stones were by several persons picked up and brought in. The fine ruby belonging to the sceptre was found in Perrot's pocket ; so that not any considerable thing was wanting. The crown only was bruised, and sent to repair.

Upon this disappointment Blood's spirits failed him ; and while he remained a prisoner in the gaol of the Tower, he appeared not only silent and reserved, but ill-tempered and sullen. He soon changed his temper, however, when, contrary to all reason, probability, and his own expectation, he was informed the king intended to see and examine him himself. This was brought about by the Duke of Buckingham, then the great favourite and first minister, who infused into his majesty, over whom he had for some time a great ascendency, the curiosity of seeing so extraordinary a person, whose crime, great as it was, argued a prodigious force of mind, and made it probable, that, if so disposed, he might be capable of making large discoveries. These insinuations had such an effect upon the king, that he consented to what the duke desired, which in the end proved disadvantageous to them all ; for it brought discredit on the royal character, an indelible load of infamy

upon the duke, and this afterwards produced Blood's ruin: such are the consequences of inconsiderate actions in persons in high stations, who ought to be always jealous of their dignity, and of doing what may hazard the wounding public opinion, upon which that dignity is chiefly founded.

Colonel Blood was no sooner acquainted that he was to be introduced to the royal presence, than he conceived immediately he stood indebted for this honour to the notion the king, or some about him, had of his courage, and therefore was not at all at a loss about the part he was to act, and on the acting well of which his life entirely depended.

The cunning of this boldest of all thieves was equal to his intrepidity. He told the king on his examination, that he had undertaken to kill him; and that he went with that purpose to a place in the river where he bathed; but was struck with so profound an awe upon the sight of his (naked) majesty, that his resolution failed him, and he entirely laid aside his design: that he belonged to a band of ruffians equally desperate with himself, who had bound themselves by the strongest oaths to revenge the death of any of their associates. Though he omitted nothing that might create a belief of his contemning death, yet he expressed infinite awe and respect for a monarch who had condescended to treat him with such unusual indulgence.

It was foreseen by the Duke of Ormond, as soon as he knew the king designed to examine him, that Blood had no cause to fear; and indeed such an impression had his story and behaviour made on the mind of his sovereign, that he not only pardoned, but set him at liberty, and gave him a pension of 500*l.* a year to subsist on. This conduct of his majesty towards so high and so notorious an offender, occasioned much speculation, and many conjectures. Of these some are still preserved, amongst which the sentiments of Sir Gilbert Talbot are

very sensible. He seems to think the king's apprehensions determined him. Another writer suggests, that the Duke of Buckingham having put him on the first design, to prevent its becoming public, was obliged to procure his pardon for the second; but it is more probable that he insinuated his interest with some desperate malcontents then in Holland, whom he could induce to come home and live peaceably. At least this is certain, that on the breaking out of the war soon after, a proclamation was published, requiring such persons to come over; upon which Desborough, Kelsey, and many more came, surrendered, and had pardons, very probably at Blood's request; for with him they met almost every day, in a room kept on purpose for them at White's coffee-house, near the Royal Exchange.

His interest was, for some time, very great at court, where he solicited the suits of many of the unfortunate people of his party with success. This weakness in the king could not fail of giving great offence and occasioned many severe censures to be thrown out against him. Among the rest it did not escape the sarcastic pen of Lord Rochester, who, in his History of the Insipids, has these lines:—

Blood that wears treason in his face,
  Villain complete in parson's gown,
How much is he at court in grace,
  For stealing Ormond and the crown!
Since loyalty does no man good,
Let's steal the king and outdo Blood.

After the disgrace of the ministry styled the Cabal, Blood's interest at court began quickly to decline, and perhaps his pension also was ill paid; for we find him again amongst the malcontents, and acting in favour of popular measures that were displeasing to the court. In the busy time of plotting too, so active a person as Colonel Blood could not but have some share. He

behaved, however, in a new manner, suitable to the great change of times; and instead of making attempts on the persons of great men, took up the character of a great man himself, and expressed an apprehension that attempts might be made upon him.

In this manner he lived between nine and ten years, sometimes about the court, sometimes excluded from it, always uneasy, and engaged in some scheme or other of an untoward kind, till at last he was met with in his own way, and either circumvented by some of his own instruments, or drawn within the vortex of a sham plot, by some who were too cunning for this master in his profession. It seems there were certain people, who had formed a design of fixing an imputation of a most scandalous nature upon the Duke of Buckingham, who was then at the head of a vigorous opposition against the court, and who, notwithstanding he always courted and protected the fanatics, had not, in respect to his moral character, so fair a reputation as to render any charge of that kind incredible. But whether this was conducted by Colonel Blood, whether a counter-plot was set on foot to defeat it, and entrap Blood, or whether some whisper, thrown out to alarm the duke, led his grace to secure himself by a contrivance of the same stamp, better concerted, and more effectually executed; so much is certain, that the duke, who was formerly supposed so warm a patron to the colonel, thought it requisite, for his own safety, to contribute to his ruin. What notion Blood was desirous that the world should entertain of this affair, may be discovered from the case which he caused to be printed of it; but the Court of King's Bench took the thing in so different a light, that he was convicted upon a criminal information for the conspiracy, and committed to the King's Bench prison; and while in custody there, he was charged with an action of *scandalum magnatum*, at the suit of the Duke of Buckingham, in which the damages

were laid at 10,000*l.*; but, notwithstanding this, Blood found bail, and was discharged from his imprisonment.

He then retired to his house in the Bowling-alley, in Westminster, in order to take such measures as were requisite to deliver himself out of these difficulties; but finding fewer friends than he expected, and meeting with other and more heavy disappointments, he was so much affected by them, as to fall into a distemper that speedily threatened his life. He was attended in his sickness by a clergyman, who found him sensible, but reserved, declaring he was not at all afraid of death. In a few days he fell into a lethargy, and expired August 24, 1680. He was privately, but decently, interred in the chapel in Tothill-fields.

Such was the notion entertained by the generality of the world of this man's subtlety and restless spirit, that they could neither be persuaded he would be quiet in his grave, nor would they permit him to remain so; for a story being spread, that this dying, and being buried, was only a new trick of Colonel Blood's, preparatory to some more extrordinary exploit than any he had been concerned in, it became in a few days so current, and so many circumstances were added to render it credible, that the coroner thought fit to interpose, ordered the body to be taken up again, and appointed a jury to sit upon it. But so strongly were they prepossessed with the idle fancy of its being all an amusement, that though they were his neighbours, knew him personally, and he had been only a few days dead, they could not for a long time agree whether it was or was not his body. An intimate acquaintance of his reminded them of looking at the thumb of his left hand, which, by an accident that happened to it, grew to twice its natural size, and was commonly known to such as conversed with him. By this, and the various depositions of persons attending him in his last illness, they were at last convinced, and the coroner caused him to be once more interred and left in his vault in quiet.

MRS. MONTAGUE.

This lady was the daughter of Matthew Robinson, Esq. late of West Layton in Yorkshire, and Horton in Kent, and sister to Lord Rokeby, of eccentric memory.* She was born about the year 1730. The care of her education was committed to her relation, the celebrated Dr. Conyers Middleton, the author of the life of Cicero, and other admired publications. Under a tutor of such abilities it is no wonder that Miss Robinson should have displayed an early propensity for literary pursuits; nay, it is even said that she had transcribed the whole of the Spectator at eight years of age. This report almost exceeds belief, though it has been attested by the best authority, and was always solemnly affirmed by Dr. Monsey, a particular friend of Dr. Middleton, as well as of the lady herself.

From the respectability of her connexions Miss Robinson was introduced to the acquaintance of many of the most distinguished characters of her time. With the amiable Lord Lyttleton she was on terms of the greatest intimacy, and had he been free from matrimonial ties, she might have commanded his title and fortune. It is well known that she assisted this nobleman in the composition of his *Dialogues of the Dead*, and some of the best portions of that work were acknowledged by his lordship to have proceeded from her pen. It has been imagined that she was at one time attached to Pulteney, the celebrated Earl of Bath. She afterwards accompanied that nobleman and his lady on a tour through Germany.

Miss Robinson conferred her hand on Edward Montague, Esq. of Denton Castle in Northumberland, grand-

* For the life of Lord Rokeby, see vol. i. p. 336.

son to the first Earl of Sandwich, whom she survived many years. We have already seen that the early promise of her literary genius was not disappointed in her maturer years. She was not only a good scholar but possessed a sound judgment and excellent taste. These led her to compose her *Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakspeare*, in answer to the frivolous objections of Voltaire. This performance, the only avowed production of her pen, must always rank with the best illustrations of the powers of the English bard. It is not an elaborate exposition of obscure passages, but a comprehensive survey of the sublimity of his genius, of his profound knowledge of human nature, and of the wonderful resources of his imagination. The French critic, with his usual asperity, presumes to censure the father of the British drama for defects which he does not possess, and exaggerates the improprieties that are to be found in his writings. The truth is, that the productions of no mortal can boast of perfection; that considerable allowance must be made for the complexion of the times when the poet lived; and, lastly, that Voltaire, being not thoroughly acquainted with the English language, was by no means competent to the task he had undertaken, in thus sitting in judgment on the ornament and glory of our country.

Many able judges of literary merit have pronounced an eulogium on Mrs. Montague's performance, and even fastidious readers have perused it with pleasure: there is a neatness in the style, and clearness in the arrangement, and a benevolence in the tendency and design of her observations. But we will not conceal from our readers that the colossal Johnson *growled*, and vented his spleen in ill-natured expressions concerning it. We cannot, however, deem him an unerring oracle: he reprobated Gray, whose writings have attracted from the public no small degree of admiration.

The epistolary correspondence of Mrs. Montague

possessed much playfulness of fancy; she, in this department, exceeded even her celebrated female namesake, whose letters, however doubtful their origin, were marked for appropriateness of spirit and gracefulness of expression. By some, the subject of this memoir had the palm of superiority assigned her. Her epistolary excellence particularly displayed itself in her correspondence with Dr. Monsey, physician to Chelsea College, to whom she wrote during her excursion through Germany. He lived to a very advanced age. The following is an extract of a letter of pleasantry from this lady to Dr. Monsey, dated January, 1785 :—

"MY DEAR DOCTOR,

"I flatter myself you do not love me less vehemently at ninety than you did at eighty-nine. Indeed I feel my passion for you increase yearly: a miser does not love a *new guinea*, or an antiquary an *old one*, more than I do you; like a *virtuoso*, I admire the *verd antique* on your character, and set a higher price on your affection every day. If the winter of the year had been as pleasant as the winter of your age, I should have called on you at Chelsea before this time, but it has been so harsh and severe, that I durst not venture myself abroad under its influence," &c.

In private life, Mrs. M. was an example of liberal discretion and rational benevolence. Her hand was extended to the protection of genius, and to the relief of distress. Her mansion was the resort of distinguished characters, and all were ready to pay the homage due to the endowments of her head, and to the amiable qualities of her heart. One singular instance of her benevolence must not be passed over unnoticed: for some yars previous to her decease, she annually entertained, on the first day of May, with roast beef and plumb-pudding, the *chimney-sweepers* of the metropolis, in the court-yard of her house, in Portman-square! It was reported that her predilection for the sooty tribe originated in her having once lost a child, which she found amongst them. But this cannot be a fact, for she

Engraved by R. Cooper.

PETER WILLIAMSON,

Remarkable for his Captivity & Sufferings.

never had a family. The real cause was, her delight to do good; and, in imitation of Jonas Hanway, she thought her regards were particularly due to this unfortunate class of society. Mrs. Montague died at her house in Portman-square, in the year 1800, having reached an advanced age.

Notwithstanding the mean opinion of Mrs. Montague's *Vindication*, which Dr. Johnson professed to entertain, and which was one of those into which he was sometimes goaded either by peevishness or the importunity of his friends, we find him on another occasion expressing the following, and which were probably his real sentiments concerning this lady: "She did not make a trade of her wit, but was a very extraordinary woman. She had a constant stream of conversation, and it was always impregnated; it had always meaning."

But whatever pretensions she might have to wit or talents, it is much more pleasing to be able to assert, that her virtues and the goodness of heart, which she displayed throughout a long life, deservedly entitle her to the esteem and imitation of posterity.

PETER WILLIAMSON.

The life of this singularly unfortunate man cannot be better, or more faithfully, detailed than in his own words; we shall therefore nearly confine ourselves to a narrative of his life and adventures, published by himself shortly after his return to this country in 1756.

"I was born," says he, "within ten miles of the town of Aberdeen, in the north of Scotland, if not of rich, yet of reputable parents, who supported me in the best manner they could, as long as they had me under their inspection; but fatally for me, and to their great grief, as it afterwards proved, I was sent to live with an aunt at

Aberdeen, where, at eight years of age, playing on the quay, with others of my companions, being of a stout robust constitution, I was taken notice of by two fellows belonging to a vessel in the harbour, employed (as the trade then was) by some of the *worthy* merchants of the town, in that villainous and execrable practice called Kidnapping; that is, stealing young children from their parents, and selling them as slaves in the plantations abroad. I was easily cajoled on board the ship by them, where I was no sooner got, than they conducted me between the decks, to some others they had kidnapped in the same manner. At that time, I had no sense of the fate that was destined for me, and spent the time in childish amusements with my fellow sufferers in the steerage, being never suffered to go upon deck whilst the vessel lay in the harbour; which was till such time, as they had got in their loading, with a compliment of unhappy youths, for carrying on their wicked commerce.

"In about a month's time the ship set sail for America. When arrived at Philadelphia, the capital of Pennsylvania, the captain had soon people enough who came to buy us. He sold us at 16*l.* per head. What became of my unhappy companions, I never knew; but it was my lot to be sold for the term of seven years, to one of my countrymen, a North Briton, who had in his youth undergone the same fate as myself, having been kidnapped from St. Johnstoun in Scotland.

"Happy was my lot in falling into my countryman's power. Having no children of his own, and commiserating my unhappy condition, he took great care of me till I was fit for business; and about the twelfth year of my age, set me about little trifles; in which state I continued till my fourteenth year, when I was fit for harder work. During such my idle state, seeing my fellow servants often reading and writing, it excited in me an inclination to learn, which I intimated to my master, telling him, I should be very willing to serve a year

longer than the contract by which I was bound, obliged me, if he would indulge me in going to school; this he readily agreed to, saying, that winter would be the best time. It being then summer, I waited with impatience for the other season; but to make some progress in my design, I got a primer, and learnt as much from my fellow servants as I could. At school, where I went every winter for five years, I made a tolerable proficiency, and have ever since been improving myself at leisure hours. With this good master, I continued till I was seventeen years old, when he died, and as a reward for my faithful service, left me two hundred pounds currency, which was then about one hundred and twenty pounds sterling, his best horse, saddle, and all his wearing apparel.

"Being now my own master, having money in my pocket, and all other necessaries, I employed myself in jobbing about the country, working for any that would employ me, for near seven years; when thinking I had money sufficient to follow some better way of life, I resolved to settle, and married the daughter of a substantial planter. My father-in-law, in order to establish us in the world in an easy, if not affluent manner, made me a deed of gift of a tract of land, that lay (unhappily for me, as it has since proved) on the frontiers of the province of Pennsylvania, near the forks of Delaware, in Berks county, containing about two hundred acres, thirty of which were well cleared and fit for immediate use, whereon was a good house and barn. The place pleasing me well, I settled on it; and though it cost me the major part of my money in buying stock, houshold furniture, and implements for out-door work; and happy as I was in a good wife, yet did my felicity last me not long: for in the year 1754, the Indians, in the French interest, who had for a long time before ravaged and destroyed other parts of America, unmolested, I may very properly say, began now to be very troublesome on the frontiers of our province, where they generally appeared

in small skulking parties, committing great devastations. Terrible and shocking to human nature, were the barbarities daily committed by the savages, and are not to be paralleled in all all the volumes of history! Scarce did a day pass but some unhappy family or other fell victims to French chicanery and savage cruelty. Terrible, indeed, it proved to me as well as many others; I that was now happy in an easy state of life, blessed with an affectionate and tender wife, became on a sudden one of the most unhappy of mankind; scarce can I sustain the shock which for ever recoils on me, at thinking on the fatal 2nd of October, 1754. My wife that day went from home to visit some of her relations; as I staid up later than usual, expecting her return, none being in the house besides myself, how great was my surprise and terror, when about eleven o'clock at night, I heard the dismal war-cry, or war-whoop of the savages, which they make on such occasions, and may be expressed, woach, woach, ha, ha, hach, woach, and to my inexpressible grief, soon found my house was attacked by them. I flew to my chamber window, and perceived them to be twelve in number. They making several attempts to come in, I asked them what they wanted? They gave me no answer, but continued beating, and trying to get the door open. Judge then the condition I must be in, knowing the merciless disposition of those savages, should I fall into their hands. To escape which dreadful misfortune, having my gun loaded in my hand, I threatened them with death, if they should not desist. But how vain and fruitless are the efforts of one man against the united force of so many! and of such blood-thirsty monsters as I had here to deal with. One of them that could speak a little English, threatened me in return, "That if I did not come out, they would burn me alive in the house." Telling me farther, what I unhappily perceived; "that they were no friends to the English, but if *I* would come

out and surrender myself prisoner, they would not kill me." My terror and distraction at hearing this is not to be expressed by words, nor easily imagined by any person, unless in the same condition. Distracted as I was in such deplorable circumstances, I chose to rely on the uncertainty of their promises, rather than meet with certain death by rejecting them; and accordingly went out of the house with my gun in my hand, not knowing what I did, or that I had it. Immediately on my approach they rushed on me like so many tygers, and instantly disarmed me. Having me thus in their power, the merciless villains bound me to a tree near the door; they then went into the house, and plundered and destroyed every thing there was in it, carrying off what moveables they could; the rest, together with the house, which they set fire to, was consumed before my eyes.

"The barbarians not satisfied with this, set fire to my barn, stable, and out-houses, wherein were about two hundred bushels of wheat, six cows, four horses, and five sheep, which underwent the same fate, being all entirely consumed to ashes. During the conflagration, to describe the thoughts, the fears, and misery that I felt, is utterly impossible, as it is even now to mention what I feel at the remembrance thereof.

"Having thus finished the execrable business, about which they came, one of the monsters came to me with a tomahawk in his hand, threatening me with the worst of deaths, if I would not willingly go with them, and be contented with their way of living. This I seemingly agreed to, promising to do every thing for them that lay in my power; trusting to Providence for the time when I might be delivered out of their hands. Upon this they untied me, and gave me a great load to carry, under which I travelled all that night with them, full of the most terrible apprehensions, and oppressed with the greatest anxiety of mind, lest my unhappy wife should likewise have fallen a prey to those cruel monsters. At

day-break, my infernal masters ordered me to lay down my load, when tying my hands again round a tree with a small cord, they forced the blood out at my fingers' ends. They then kindled a fire near the tree whereto I was bound, which filled me with the most dreadful agonies, concluding I was going to be made a sacrifice to their barbarity.

"The fire being made, they for some time danced round me after their manner, with various odd motions and antic gestures, whooping, hollowing, and crying, in a frightful manner, as is their custom. Having satisfied themselves in this sort of their mirth, they proceeded in a more tragical manner; taking the burning coals and sticks, flaming with fire at the ends, holding them to my face, head, hands, and feet, with monstrous pleasure and satisfaction; and at the same time threatening to burn me entirely if I made the least noise or cried out. At length they sat down round the fire, and roasted their meat, of which they had robbed my dwelling. When they had prepared it and satisfied their voracious appetites, they offered some to me: though it may be easily imagined I had but little appetite to eat after the tortures and miseries I had undergone; yet I was forced to seem pleased with what they offered me, lest by refusing it, they had again reassumed their hellish practices.

"When the sun was set, they put out the fire and covered the ashes with leaves, as is their usual custom, that the white people might not discover any traces or signs of their having been there.

"Going from thence along by the river Susquehana, for the space of six miles, loaded as I was before, we arrived at a spot near the Apalatin mountains, or Blue Hills, where they hid their plunder under logs of wood. From thence did these monsters proceed to a neighbouring house occupied by one Jacob Snider and his unhappy family consisting of his wife, five children, and

a young man his servant. They soon got admittance into the unfortunate man's house, where they immediately, without the least remorse, scalped both parents and children: plundered the house of every thing that was moveable, and set fire to the same, where the poor creatures met their final doom amidst the flames.

"Thinking the young man belonging to this unhappy family, would be of some service to them, in carrying part of their plunder, they spared his life, and loaded him and myself with what they had here got, and again marched to the Blue Hills, where they stowed their goods as before.—My fellow sufferer could not long bear the cruel treatment which we were both obliged to suffer, and complaining bitterly to me of his being unable to proceed any farther, I endeavoured to console him as much as lay in my power, to bear up under his afflictions, and wait with patience till by the Divine assistance, we should be delivered out of their clutches; but all in vain, for he still continued his moans and tears, which one of the savages perceiving, as we travelled on, instantly came up to us, and with his tomahawk, gave him a blow on the head, which felled the unhappy youth to the ground, where they immediately scalped and left him.

"When provisions became scarce, they made their way towards Susquehana; where, still to add to the many barbarities they had already committed, passing near another house, inhabited by an old man, whose name was John Adams, with his wife and four small children; and meeting with no resistance, they immediately scalped the unhappy mother and her children before the unhappy old man's eyes; then proceeded in their hellish purpose of burning and destroying his house, barn, corn, hay, cattle, and every thing the poor man, a few hours before, was master of. Having saved what they thought proper from the flames, they gave the old man, feeble, weak, and in the miserable condition he

then was, as well as myself, burthens to carry, and loading themselves likewise with bread and meat, pursued their journey on towards the Great Swamp; where, being arrived, they lay for eight or nine days, sometimes diverting themselves in exercising the most barbarous cruelties on their unhappy victim, the old man. One night after he had been thus tormented, whilst he and I were sitting together, condoling each other at the misfortunes and miseries we daily suffered, twenty-five other Indians arrived, bringing with them twenty scalps and three prisoners, who had unhappily fallen into their hands in Cannocojigge, a small town near the river Susquehapa, chiefly inhabited by the Irish. These prisoners gave us some shocking accounts of the murders and devastations committed in their parts. This party, who now joined us, had it not, I found, in their power to begin their wickedness as soon as those who visited my habitation; the first of their tragedies being on the 25th day of October, 1724, when John Lewis, with his wife and three small children, fell sacrifices to their cruelty, and were miserably scalped and murdered; his house, barn, and every thing he possessed being burnt and destroyed. On the 28th, Jacob Miller, with his wife, and six of his family, together with every thing on his plantation, underwent the same fate. The 30th, the house, mill, barn, twenty head of cattle, two teams of horses, and every thing belonging to the unhappy George Folke, met with the like treatment, himself, wife, and all his miserable family, consisting of nine in number, being inhumanly scalped, then cut in pieces, and given to the swine, which devoured them. I shall give another instance of the numberless and unheard-of barbarities they related of these savages, and proceed to their own tragical end. In short, one of the substantial traders belonging to the province, having business that called him some miles up the country, fell into the hands of these devils, who not only scalped him, but

immediately roasted him before he was dead; then like cannibals, for want of other food, eat his whole body, and of his head made, what they called, an Indian pudding.

"The three prisoners that were brought with these additional forces, constantly repining at their lot, and almost dead with their excessive hard treatment, contrived at last to make their escape; but being far from their own settlements, and not knowing the country, were soon after met by some others of the tribes, or nations at war with us, and brought back. The poor creatures, almost famished for want of sustenance, having had none during the time of their elopement, were no sooner in the clutches of the barbarians, than two of them were tied to a tree, and a great fire made round them, where they remained till they were terribly scorched and burnt; when one of the villains, with his scalping knife, ript open their bellies, took out their entrails, and burnt them before their eyes, whilst the others were cutting, piercing, and tearing the flesh from their breasts, hands, arms, and legs, with red hot irons, till they were dead. The third unhappy victim was reserved a few hours longer, to be, if possible, sacrificed in a more cruel manner; his arms were tied close to his body, and a hole being dug, deep enough for him to stand upright, he was put therein, and earth rammed and beat in, all round his body up to his neck, so that his head only appeared above ground; they then scalped him, and there let him remain for three or four hours, in the greatest agonies; after which they made a small fire near his head, causing him to suffer the most excruciating torments imaginable; whilst the poor creature could only cry for mercy in killing him immediately, for his brains were boiling in his head: inexorable to all his plaints, they continued the fire, whilst, shocking to behold! his eyes gushed out of their sockets; and such agonizing torments did the unhappy creature

suffer for near two hours, till he was quite dead. They then cut off his head and buried it with the other bodies; my task being to dig the graves, which, feeble and terrified as I was, the dread of suffering the same fate enabled me to do.

"A great snow now falling, the barbarians were a little fearful, lest the white people should, by their traces, find out their skulking retreats, which obliged them to make the best of their way to their winter quarters, about two hundred miles farther from any plantations or inhabitants where, after a long and painful journey, being almost starved, I arrived with this infernal crew.

"As soon as the snow was quite gone, and no traces of their footsteps could be perceived, they set forth on their journey towards the back parts of the province of Pennsylvania; all leaving their wives and children behind in their wigwams. They were now a formidable body, amounting to near one hundred and fifty. My duty was to carry what they thought proper to load me with, but they never intrusted me with a gun. We marched on several days without any thing particular occurring, almost famished for want of provisions; for my part, I had nothing but a few stalks of Indian corn, which I was glad to eat dry: nor did the Indians themselves fare much better, for as we drew near the plantations they were afraid to kill any game, lest the noise of their guns should alarm the inhabitants.

"When we again arrived at the Blue Hills, about thirty miles from Cannocojigge, we encamped for three days, though God knows we had neither tents nor any thing else to defend us from the inclemency of the air, having nothing to lie on by night but the grass.

"During our stay here, a sort of council of war was held, when it was agreed to divide themselves into companies of about twenty men each; after which every captain marched with his party where he thought proper. I still belonged to my old masters, but was left

behind on the mountains with ten Indians, to stay till the rest should return; not thinking it proper to carry me nearer to Cannocojigge, or the other plantations.

"Here being left, I began to meditate on my escape, and though I knew the country round extremely well, yet was I very cautious of giving the least suspicion of such my intentions. However, the third day after the grand body had left us, my companions, or keepers, thought proper to visit the mountains, in search of game for their subsistence, leaving me bound in such a manner that I could not escape: at night when they returned, having unbound me, we all sat down together to supper on what they had killed, and soon after (being greatly fatigued with their day's excursion) they composed themselves to rest, as usual. I now tried various ways to see whether it was a scheme to prove my intentions or not; but after making a noise and walking about, sometimes touching them with my feet, I found there was no fallacy. My heart then exulted with joy at seeing a time come that I might in all probability be delivered from my captivity: but this joy was soon damped by the dread of being discovered by them, or taken by any other straggling parties. To prevent which, I resolved, if possible, to get one of their guns, and if discovered, to die in my defence, rather than be taken: for that purpose I made various efforts to get one from under their heads, (where they always secured them) but in vain. Frustrated in this my first essay towards regaining my liberty, I dreaded the thoughts of carrying my design into execution: yet, after a little consideration, and trusting myself to the divine protection, I set forwards naked and defenceless as I was.

"I was struck with the greatest terror and amaze at hearing the wood cry, as it is called, and may be expressed Jo-hau! Jo-hau! which the savages I had left were making, accompanied with the most hideous cries and howlings they could utter. The more my terror

increased the faster did I push on, and scarce knowing where I trod, drove through the woods with the utmost precipitation, sometimes falling and bruising myself, cutting my feet and legs against the stones in a miserable manner. But though faint and maimed as I was, I continued my flight till break of day, when, without having any thing to sustain nature, but a little corn left, I crept into a hollow tree, in which I lay very snug, and returned my prayers and thanks to the Divine Being, that had thus far favoured my escape. But my repose was in a few hours destroyed, at hearing the voices of the savages near the place where I was hid, threatening and talking how they would use me, if they got me again. However they at last left the spot, where I heard them, and I remained in my circular asylum all that day without further molestation.

"At night I ventured forwards again. The third day I concealed myself in like manner, and at night I travelled on in the same deplorable condition. But how shall I describe the fear, terror, and shock that I felt on the fourth night, when, by the rustling I made among the leaves, a party of Indians, that lay round a small fire, which I did not perceive, started from the ground, and seizing their arms, run from the fire amongst the woods. Whether to move forwards, or rest where I was, I knew not, so distracted was my imagination. In this melancholy state revolving in my thoughts the now inevitable fate I thought waited on me, to my great consternation and joy I was relieved by a parcel of swine that made towards the place where I guessed the savages to be; who, on seeing the hogs, conjectured that their alarm had been occasioned by them, and very merrily returned to the fire and lay down to sleep, as before. As soon as I perceived my enemies so disposed of, I pursued my journey, and afterwards I lay down under a great log, and slept undisturbed till about noon, when, getting up, I reached the summit of a great hill, with some difficulty,

and looking out if I could spy any habitations of white people, to my unutterable joy I saw some, which I guessed to be about ten miles distance.

"This pleasure was in some measure abated, by not being able to get among them that night. In the morning, as soon as I awoke, I continued my journey towards the nearest cleared lands I had seen the day before, and about four o'clock in the afternoon arrived at the house of John Bell, an old acquaintance.

"Great was the joy and satisfaction wherewith I was received and embraced by the whole family; but oh, what was my anguish and trouble, when on inquiring for my dear wife, I found she had been dead two months!

"Now returned, and once more at liberty to pursue my own inclinations, I was persuaded by my father-in-law, and friends, to follow some employment or other: but the plantation from whence I was taken, though an exceeding good one, could not tempt me to settle on it again.

"Into a regiment immediately under the command of General Shirley, and in his son Captain Shirley's company, was it my lot to be placed for three years. This regiment was intended for the frontiers, to destroy the forts erected by the French, as soon as it should be completely furnished with arms, &c. at Boston, in New England, where it was ordered for that purpose. Being then very weak and infirm in body, though possessed of my usual resolution, it was thought adviseable to leave me for two months in winter quarters. At the end of which, being pretty well recruited in strength, I set out for Boston, to join the regiment, with some others likewise left behind; and after crossing the river Delaware, we arrived at New Jersey, and from thence proceeded through the same by New York, Middletown, Mendon in Connecticut, to Boston, where we arrived about the

end of March, and found the regiment ready to receive us.

"In this city, learning military discipline, and waiting for an opportunity of carrying our schemes into execution, we lay till the 1st of July; during all which time great outrages and devastations were committed by the savages in the back parts of the province. One instance of which in particular, I shall relate, as being concerned in rewarding, according to desert, the wicked authors thereof.

"Joseph Long, Esq. a gentleman of large fortune in these parts, who had formerly been a great warrior among the Indians, and frequently joined in expeditions with those in our interest against the others. His many exploits and great influence among several of the nations, were too well known to pass unrevenged by the savages, against whom he had exerted his abilities. Accordingly in April 1756, a body of them came down on his plantation, about thirty miles from Boston, and skulking in the woods for some time, at last seized an opportunity to attack his house, in which unhappily proving successful, they scalped, mangled, and cut to pieces the unfortunate gentleman, his wife, and nine servants, and then made a general conflagration of his houses, barns, cattle, and every thing he possessed, with the mangled bodies.

"Alarmed and terrified at this inhuman butchery, the neighbourhood, as well as the people of Boston, quickly assembled themselves, to think of proper measures to be revenged on these execrable monsters. Among the first of those who offered themselves to go against the savages, was James Crawford, Esq. who was then at Boston, and heard of this tragedy.

"As I had been so long among them, and pretty well acquainted with their manners and customs, and particularly their skulking places in the woods, I was re-

commended to him as one proper for his expedition; he immediately applied to my officers, and got liberty for me.

"Being quickly armed and provided, we hastened forward for Mr. Long's plantation, the 29th, and after travelling the most remote and intricate paths through the woods, arrived there the 2nd of May, dubious of our success, and almost despairing of meeting with the savages, as we had not heard, or could discover nothing of them in our march. In the afternoon, some of our men being sent to the top of a hill to look out for them, soon perceived a great smoke in a part of the low grounds. This we immediately and rightly conjectured to proceed from a fire made by them. We accordingly put ourselves into regular order and marched forwards, resolved, let their number have been what it might, to give them battle.

"Arriving within a mile of the place, Captain Crawford, whose anxiety and pain made him quicker sighted than any of the rest, soon perceived them, and guessed their number to be about fifty. Upon this we halted, and secreted ourselves as well as we could, till twelve o'clock at night. At which time, supposing them to be at rest, we divided our men into two divisions; fifty in each, and marched on; when, coming within twenty yards of them, the captain fired his gun, which was immediately followed by both divisions in succession, who, instantly rushing on them with bayonets fixed, killed every man of them.

"Great as our joy was, and flushed with success as we were, at this sudden victory, no heart among us but what was ready to melt at the sight of an unhappy young lady, whom our captain was to have been married to. What must the thoughts, torments, and sensations of our brave captain then be, if even we, who knew her not, were so sensibly affected?

"Her tender body and delicate limbs cut, bruised, and

torn with stones and boughs of trees, as she had been dragged along, and all besmeared with blood.

"The captain for a long time could do nothing but gaze upon, and clasp her to his bosom, crying, raving, and tearing his hair, like one bereft of his senses.

"Finding among the villains' plunder the unhappy lady's clothes, he gently put some of them about her, and, after various trials and much time spent, recovered her dissipated spirits, the re-possession of which she first manifested by eagerly fixing her eyes on her dear deliverer, and blessing the Almighty and him for her miraculous deliverance.

"The account she gave of their disastrous fate and dire catastrophe, besides what I have already mentioned, was, that the savages had no sooner seen all consumed, but they hurried off with her and her brother, pushing and sometimes dragging them on, for four or five miles, when they stopped; and stripping her naked, treated her in a shocking manner; whilst others were stripping and cruelly whipping her unhappy brother. After which, they in the same manner pursued their journey, regardless of the tears, prayers, or entreaties of this wretched pair; but, with the most infernal pleasure, laughed and rejoiced at the calamities and distresses they had brought them to, and saw them suffer, till they arrived at the place where we found them: where they had that day butchered her beloved brother in the following execrable manner: they first scalped him alive, and, after mocking his agonising groans and torments for some hours, ripped open his belly, into which they put splinters and chips of pine-trees, and set fire thereto; the same (on account of the turpentine wherewith these trees abound) burned with great quickness and fury for a little time, during which he remained in a manner alive, and she could sometimes perceive him to move his head and groan: they then piled a great quantity of wood round his body, and consumed it to ashes.

"Thus did these barbarians put an end to the being of this unhappy young gentleman, who was only twenty-two years of age when he met his calamitous fate.

"She continued her relation by acquainting us, that the next day was to have seen her perish in the like manner, after suffering worse than even such a terrible death. But it pleased the Almighty to permit us to rescue her, and entirely extirpate this crew of devils!"

After this expedition, Williamson again joined his regiment at Oswego, in which town he continued till it was captured by the French in August, 1756, when the French, and Indians in their interest, committed the most heart-rending barbarities and cruelties.*

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* The loss of the two small forts, called Ontario and Oswego, was a considerable national misfortune. They were erected on the south side of the great lake Ontario, standing on the opposite sides, at the mouth of the Onondago river, that discharges itself into the lake, and constituted a post of great importance, where vessels had been built, to cruise upon the lake, which is a kind of inland sea, and interrupt the commerce as well as the motions and designs of the enemy. The garrison, as we have already observed, consisted of fourteen hundred men, chiefly militia and new raised recruits, under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Mercer, an officer of courage and experience: but the situation of the forts was very ill chosen; the materials mostly timber or logs of wood; the defences wretchedly contrived, and unfinished; and, in a word, the place altogether untenable against any regular approach. Such were the forts which the enemy wisely resolved to reduce. Being under no apprehension for crown point, they assembled a body of troops, consisting of thirteen hundred regulars, seventeen hundred Canadians, and a considerable number of Indian auxiliaries, under the command of the Marquis de Montcalm, a vigilant and enterprising officer, to whom the conduct of the siege was intrusted by the Marquis de Vaudreuil, governor and lieutenant-general of New France. The first step taken by Montcalm was to block up Oswego by water with two large armed vessels, and post a strong body of Canadians on the road between Albany and the forts, to cut off all communication of succour and intelligence. In the mean time, he embarked his artillery and stores upon the lake, and landed them in the bay of Nixouri, the place of general rendezvous. At another creek, within half a league of Oswego, he erected a battery for the protection of his vessels, and on the twelfth day of August, at mid-

Williamson was one of the persons taken prisoners at Oswego; and was in November, 1756, brought from

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night, after his dispositions had been made, he opened the trenches before Fort Ontario. The garrison having fired away all their shells and ammunition, spiked up the cannon, and deserting the fort, retired next day across the river into Oswego, which was even more exposed than the other, especially when the enemy had taken possession of Ontario, from whence they immediately began to fire without intermission. Colonel Mercer being, on the thirteenth, killed by a cannon ball, the fort destitute of all cover, the officers divided in opinion, and the garrison in confusion, they next day demanded a capitulation, and surrendered prisoners of war, on condition that they should be exempted from plunder, conducted to Montreal, and treated with humanity. These conditions, however, the marquis did not punctually observe. The British officers and soldiers were insulted by the savage Indians, who robbed them of their clothes and baggage, massacred several men as they stood defenceless on the parade, assassinated Lieutenant de la Court as he lay wounded in his tent, under the protection of a French officer, and barbarously scalped all the sick people in the hospital: finally, Montcalm, in direct violation of the articles, as well as in contempt of common humanity, delivered up above twenty men of the garrison to the Indians, in lieu of the same number they had lost during the siege; and, in all probability, these miserable captives were put to death by those barbarians with the most excruciating tortures, according to the execrable custom of the country. Those who countenance the perpetration of cruelties, at which human nature shudders with horror, ought to be branded as infamous to all posterity. Such, however, were the trophies that, in the course of the American war, distinguished the operations of a people who pique themselves upon politeness, and the virtues of humanity. The prisoners taken at Oswego, after having been thus barbarously treated, were conveyed in batteaux to Montreal, where they had no reason to complain of their reception; and before the end of the year, they were exchanged. The victors immediately demolished the two forts (if they deserved that denomination), in which they found one hundred and twenty-one pieces of artillery, fourteen mortars, with a great quantity of ammunition, warlike stores, and provisions, besides two sloops, and two hundred batteaux, which likewise fell into their hands. Such an important magazine, deposited in a place altogether indefensible, and without the reach of immediate succour, was a flagrant proof of egregious folly, temerity, and misconduct.—*Smollett's History of England, George II. Book III. Chap. V.*

America to Plymouth under a flag of truce; where in about four months subsequent to his arrival, he was discharged as incapable of further service, occasioned by a wound in his left hand.

He then published a narrative of his sufferings, in a tract entitled "French and Italian Cruelty, displayed in the Life and Adventures of Peter Williamson." Neither the strange vicissitudes of his own fortune, checquered with uncommon calamities, nor the good intention of his narrative, could protect him from the resentment of some merchants of Aberdeen, near the place of his nativity, where he went in quest of his relations; because, in the introduction to his narrative, he had noticed the manner in which he had been illegally hurried away on board ship, and sold for a slave. For that publication he was imprisoned, and 350 copies of his book (the only means he had of obtaining his sustenance), were taken from him, and his enlargement only granted him on his signing a paper, disclaiming two or three pages of his book. However, as he soon after found a few of his relatives, he got the attestations of some, and affidavits of others, proving he was the person taken away as mentioned in the narrative.

The precise period when Williamson paid the debt of nature, is uncertain. He exhibited himself, in London in 1760 and 1761, habited in the dress of a Delaware North American Indian, as represented in the annexed portrait of this unfortunate man.

THOMAS PETT.

This *poor* man was a native of Warwickshire, and brought up without any learning. At the age of ten years he came to London with a solitary shilling in his pocket. In London he was quite a stranger, and as he

had neither friends nor relations, he picked up bones and bread about the streets, and such offal as the town affords. At last he became indebted to the humanity of an old woman that sold pies, for his preservation in a severe fit of illness, till she got him into St. Bartholomew's Hospital. After he came out, he engaged himself for an errand-boy to a tallow-chandler, but his mistress expressed much dislike at his rustic manners and awkward gait, and for which, after a short time, she dismissed him one cold winter's evening, with this observation, "Your master hired you in my absence, and I'll pack you off in his." But this very much displeased the honest candle-maker, who did not desert Tom, but soon after put him apprentice to a butcher, in the Borough of Southwark. He behaved so well during the period of his time to this master, that the tallow-chandler, when the seven years had expired, recommended him to Mr. Pring, a respectable master butcher in Clare-market, with whom he lived some years. Pett's maxim was, that honesty, though the best policy, was not the shortest road to fortune and wealth, but that it was far the surest. Yet Tom looked out for squalls, and though *hardly* honest, kept company with Cohant a bruising butcher of that market.

For the first five years he was engaged at 25*l.* a year, meat and drink included. The accumulation of money, and the abridgment of expense, were the two sole objects of his thoughts. He had reduced all his expenses to these three heads: lodging, clothing, and washing. As to the first, he fixed on a dark back garret, the light of which he increased by openings in the brick-work, as, he observed, the value of the sun-beams outweighed the inconveniences of winter's winds. As to dress, every article was second-hand, observing, that, according to Solomon, there was nothing new under the sun; and as to washing, he used to say, no man deserved a shirt that could not wash it himself. Shaving even gave

him great uneasiness, on account of the high price of soap; and he wished beards to be in fashion, or the price of shaving reduced. He once made a vow to himself, that as soon as he had accumulated 1000*l.* he would treat himself with a pint of beer every Saturday night, and when his parsimony had made his stock up so much, the first advance on the price of beer altered his resolution, and he stopped at half a pint, as he said that was enough for a man that did not wish to get drunk, and of course come to the workhouse.

Pett was a constant visitor at sales in his latter years, but it was only to get the catalogues, which he sold for waste paper. He had perfectly the horrors, when he was told the Bank was restricted from paying in specie, and went thither to inquire into the case, but his broker soon set him to rights on buying in another hundred for him all with paper. His time on Sundays was usually spent in his room, which was constantly locked up, when his amusement was reading pieces of old newspapers that he had picked up the week before about the streets. On scraps of such pieces of paper, he made short verses, of which the two following may serve as specimens.

Upon raising the Price of Small-beer.

The've rais'd the price of table-beer;
What is the reason I can't hear;
The tax on Malt is that that gripes,
But what has Malt to do with *Swipes?*

On another occasion:—

What many dare not boast,
Is what I always do,
I love the whores and rogues to roast,
But pay my score when due.

These sort of verses made him remarkable about the market; and after his death as many were found as could be pinned up in a newspaper.

He was never known, even in the depth of winter, to have a fire, and his neighbours declared that they never knew him to go to lay down with a light; yet he was a great friend to good cheer at the expense of others; "every man," said he, "ought to eat when he can get it, for an empty sack cannot stand." He used the Three Tuns in Clare-market, where he used to sit in the darkest corner of the tap-room, and never uttered a word but on the subject of taxes, and parish feasts, against which he would inveigh earnestly, as if he severely felt their effects. When his half pint of beer was out, he replenished with water, and on these trying occasions, he has often retired with tears in his eyes. For the last twenty years of his life, his pulse rose and fell with the funds, and all his inquiries was on this head. Misery, nor any thing else ever got the better of his avarice, and he bore the character of being a very honest servant. The brewer who served the house where he lived, one Christmas, made him a present of a pin of small-beer, which put Thomas to a great expense in bottles, for the man wanted his cask, and our saving soul had not exhausted the store at Midsummmer.

Interest was the support of his spirits, and the crutch of his old age: who, for forty-two years, lived in Clare-market as a journeyman butcher; thirty one years lodged in one gloomy garret, which during that time was never enlivened with coal, candle-light, or the countenance of friendship. As to woman-kind, he was never known to have any commerce with, not even to wash a single rag for him, for he was his own lander. According to his opinion, every body was mad that had not thoughts like him of saving money, and starving themselves. A few weeks before his death, he actually called at several undertakers' shops in Fleet-market, to bargain for a cheap coffin. About three days before his dissolution, being pressed to make his will by his mistress, he at last reluctantly assented, observing, as he made his

mark, that it was a hard thing, that a man should sign away all his property with a stroke of a pen, and get nothing by it.

His death happened suddenly in Clifford's-passage, on the 2nd of June, 1803. He left 2,475*l.* in the three per cents. all to distant relations, not one of whom he had ever seen or corresponded with, and scarcely recollected that any such relations existed. To conclude in the words of a poet,

> "Iron is the miser's chest, iron is his door,
> Iron is his hand, but alas! his heart is more."

COUNTESS OF SCHWARZBURG.

In modern, as well as in ancient history, we find examples of intrepidity recorded of women, that equal any which have been given by the other sex; and it may also be remarked, that in the latter they more frequently proceed from a virtuous or praiseworthy motive. Such was the action which acquired celebrity for the Countess-dowager of Schwarzburg, who, by the boldness and resolution of her conduct, struck terror, on one occasion, into the formidable Duke of Alva.

When the Emperor Charles V., who was also king of Spain, passed through Thuringia, on his return, in the year 1547, from the battle of Muhlberg, to his camp in Suabia, Catherine, Countess-dowager of Schwarzburg, born Princess of Henneberg, obtained of him a letter of safeguard, that her subjects might have nothing to fear from the Spanish army on its march through her territories; in return for which she bound herself to allow the Spanish troops that were to cross the river Saale by the bridge at Rudolstadt, to supply themselves with bread, beer, and other provisions, at a reasonable price,

in that place. At the same time she took the precaution to have the bridge which stood close to the town demolished in all haste, and re-constructed over the river at a considerable distance, that the too great proximity of the city might be no temptation to her rapacious guests. The inhabitants too of all the places through which the army was to pass, were informed that they might send their most valuable effects to the castle of Rudolstadt. Meanwhile the Spanish general, attended by Prince Henry of Brunswick and his sons, approached the city. By a messenger whom they dispatched before, they announced their intention of breakfasting with the Countess of Schwarzburg. So modest a request, made at the head of an army, was not to be rejected. The answer returned was, that they should be supplied with what the house afforded; that his excellency might come, and be assured of a welcome reception. However, she did not neglect at the same time to remind the Spanish general of the safeguard, and to urge the conscientious observance of it. A friendly reception and a well furnished table, welcomed the arrival of the duke at the castle. He was obliged to confess, that the Thuringian ladies had an excellent notion of cookery, and did honour to the laws of hospitality. But scarcely had they taken their seats, when a messenger out of breath called the countess from the hall. He informed her, that the Spanish soldiers had used violence in some villages on the way, and had driven off the cattle belonging to the peasants. Catherine was a true mother to her people; whatever the poorest of her subjects unjustly suffered, wounded her to the quick. Full of indignation at this breach of faith, yet not forsaken by her presence of mind, she ordered her whole retinue to arm themselves immediately in private, and to bolt and bar all the gates of the castle; which done, she returned to the hall, and rejoined the princes, who were still at table. Here she complained

to them, in the most moving terms, of the usage she had met with, and how badly the imperial word was kept. They told her, laughing, that this was the custom in war, and that such trifling disorders of soldiers in marching through a place were not to be minded. "That we shall presently see," replied she, resolutely. "My poor subjects must have their own again, or by God!" raising her voice in a threatening tone, "princes' blood for oxen's blood!" With this emphatic declaration she quitted the room, which in a few moments was filled with armed men, who, sword in hand, yet with great reverence, planting themselves behind the chairs of the princes, took the places of the waiters. On the entrance of these fierce-looking fellows, the Duke of Alva changed colour, and the guests all gazed at one another in silence and affright. Cut off from the army, surrounded by a resolute body of men, what had they to do, but to summon up their patience, and to appease the offended lady on the best terms they could. Henry of Brunswick was the first that collected his spirits; and smothered his feelings by bursting into a loud fit of laughter; thus seizing the most reasonable way of coming off, by turning all that had passed into a subject of mirth! concluding with a warm panegyric on the patriotic concern and the determined intrepidity the countess had shown. He entreated her to make herself easy, and undertook to prevail on the Duke of Alva to consent to whatever should be found reasonable; which he immediately effected by inducing the latter to dispatch on the spot an order to the army to restore the cattle without delay to the persons from whom they had been stolen. On the return of the courier with a certificate that compensation had been made for all damages, the Countess of Schwarzburg politely thanked her guests for the honour they had done her castle, and they, in return, very courteously took their leave.

It was this transaction, no doubt, that procured for

Catherine the surname of the Heroic. She is likewise highly extolled for the active fortitude she displayed in promoting the reformation throughout her dominions, which had already been introduced by her husband, Count Henry XXXVII., as well as for her resolute perseverance in suppressing monastic institutions, and improving the system of education. Numbers of Protestant preachers, who had sustained persecution on account of religion, fled to her for protection and support, which she granted them in the fullest extent. Among these was a certain Caspar Aguila, parish-priest at Saalfield, who, in his younger years, had attended the emperor's army to the Netherlands in quality of chaplain; and, because he there refused to baptize a cannon ball, was fastened to the mouth of a mortar by the licentious soldiers, to be shot into the air; a fate which he happily avoided only by the accident of the powder not catching fire. He was now for the second time in imminent danger of his life, and a price of 5000 florins was set upon his head, because the emperor was enraged against him for having attacked one of his measures from the pulpit. Catherine had him privately brought to her castle, at the request of the people of Saalfield, where she kept him many months concealed, and caused him to be attended with the greatest assiduity, till the storm was blown over, and he could venture to appear in public. She died, universally honoured and lamented, in the 58th year of her age, and the 29th of her reign. Her remains were deposited in the church of Rudolstadt.

DANIEL CUERTON.

This extraordinary character was born in Old-street, St. Luke's, and was by trade a ladies' shoemaker. For the last sixteen years he maintained himself by keeping

an old iron shop in James-street, near Grosvenor-square, and about four or five years before his death, he removed to John-street, Goodge-street, Tottenham-court-road, where he closed his earthly career, in the year 1803, aged 54 years. He weighed about eighteen stone, horseman's weight; was very broad across the shoulders, chest, and back, had short fat thick thighs, and was about five feet six inches high. Notwithstanding he was very fat, he was remarkably active. I shall enumerate here some of the most astonishing feats of this man: he would take a glass or pot up with his elbows, put his hands under his arm pits, and in this way drink his beer, punch, &c. and if any one would pay for the pot, he would in this position, with his elbows, hammer a quart or pint pot together, as if it had been flattened with a large hammer. He could appear the largest or the smallest man across the chest in the company, if there were twenty persons present, and put on the coat of a boy of fourteen years of age, and it would apparently fit him. Such an astonishing way had he of compressing himself, that he would measure round under the arm pits, with three handkerchiefs tied together, and yet the same measure applied again at the same place, would measure round him and three other stout men, being four persons in the whole. How he did this none could tell, but it seemed he had an art of drawing his bowels up to his chest, and greatly swelling himself at pleasure. He would sit down on the ground, with his hands tied behind him, and bear a stout man across each shoulder, one on his back, with a boy on his back, in all four persons, besides himself; in this posture he would get up very nimbly, and actively dance every step of a quick hornpipe, and whilstle it himself all the time, for the space of ten or fifteen minutes. With his hands bound behind him, he would, without any aid, raise a large mahogany table, with his fore teeth, that would dine twelve people on, balance it steadily, and

with it break the ceiling, if desired, all to pieces. This remarkable man was well known by the free-masons at the west end of London, and for several years belonged to the lodge, No. 8, held at the King's-arms coffee-house, Lower Brook-street, Grosvenor-square. He was a very generous man, ever ready to assist the poor, unfortunate, and distressed, with his purse, victuals, clothes, &c. and was always a ready advocate, and the first subscriber to a poor person's petition, when he was satisfied the person was a deserving object, whether man or woman. In the latter part of his time, he became much reduced in his circumstances, occasioned by many heavy losses in trade.

Poor Cuerton, in the days of his adversity, through extreme modesty, was always studious to conceal his distress, and whenever his situation was brought into question, his usual reply would be, he had known better days, and he did not like to be troublesome to any body. He latterly contracted the baneful habit of drinking great quantity of the juniper juice; this he made his constant beverage, the first thing in the morning, and the last at night. He used formerly to drink a great deal of porter, and eat very hearty, particularly at supper. He died almost in want, yet he had a great desire, when near his end, of being buried as a free-mason; but that society paid no attention to his request, although his widow made it known to them. He was a hearty, merry, good natured companion, when he had health and money, and has paid many a reckoning for strangers, rather than hear any quarrelling or disputes, in the house where he happened to be. He never went to church or any place of worship, for several years past, as he was deaf, but it was always remarked, he could hear very well at a public house. He had been the constant promoter of *greasy chins*, and full bowls of punch, and used to enjoy them in an uncommon manner.

JENNY DARNEY.

This remarkably inoffensive poor woman was well known in the southern part of the county of Cumberland. She was one of the many "singles" whom Fate decreed should pass her probationary life secluded from the "busy hum of men." We have not been able to learn any particulars respecting her family, friends, or name; for when questioned on those subjects, she was very reserved. The country people knew her by the name of *Jenny Darney*, from the manner, it is presumed, in which she used to mend her clothes. Her garb was entirely of her own manufacture. She collected the small parcels of wool which lie about the fields in sheep farms, spun it on a rock and spindle of her own making; and as she could not find any other method of making the yarn into cloth, she used to knit it on wooden needles, and by that means procured a warm comfortable dress.

In the life-time of the late Charles Lutwidge, Esq. of Holm Rook, she took possession of an old cottage, or rather cow-house, on his estate, in which she was suffered to continue till her death. Her intellects seemed at certain times greatly deranged; but her actions harmless, and her language inoffensive. On that score, she was caressed by all the villagers, who supplied her with eatables, &c. for money she utterly refused. She seemed a person of much shrewdness, and her understanding was above the common level; this was improved by a tolerable education. She chose the spot where she lived, to pass the remainder of her days unknown to her friends, and in a great measure from a distaste of a wicked world, to "prepare herself" as she often in her quiet hours said, "for a better." At the time of her death, she was nearly 100 years old.

Jenny Darney was another of the many proofs to what great age persons who live a retired and abstemious life, mostly attain. "Man," as Goldsmith truly says, "wants but *little* here below." The wretched miser, notwithstanding the gnawing anxiety of his sordid soul, and scarcely allowing himself a meal's victuals in a week, spins out his existence to more than ordinary duration. It is in striving to prolong life, by indulging in the "good things" of this world, that man too often prematurely cuts short the thread of life.

CHRISTIAN JACOBSEN DRAKENBERG.

This astonishing old man was a boatswain in the Danish navy; he was born in the year 1626, and died the 24th of June, 1770. Historians have not been very particular with respect to his manners in life; it appears, therefore, that this veteran was more remarkable for longevity, than for any peculiarity or heroism; it is, however, acknowledged that he was exceedingly facetious and entertaining—his company was courted by many country gentlemen, for the sake of hearing him relate some pleasant stories. When he arrived to the age of 139, he was constantly seen at Denmark, where he used to walk about, with all the vigour and spirit of youth, and, by means of his pleasantry and good nature, afforded great entertainment to the inhabitants.

As the early part of his youth had been spent in the British service, on board the navy, in Queen Anne's wars, he was, of course, deemed such an experienced man, and so capable of deciding matters of ambiguity, that, whenever any doubts arose concerning past times, he was always referred to in order to make them clear: he was generally arbitrator in all points of difficulty, and whenever wagers were laid about the dates of any

Engraved by H. Cooper.

JENNY DARNEY,

A Remarkable Character in Cumberland.

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former transactions, Drakenberg was the man who was always appointed judge.

Even in the latter part of his life, this man was renowned for the amazing strength of his faculties: he retained his memory so wonderfully towards the most advanced period of his life, that he never was known to forget his jokes, or relate a story twice to the same person. His narratives chiefly consisted of the whimsical and marvellous, it being his delight to raise a laugh, by exposing the extravagant follies of mankind, and in creating astonishment and surprise, by expatiating on all the strange accidents of life; yet, to do our hero justice, he most honourably avoided all base invective and personality, in every relation; nor was he ever known to wound the peace of an individual, or calumniate an honest, nay, nor a dubious character, by wanton slander and vile defamation; his stories were perfectly harmless, and, in respect to decency, so inoffensive, that even ladies wished to be his auditors.

Drakenberg lived exceedingly temperate—he abstained from an excess of liquor—dainties he never desired, and a plain dish was the utmost of his ambition; this moderation was doubtless the cause of his longevity; he used continual exercise, and preferred walking to riding.

Towards the latter part of his life, when his acquaintance would seem to envy the length of his days, and wish that they might see as many, he would often shake his head, and make this reply—"Were you to live as long as I, friend, you may see more sorrow than is the general lot of mankind. I have buried my most dear relations; and all those endearing connexions which I had formed in my youth, are now no more—they are dissolved by death! The remembrance is somewhat painful—I am astonished then to hear how any one can desire to witness the dissolution of their friends, the end of all their dearest relations."

Drakenberg, like the generality of men who are renowned for long-dated lives, died suddenly, without much pain; the candle of his days shone bright, while it lasted; it avoided those many puffs which generally extinguish others, before they are advanced to the socket—it perished of itself! And though of one hundred and forty-four years extent, yet so soon passeth it away, that still it may be said, "Out, out, brief candle."

GILLES DE LAVAL.

About the year 1440, an instance of depravity in an individual was detected, so horrid and so singular, that, were it not confirmed by the most authentic records, sanctioned by the testimony of all cotemporary writers, it might be justly considered as fabulous. Gilles de Laval, Lord of Rais, sprung from one of the most ancient and most illustrious families in Brittany, succeeded to the titles and estates of his ancestors, at the early age of twenty. This young nobleman possessed many accomplishments both of body and mind; his person was majestic, his countenance insinuating; he was endued with courage, and with wit; but he was prodigal, fanatic, voluptuous, and debauched. An annual income of three hundred thousand livres proved insufficient to defray his expenses. His retinue displayed a motley mixture of chaplains and courtesans; priests and panders; choristers and comedians. His chapel, richly embellished with gold, silver, and precious stones, was served by ecclesiastics who bore the title of deans, and whose superior wore the episcopal mitre. All the theatrical exhibitions then in vogue were performed at his residence. In short, his expenses were so numerous that they soon exhausted his fortune. Honoured in his youth with the office of Mareschal of France, in a short

time he had not wherewithal to support the dignity of his rank. The want of money induced him to expose his estates to sale; but his relations, alarmed at seeing him dissipate, in superfluous expenses, the patrimony of his ancestors, implored the interference of the king, who issued an edict, that was afterwards confirmed by a sentence of the parliament, forbidding him to alienate his territorial possessions. The Duke of Brittany, who, previous to the publication of the edict, had purchased, at an inferior price, the lordships of Ingrande and Chantocè, sent his son to the king to request he would withdraw the prohibition; this, however, Charles peremptorily refused. Gilles being thus deprived of every resource which could enable him to continue his prodigality, applied himself to the study of alchemy.

He collected all the impostors who boasted of their skill in this occult science; but he was speedily convinced of the vanity of their professions, and all his attempts to discover the grand secret of the philosopher's stone proving fruitless, he changed the course of his pursuits, had recourse to magic, and invoked the assistance of the devil. A physician of Poictou gave him some lessons in necromancy, and after robbing him, ran away. He was next introduced by a priest of the diocese of St. Malo, to the acquaintance of an Italian named Prelati, with whom he renewed his infernal incantations, promising Satan to give him whatever he should require, excepting only his soul and his life. It must be observed, that while he was offering up the most abominable sacrifices, such as the heart, the hands, the eyes, and the blood of a murdered infant, he continued his pious exercises with his chaplains! These enormities becoming public, the Duke of Brittany was compelled to issue an order for apprehending him and bringing him to trial. His judges were the Bishop of Nantes, Chancellor of Brittany, the vicar of the inquisition of France, and Peter L'Hospital, president of the parliament of

Brittany. Gilles, on his first examination, observed that all ecclesiastics were "simoniacs and whoremasters, and that he would rather be hanged by the neck than make any reply to such judges." But as the trial proceeded he was constrained to change his tone. The monstrous acts of cruelty which had marked his abominable gratifications exceeded every thing which tyrants the most sanguinary and ferocious had ever practised or conceived. Rape and murder had formed his principal enjoyments; the latter by a refinement of depravity unexampled in the annals of infamy, was made to heighten the gratifications of the former; it was proved that he had polluted and massacred at the same instant, no less than a hundred children of both sexes, at his castles of Machecou and Chantocè. The purity of the historical page will not admit of any farther account of the horrid crimes perpetrated by this monster in human shape. He was condemned to be burned, and died, says the cotemporary writers, in a very christian-like manner. Before he was conducted to the place of execution, he said to his infamous associate Prelati, who suffered with him, "Adieu, friend Francis, we shall never see each other more in this world. I pray God to give you patience; and be assured that if you place your hopes in God, we shall meet in the delights of Paradise." It is affirmed that the mareschal, previous to his death, confessed crimes still more enormous than those which we have noticed; though what those crimes could be, it is impossible for human imagination to conceive. He was executed at Nantes; and his punishment was so far mitigated, that he was strangled before the pile was lighted. When his body was half consumed by the flames, it was delivered to his family for interment. It is pretended that the Duke of Brittany, who was then at Nantes, attended the execution.

JEDEDIAH BUXTON.

This famous calculator, was born at Elmeton near Chesterfield, in Derbyshire, in 1704. His grandfather, John Buxton, was vicar of Elmeton; and his father, William Buxton, was schoolmaster in the same parish; yet, notwithstanding the profession of his father, Jedediah's education seems to have been totally neglected, for he was never taught either to read or write. How he came first to know the relative proportions of numbers, their denominations and powers, he never could remember; but upon these his attention was constantly riveted, and he scarcely took any notice of external objects, except with respect to their numbers. If any space of time was mentioned before him, he would soon after say that it contained so many minutes; and, if any distance, he would assign the number of hair-breadths in it, even when no question was asked him by the company. His power of abstraction was so great, that no noise whatever could disturb him; and, when asked any question, he would immediately reply, and return to his calculation without any confusion, or the loss of more time than the answer required.

A person who had heard of his astonishing capacity, meeting with him accidentally, in order to try his calculating powers, proposed to him the following question: In a body whose three sides are 23,145,789 yards, 5,642,732 yards, and 54,965 yards, how many cubical eighths of an inch? After once naming the several figures distinctly, one after the other, in order to assure himself of the several dimensions, this self-taught calculator fell to work amidst more than a hundred of his fellow-labourers; and the proposer of the question, leaving him for about five hours, returned and found Jedediah ready with his answer, which was exactly right.

A variety of questions, he would solve in very little time, by the mere force of memory. He would multiply any number of figures, either by the whole or any part of them, and at different times, and store up the various products in his memory, so as to give the answers several months after. He would work at several questions; first begin one, and work it half through; then another, and so on, working in this manner six or eight questions, and would either, as soon as finished, or several months after, tell the result. This extraordinary man would stride over a piece of land, and tell the content of it with as much exactness as if he had measured it by the chain. His perpetual application to figures prevented him from making the smallest acquisition in any other branch of knowledge; for, beyond mere calculations his ideas were as confined perhaps as those of a boy at ten years of age in the same class of life.

The only objects of Jedediah's curiosity, next to figures, were the king and royal family; and his desire to see them was so strong, that in the spring of 1754, he walked up to London for that purpose, but was obliged to return disappointed, as his majesty had removed to Kensington. He was taken to see the tragedy of Richard III. at Drury-lane; and it was expected that the novelty of every thing in this place, together with the splendour of the surrounding objects, would have fixed him in astonishment, or that his passions would in some degree have been roused by the action of the performers. Instead of this, during the dances, his attention was engaged in reckoning the number of steps. After a fine piece of music, he declared that the innumerable sounds produced by the instruments perplexed him beyond measure; but he counted the words uttered by Mr. Garrick in the whole course of the entertainment, and affirmed that in this he had perfectly succeeded.

Heir to no fortune, and educated to no particular pro-

fession, Jedediah Buxton supported himself by the labour of his hands. His talents, had they been properly cultivated might have qualified him for acting a distinguished part on the theatre of life; he nevertheless pursued the "noiseless tenor of his way," content if he could satisfy the wants of nature, and procure a daily sustenance for himself and family.

When he was asked to calculate a question, he would sit down, take off his old brown hat, and resting upon his stick, which was generally a very crooked one, in that attitude he would fall to work. He commonly wore on his head a linen or woollen cap, and had a handkerchief carelessly thrown round his neck.

If the enjoyments of this singular man were few, they seem at least to have been fully equivalent to his desires. Though the powers of his mind raised him far above his humble companions, who earned their bread in like manner by the sweat of their brow, yet ambitious thoughts never interrupted his repose, nor did he, on his return from London, regret the loss of any of the pleasures he had left behind him.

Buxton was married and had several children. He died in the year 1775, aged 70 years.

VALENTINE GREATRAKES,

Was the son of William Greatrakes, Esq. of Affane, in the County of Waterford, by a daughter of Sir Edward Harris, Knt. one of the justices of the King's Bench, in Ireland. He was born at Affane, February 14, 1628, and received a classical education at the free school at Lismore, where he continued till he was thirteen years of age, when he returned home, in order to prepare himself for entering Trinity-college, Dublin. At this time the rebellion broke out, and owing to the

distracted state of the nation, he was obliged, with his mother, who had several other smaller children, to fly for refuge into England, where they were relieved by his uncle, Edward Harris; after whose death, young Greatrakes was committed to the care of John Daniel Getseus, a German, and then minister of Stoke Gabriel, in the county of Devon, who for seven years instructed him in Theology, Philosophy, and other sciences. About the year 1634, he returned to his native country, but was so exceedingly affected by the miserable and reduced state it was in, that he retired to the castle of Caperquin, where he spent a year in serious contemplation on the vicissitudes of state and fortune. In the year 1649, he became lieutenant in the regiment of Roger Lord Broghill, afterwards Earl of Orrery, then acting in Munster against the Irish papists; but when the regiment was disbanded in 1656, he retired to his estate at Affane, and was soon after appointed clerk of the peace for the county of Cork, register for transplantation, and justice of the peace.

About the year 1662, Greatrakes began to conceive himself possessed of an extraordinary virtue, in being able to remove the king's evil, or other diseases, by touching, or stroking the parts affected with his hand. This imagination he concealed for some time, but at last revealed it to his wife, who ridiculed the idea. Resolved however to make a trial, he began with one William Maher, who was brought to the house by his father for the purpose of receiving some assistance from Mrs. Greatrakes, a lady who was always ready to relieve the sick and indigent, as far as lay in her power. This boy was sorely afflicted with the king's evil, but as it was reported, was to all appearance cured by Mr. Greatrakes laying his hands on the parts affected. Several other persons having applied to be cured in the same manner, of different disorders, he acquired considerable fame in his neighbourhood. But being cited into the Bishop's-

court at Lismore, and not producing a licence for practising, he was prohibited from laying his hands on any person for the future, but still continued to do so till January, 1665-6, when he went to England at the request of the Earl of Orrery, in order to cure the lady of the Lord Viscount Conway, of Ragley in Warwickshire, of a continual violent head-ach. He staid at Ragley about a month, but failed in his endeavours to relieve this lady, notwithstanding he is said to have performed several miraculous cures in those parts, and at Worcester, and was sent for to Whitehall by his majesty's orders; and is likewise said to have wrought many remarkable cures there in the presence of several eminent and skilful persons.

An account of his cures in Warwickshire, was published at Oxford, by Mr. Stubbe, who maintained "that Mr. Greatrakes was possessed of a peculiar temperament, as his body was composed of some particular ferments, the effluvia whereof being introduced, sometimes by a light, sometimes by a violent friction, restore the temperament of the debilitated parts, re-invigorate the blood, and dissipate all heterogeneous ferments out of the bodies of the diseased, by the eyes, nose, mouth, hands and feet." This publication was a "Letter, addressed to the Hon. Robert Boyle," who, in a *private* letter to the author, expressed his displeasure at being thus publicly addressed on such a subject, particularly as Mr. Stubbe endeavoured to show that Greatrakes's gift was *miraculous*. Mr. Glanville also imputed his cures to a sanative quality inherent in his constitution; and others (perhaps with greater probability) to the force of imagination in his patients. Mr. Boyle, having seen Greatrakes's performances in Aprill, 1666, attested some of his remarkable cures.

This extraordinary man afforded much matter for the press, and various pamphlets were published *pro* and *con.*; particularly one in quarto, supposed to have been

written by Mr. David Lloyd, reader of the Charter-house, under the title of "Wonders no Miracles, or Mr. Valentine Greatrakes's Gift of Healing examined, upon occasion of a sad effect of his stroking, March the 7th, 1665, at one Mr. Cressell's house, in Charter-house-yard, in a letter to a Rev. Divine, living near that place." This attack obliged Greatrakes to vindicate himself; and accordingly he published a list of his "strange cures." It is a truth that this man's reputation rose to a prodigious height, but afterwards declined almost as fast, for the expectations of the multitude that resorted to him were not always answered.

The Rev. Mr. Granger seems inclined to attribute the wonderful cures reported to have been performed by Greatrakes to the force of imagination, and to corroborate his opinion, mentions the following facts;—"I was myself a witness," says he, "of the powerful workings of the imagination in the populace, when the waters of Glastonbury were at the height of their reputation. The virtues of the spring there were supposed to be supernatural and to have been discovered by a revelation made in a dream to one Matthew Chancellor. The people did not only expect to be cured of such distempers as were in their nature incurable, but even to recover their lost eyes and their mutilated limbs. The following story which scarcely exceeds what I observed upon the spot was told me by a gentleman of character. An old woman in the workhouse at Yeovil, who had long been a cripple and made use of crutches, was strongly inclined to drink of the Glastonbury waters, which she was assured would cure her of her lameness. The master of the workhouse procured her several bottles of water, which had such an effect that she soon laid aside one crutch, and not long after the other. This was extolled as a miraculous cure; but the man protested to his friends that he had imposed upon her, and fetched the water from an ordinary spring. I need not

inform the reader that when the force of imagination had spent itself, she relapsed into her former infirmity."

Greatrakes possessed a high character for humility, virtue and piety, and died about the year 1680.

The history of Greatrakes reminds us of an impostor who not many years before deluded the public in a similar manner. In the reign of Charles I. an accusation was brought before the court of Star Chamber, and afterwards before the College of Physicians, against one John Leverett, a gardener, who undertook to cure all diseases, but especially the king's evil, by way of touching or stroking with the hand. He used to speak with great contempt of the royal touch, and grossly imposed upon numbers of credulous people. He asserted that he was the seventh son of a seventh son, and profanely said that he felt virtue go out of him; so that he was more weakened by touching thirty or forty in a day, than if he had dug eight roods of ground. He also affirmed that he was much more affected if he touched a woman than if he touched a man. The censors of the college adjudged him an impostor.

MARGARET LAMBURN.

This heroic woman, was, with her husband, in the retinue of Mary Queen of Scots, by whose untimely death, he died of grief. Margaret resolved to avenge the death of her queen and husband upon Elizabeth, and to accomplish her purpose, she assumed a man's habit, and repaired to the English court, assuming the name of Anthony Sparke. She carried with her a brace of pistols; one to kill Elizabeth, and the other to shoot herself, to avoid the digrace of a public execution. But her design happened to miscarry, by an accident which preserved Elizabeth's life. One day as she was pushing

through the crowd to come up to her majesty, who was then walking in her garden, she dropped one of her pistols. This being observed, she was seized and brought before the queen, who asked her name, country and quality? Margaret undauntedly replied, "Madam though I appear in this habit, I am a woman; my name is Margaret Lamburn: I was several years in the service of Queen Mary, my mistress, whom you have unjustly put to death; and by her death you have caused that of my husband, who died of grief to see so innocent a queen perish so iniquitously. Now, as I had the greatest love and affection for these victims of your cruelty and injustice, I was resolved to avenge their deaths by killing you. I acknowledge I have suffered many struggles within my own breast, and have endeavoured to divert my resolution from this design; but all in vain: I found myself compelled to prove, by experience, the truth of that maxim, that neither reason nor force can hinder a woman from vengeance, when she is compelled thereto by love."

After calmly listening to Margaret's discourse, Elizabeth replied, "You are then persuaded that in this action you have done your duty, and satisfied the demands which your love for your mistress and for your husband required of you; but what think you now it is my duty to do to you?" "Madam," said Margaret, with a steady unembarrassed countenance, "I will tell you plainly my opinion, provided you will please to let me know whether you put this question in the quality of a queen, or that of a judge." Her majesty declared that, "it was in that of a queen." "Then," said Margaret, "your majesty ought to grant me a pardon." "But what assurance or security can you give me," said Elizabeth, "that you will not make another attempt upon my life?" "Madam," replied the spirited Lamburn, "a favour given under such restraints is no more a favour; and in so doing your majesty would act against me as a

judge." The queen, turning to some of her council, said, "I have been thirty years a queen, but do not remember ever to have had such a lecture read to me before." She then pronounced a free and unqualified pardon, and granted Margaret safe conduct till she got out of the kingdom.

MATTHEW HOPKINS.

THE frequency of accusations of witchcraft and executions for that supposed crime, during the seventeenth century, may be traced back to the publication of our weak and witch-ridden monarch James I. entitled *Dæmonologia* or a discourse on witchcraft. Fortunately for the present age, the belief in the arts of necromancy, magic, and sorcery is now exploded from the enlightened classes of society, and confined only to individuals the most illiterate and the most credulous. Of the mischiefs resulting from such notions, the subjoined account of the havoc committed by one person only, affords ample evidence. The reader, while he peruses it with astonishment and horror, will not fail to discover in it a signal example of the retributive justice of Providence.

Matthew Hopkins resided at Manningtree, in Essex, and was witch-finder for the associated counties of Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, and Huntingdonshire. In the years 1644, 1645, and 1646, and accompanied by one John Stern, he brought many to the fatal tree as reputed witches. He hanged in one year no less than sixty reputed witches of his own county of Essex. The old, the ignorant and the indigent, such as could neither plead their own cause, nor hire an advocate, were the miserable victims of this wretch's credulity, spleen, and avarice. He pretended to be a great critic in *special marks*, which were only moles, scorbutic spots, or warts, that

frequently grow large and pendulous in old age; but were absurdly supposed to be teats to suckle imps. His ultimate method of proof was by tying together the thumbs and toes of the suspected person, about whose waist was fastened a cord, the ends of which were held on the banks of a river by two men, in whose power it was to strain or slacken it. Swimming, upon this experiment, was deemed a sufficient proof of guilt; for which King James (who is said to have recommended, if he did not invent it) assigned a ridiculous reason; that "as some persons had renounced their baptism by water, so the water refuses to receive them." Sometimes those who were accused of diabolical practices, were tied neck and heels, and tossed into a pond: if they floated or swam they were consequently guilty, and therefore taken out and burnt; if they were innocent they were *only* drowned.

At last the wretched Hopkins was doomed to undergo the experiment which had so cruelly been tried upon others: he was thrown into the water according to his own mode; but unfortunately for himself he swam: he was therefore taken out, and condemned to be hung for a wizzard.

Dr. Zach. Grey, says, that he had seen an account of between three and four thousand persons, who suffered death for witchcraft in the king's dominions, from 1643 to the restoration of Charles II.

In a letter from Sergeant Widdrinton to Lord Whitelocke, mention is made of another fellow of the same profession as Hopkins. This wretch received twenty shillings a head for every witch that he discovered, and thereby obtained rewards amounting to thirty pounds. Dr. Grey supposes, with great reason, that Hopkins is the man meant in the following lines by Butler:—

"Has not the present parliament
A ledger to the devil sent?

Fully impower'd to treat about
Finding revolted witches out?
And has not he within a year,
Hang'd *threescore* of them in one shire?
Some only for not being drown'd:
And some for sitting above ground
Whole days and nights upon their breeches,
And feeling pain were hang'd for witches:
And some for putting knavish tricks
Upon green goose and turkey-chicks,
Or pigs that suddenly deceas'd
Of griefs unnat'ral as he guess'd,
Who after prov'd himself a witch,
And made a rod for his own breech."

Hudibras, P. II. Canto III.

In an old print of this execrable character he is represented with two witches. One of them named Holt is supposed to say: "My Impes are 1. Ilemauzyr; 2. Pye-wackett; 3. Pecke in the Crown; 4. Griezell Griedegutt." Four animals attend; Jarmara, a black dog: Sacke and Sugar, a hare; Newes, a ferret; Vinegar Tom, a bull-headed greyhound. This print is in the Pepysian library.

EDWARD ALLEYN.

Edward Alleyn, a celebrated actor in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James, and founder of the College at Dulwich in Surry, was born in London, in the parish of St. Botolph, September 1, 1566, as appears from a memorandum in his own writing. Dr. Fuller says, that he was bred a stage-player; and that his father would have given him a liberal education, but that he was averse to a serious course of life. He was, however, a youth of excellent capacity, of a cheerful temper, a tenacious memory, a sweet elocution, and in

his person of a stately port and aspect, and was a man of great benevolence and piety; so devout, that when he received his quarterly accounts, he acknowledged it all to be the gift of God, and resolved to dedicate it to the use of his fellow-creatures. From various authorities it appears that he must have been on the stage some time before 1592; for he was then in high favour with the town, and greatly applauded by the best judges, particularly by Ben Jonson.

He had been accustomed to the stage from a very early period of life, and had acquired such a comprehensive knowledge in his profession, that Shakspeare is supposed by some, to have formed his instructions to the player in Hamlet, from hints communicated by him; and from observations on the various beauties exhibited in the different characters which he sustained. In the course of his theatrical pursuits, he became proprietor of the Fortune playhouse in Golden-lane; where he performed with a company under his own engagement, and sought the favour of the public, in a spirit of generous emulation and opposition to our great dramatic bard.

He was also master of a playhouse in White-cross-street, built at his own expense, by which he is said to have amassed considerable wealth. He was also keeper of the king's wild beasts, or master of the royal bear garden, which was frequented by vast crowds of spectators; and the profits arising from these sports, are said to have amounted to five hundred pounds per annum. He was thrice married; and the portions of his two first wives, who left him no issue to inherit, might probably contribute to this benefaction.

It may seem surprising, how one of Mr. Alleyn's profession should be enabled to erect such an edifice as Dulwich College, and liberally endow it for the maintenance of so many persons. But it must be observed that he had some paternal fortune, which, though small, might lay a foundation for his future affluence; and, it

is to be presumed, that the profits he received from acting, to one of his provident and managing disposition, and who by his professional excellence drew after him such crowds of spectators, must have considerably improved his fortune.

Donations such as Mr. Alleyn's, have been frequently thought to proceed more from vanity and ostentation than real piety; but Mr. Alleyn's has been ascribed to a very singular cause; for the devil is said to have been the first promoter of it. Mr. Aubrey mentions a tradition, "that Mr. Alleyn, playing a demon with six others in one of Shakspeare's plays, was, in the midst of the piece, surprised by an apparition of the devil; which so worked on his fancy, that he made a vow, which he performed by building Dulwich College." He began the foundation of this college, under the direction of the famous Inigo Jones, in 1614; and on the buildings, gardens, &c. finished in 1617, he is said to have expended about 10,000*l.*

After the college was built, he met with some difficulty in obtaining a charter for settling his lands in mortmain; for he proposed to endow it with 800*l.* per annum, for the maintenance of one master, one warden, and four fellows, three of whom were to be clergymen, and the fourth a skilful organist; also six poor men, and as many women; besides twelve poor boys, to be educated till the age of fourteen or sixteen, and then put out to some trade or calling. The obstruction he met with, arose from the Lord Chancellor Bacon, who wished King James to settle part of those lands for the support of two academical lectures; and he wrote a letter to the Marquis of Buckingham, dated August 18, 1618, entreating him to use his interest with his Majesty for that purpose. Mr. Alleyn's solicitation was however at last complied with, and he obtained the royal licence, giving him full power to lay the foundation of his intended hospital at Dulwich, called "The College of God's Gift." The rules

prescribed for this foundation are, that all future benefactions are excluded; and visitors are to be the churchwardens of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate; St. Giles's, Cripplegate; and St. Saviour's Southwark; who, upon any difference arising between them, are to refer the decision of it to the Archbishop of Canterbury. He was himself the first master of his college, so that to use the words of Mr. Haywood, one of his contemporaries, "He was so mingled with humility and charity, that he became his own pensioner, humbly submitting himself to that proportion of diet and clothes, which he had bestowed on others." There is no reason to think he ever repented of this distribution of his substance, but on the contrary, that he was entirely satisfied, as appears from the following memorial in his own writing found among his papers: "May 26, 1620, my wife and I acknowledged the fine at the Common Pleas bar, of all our lands to the college: blessed be God that he has given us life to do it." His wife died in the year 1623, and about two years afterwards he married Constance Kinchtoe, who survived him, and received remarkable proofs of his affection, if we may judge of it by his will, in which he left her considerable property. He died November 25, 1626, in the 61st year of his age, and was buried in the chapel of his new college.

In this college, by the statutes, the warden succeeds the master, and takes upon him the office immediately on the master's death. The founder directed that the master and warden shall both be of the name of Allen, or Alleyn, and every person of that name is eligible to become a candidate. Celibacy is a *sine qua non.* The election is in the surviving fellows, who choose two persons. Two rolls of paper are then put into a box, and each candidate takes one, and the person who takes the paper upon which the words "God's Gift" are written, is the warden elected. The late master, William Allen, Esq. enjoyed his situation upwards of fifty-

two years. The revenues of this college are large and increasing. The master's apartments in the college are extremely grand; at his taking possession of the place he is obliged to purchase the furniture, which is as elegant as can be imagined: and being lord of the manor, he lives in all the state of a mitred abbot. Notwithstanding the singular severity of the rules, by which both he and the warden are to remain unmarried, yet there is always a sufficient number of candidates for the office, among those of the name of Alleyn.

The college consists of a front and two wings; the chapel which occupies the eastern end of the former, contains a copy of Raphael's Transfiguration, by Julio Romana. There is a small library of books, chiefly of our own language; amongst these was a collection of old plays, which Mr. Garrick obtained of the college, by an exchange of modern publications. The plays, however, are not withdrawn from the public use, having been since deposited in the British Museum. In 1811, the splendid Bourgeois collection of paintings was removed to this college. Shortly after which an elegant gallery was erected, after a design by Mr. Soane, presenting the most unique objects of any structure in the kingdom. It serves at once as a mausoleum of Sir Francis Bourgeois, and of his friends Mr. and Mrs. Des Enfans, and as a picture gallery of the finest specimens of the greatest masters in the various schools of painting. Such was the desire of its founder: he left by his last will 10,000*l.* to build and secure to the public the exhibition of this gallery, which consists of the prodigious number of 371 pictures, worth at least 50,000*l.* directing that an adjoining mausoleum should be provided for the reception of his own body, and those of his friends above named. Here are exquisite and even numerous specimens of Leonardi da Vinci, Raphael, Corregio, Andrea del Sarto, Titian, the Carraccis, Carlo Dolci, Guido, Rubens, Rembrandt, Paul Potter, Tintoret,

Parmegiano, Guercino, Vandyke, Teniers, Cuyp, Claude, Poussin, Berghem, Wouvermans, and, in short, of almost every master whose works are desirable in a public collection. The mausoleum is fitted up like a chapel or oratory, and is a masterpiece of effect. It receives its light from the roof, through a lanthorn of orange-coloured glass, which producing the gloom of candle-light, augments or creates a solemnity that is highly impressive. The three bodies are deposited in sarcophagi, which are placed in the recesses; that of Sir Francis standing behind an elegant altar-piece. These noble bequests were made to the excellent establishment of Dulwich College; the master, wardens, and fellows of which are the executors and trustees of the donor for the public. The entire arrangement is indeed a subject for public gratulation. Here is now a permanent gallery of *chef d'œuvres* for students, bequeathed for their use to liberal and public-spirited conservators, and situated within four miles of the metropolis in as interesting a village, and near as beautiful scenery as any in the kingdom.

END OF VOL. II.

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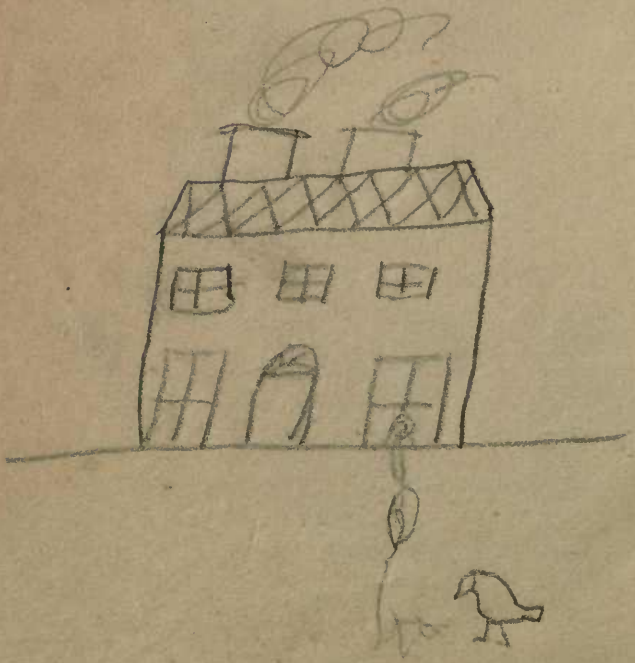
Whitticus



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